Sept. 5, 1964

THE NEW YORKER

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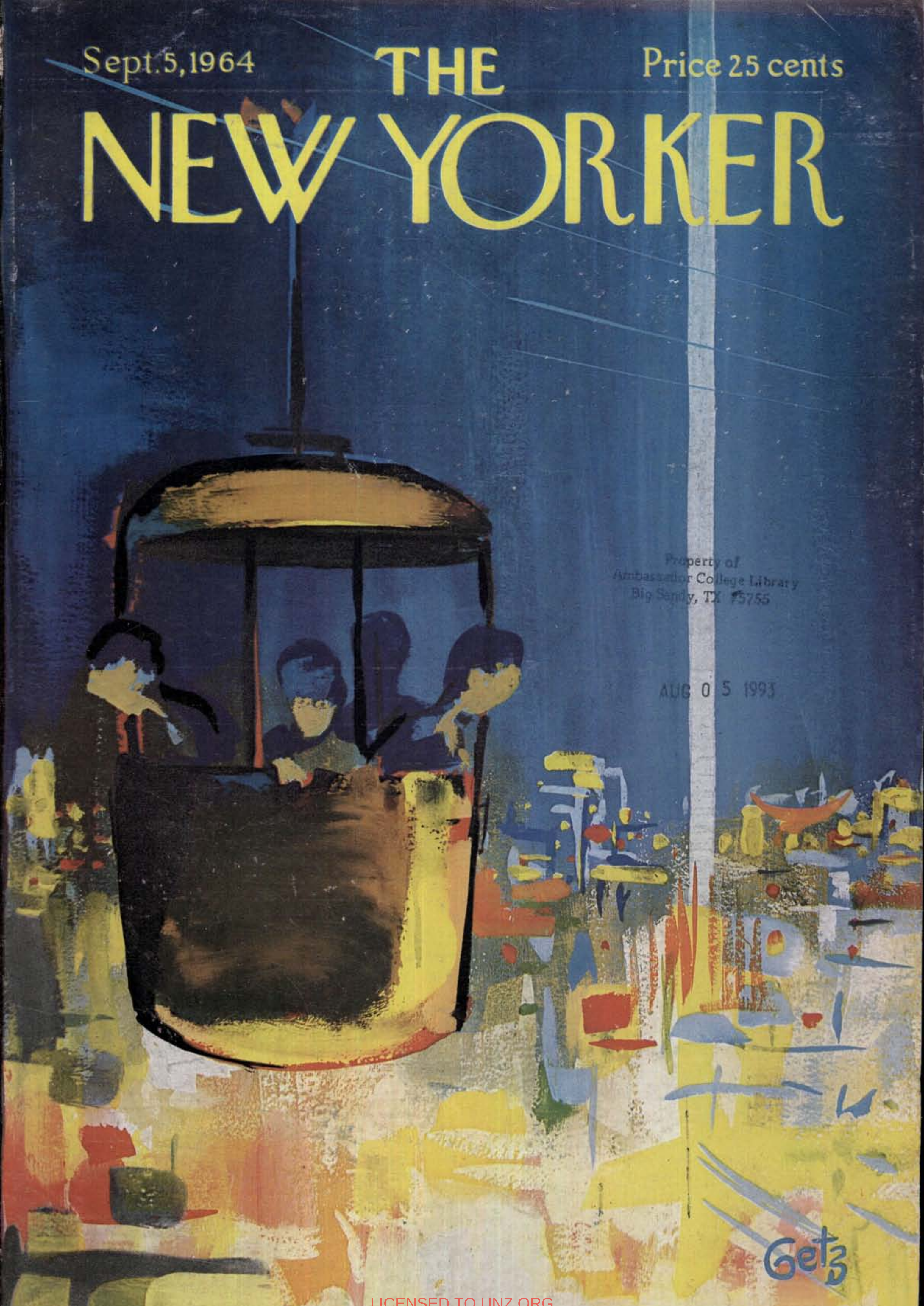

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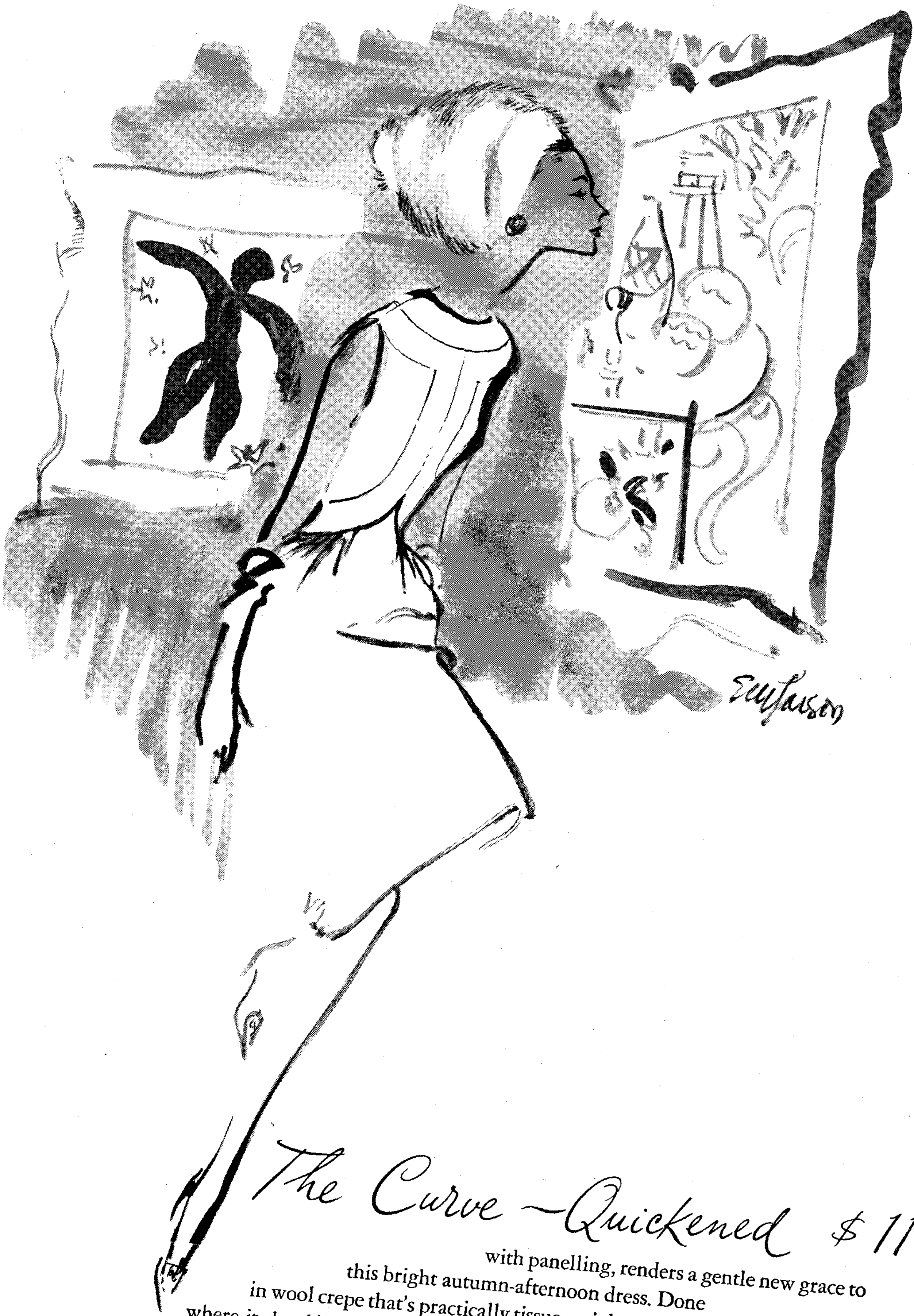

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Labor Day, Sept. 7. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Any Wednesday—An invitation to laughter conceived by Muriel Resnik and advanced with great skill by Sandy Dennis, Rosemary Murphy, and Don Porter. It has to do with the ups and downs of the mistress of an industrial big shot who keeps the girl in residence in an executive suite. The play was directed in lively fashion by Henry Kaplan, and has a bright set by Robert Randolph. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Deputy—A compressed version—five acts have been reduced to two—of Rolf Hochhuth's drama in verse, which deals with the alleged silence of Pope Pius XII during the moral crisis brought on by the Nazis' extermination of Jews during the Second World War. The verse as rendered into English is no great shakes, but the play has a powerful impact. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Dylan—A perceptive portrait by Sir Alec Guinness of the drunk, loquacious, and talented Welsh poet, who is described here in the course of a couple of visits to the United States. The drama is the skillful work of Sidney Michaels, and has been astutely directed by Peter Glenville. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 12.)

The Subject Was Roses—About a clutch of middle-class Irish-Americans in the Bronx who spend most of their time bickering. There are only three of them on view, but that is more than enough. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Moves on Labor Day to the Winthrop Ames Theatre, formerly the Little Theatre, 44th St., W., BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

The Three Sisters—An uneven but nevertheless entertaining interpretation of Chekhov's description of upper-class life in the Russian provinces at the turn of the century. Directed by Lee Strasberg, this is the best effort the Actors Studio Theatre has made this season. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—barefoot in the park: Neil Simon's trifle about the adventures of a married couple starting out life in a Manhattan walkup. The cast includes Robert Redford, Penny Fuller, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar. Robert Reed will succeed Mr. Redford on Monday, Sept. 7. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **mary, mary:** This comedy by Jean Kerr has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement. Mindy Carson, William Prince, and Howard Morton are in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 3.) . . . **never too late:** A play about a sixty-year-old gentleman's dismay at the prospect of his wife's having a baby late in life. With Dennis O'Keefe, Will Hutchins, Martha Scott, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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MUSICALS

Fade Out - Fade In—Carol Burnett and Jack Cassidy are splendid in this musical about Hollywood in the thirties, but the book, by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, and the music, by Jule Styne, are lesser efforts. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Funny Girl—Barbra Streisand representing Fanny Brice in a musical that is loud and gaudy but not quite as good as you might hope. The book is by Isobel Lennart, the music and lyrics are by Jule Styne and Bob Merrill, and there are some splashy musical numbers staged by the late Carol Haney. Kay Medford, Danny Meehan, and Sydney Chaplin give Miss Streisand sturdy support. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hello, Dolly!—An adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker," in which Carol Channing and a fine cast have themselves a high old time. The lyrics and music were provided by Jerry Herman, and the book is by Michael Stewart. The enterprise is also fortunate in having direction and choreography by Gower Champion. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

High Spirits—Beatrice Lillie having a frisky time in a musical interpretation of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit." Under the direction of the author, Miss Lillie and such associates as Tammy Grimes, Louise Troy, and Edward Woodward all move about most agilely. The book, music, and lyrics are by Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray, and their work is for the most part fairly bright. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 9, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

What Makes Sammy Run?—A dilatory musical having to do with a Hollywood striver who would be glad to throw his own mother into the snow if she didn't pull her weight on his sled. Budd and Stuart Schulberg wrote the book, and the lyrics and music were created by Ervin Drake. Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi are in it. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—how to succeed in business without really trying: Darryl Hickman plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Rudy Vallée plays the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **oliver!:** The Artful Dodger, Bill Sikes, and all the rest. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Wiener Blut—Johann Strauss's operetta, performed by a Viennese company of sixty-five. Presented by the Greek Theatre Association (James A. Doolittle), in association with Felix G. Gerstman, for a three-week engagement that opens Friday, Sept. 11, and will run through Thursday, Oct. 1. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—"After the Fall," by Arthur Miller, isn't up to the author's usual standard, but as it goes its autobiographical way it does provide a moment or two of dramatic excitement. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Lehár's "The Merry Widow," with Patrice Munsel, Bob Wright, and Mischa Auer, is the second of two productions by the company. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Through Saturday, Sept. 19.)

Greek Tragedy Theatre—The final performances in a two-week repertory of plays in modern Greek. Euripides' "Medea": Thursday and Friday, Sept. 3-4, at 8:30, and Saturday, Sept. 5, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Sophocles' "Electra": Monday, Sept. 7, at 2:30 (preview) and at 8 (opening); Tuesday through Friday, Sept. 8-11, at 8:30; and Saturday, Sept. 12, at 2:30 and 8:30. A limited number of simultaneous-translation doodads may be

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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rented at each performance. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blood Knot—An obvious, tricky, but often effective drama about a pair of South African brothers, one a Negro and the other half white. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dutchman and **The American Dream**—"Dutchman" is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is a most promising dramatist named LeRoi Jones, whose language is often as brutal and tough as the occasion demands. As a companion piece, the management is reviving, for the fifth time, its knockout production of "The American Dream," Edward Albee's sardonic family portrait. No one under eighteen admitted. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—Six actors, three of them colored and three white, splendidly perform and recite excerpts from official and unofficial documents that, taken together, trace the story of the Negro in America. The result, play or not, is certainly theatrical and certainly rewarding. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—This English farce about seduction, which has been imported by the Establishment bunch and directed, with considerable ingenuity, by Mike Nichols, is sometimes funny, sometimes just strenuous. As one of three young men who become involved with a girl bound for the Y.W.C.A., Brian Bedford gives one of the best comedy performances around. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Third Ear—A program of improvisation, directed by Elaine May. (Premise, 154 Bleecker St. GR 7-9260. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11.)

The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the bereft women of the Trojan War is good to look at, always clear, and often moving. It does, however, lack stature. Michael Cacoyannis is both director and choreographer. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Rebekah Harkness Foundation Dance Festival—The last in a series of free performances. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 3-4, at 8:30: The First Chamber Dance Quartet and the Ballet Español Ximenez-Vargas. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 5-6, at 8:30: Lotte Goslar and her company, Nora Kovach and Istvan Rabovsky with their Hungarian Ballets 'Bihari,' and Lupe Serrano and Conrad Ludlow. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St.)

Leningrad Kirov Ballet—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Saturday, Sept. 26—"The Sleeping Beauty": Tuesday, Sept. 8, at 7:30, and Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 9-10, at 8. . . . ¶ "Cinderella" (American première): Friday, Sept. 11, at 7:30, and Saturday, Sept. 12, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Metropolitan Opera House.)

MISCELLANY

Folies-Bergère—The Parisian revue, with a cast of seventy headed by Patachou, Georges Ulmer, and Liliane Montevecchi. Presented by Stephen W. Sharmat and produced by Arthur Lesser. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:10, except Sept. 9, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

Ice Show—The twenty-fifth-anniversary edition of "Ice Capades." (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1 and 5; special matinée Labor Day at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 20.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—"Around the World in 80 Days," a musical with a cast of two hundred headed by David Atkinson, Robert Clary, and Jan McArt. (Nightly at 8:30; through Sunday, Sept. 6. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—There are no thin spots in the blanket of sound laid down (dinner and supper in the Royal Box) by the band that has the rights to all the Tommy Dorsey orchestrations and to some Dorsey personnel, such as Helen Forrest and the Pied Pipers. Singing along with the band is Frank Sinatra, Jr., pleasant and personable but maybe a bit too precocious for his meagre years. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The restaurant's wall flowers are vast enough to make anyone feel Lilliputian, but the music is just normal life-size. George Anaya's little band, which is Latin and American, does it menu style from eight to ten and prancing style from then until one. No music on Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—For the Old Guard (now diluted by a good deal of New Guard), autumn arrives on Wednesday, Sept. 9, when this establishment ends its vacation. The orchestras of Freddie Jagels and Freddy Alonso report for duty that night, and so does Freddie Fassler, the violinist who occupies the Champagne Room. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—A gilt complex, and a red-plush one, too. On the veranda deck, Stan Rubin, his Tiger Town Five, and his Riverboat Ramblers play in-memoriam and up-to-the-minute music for dancing Mondays through Thursdays from seven to twelve and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two. No music Sundays.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—The Seven Hills, where I Cavalieri di Roma, a seven-man dance band (nearly all strings), holds forth from eight to one, very temporarily winds up its affairs on Thursday, Sept. 3.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, a dignified little duchy, a Ben Cutler band is in great good humor every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room is taking the Labor Day weekend off, so Mark Monte's crickets and Milt Shaw's rather staid orchestra will bring their round robins to a halt on Saturday, Sept. 5. The Barry Sisters, whose flouncing and caterwauling are not for sore eyes and ears, disappear the same evening. They are present at ten during the week, twice on Saturday. On Wednesday, Sept. 9, the place comes to life again, with the Montes and Emil Coleman's orchestra for dancing, and with Abbe Lane, passion flower par excellence, for walking, talking, singing, and gallivanting. She will do just one cavort, at ten, the first night; thereafter, she will show up at both dinner and supper. Nothing at all will be doing Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin play watercress-sandwich music in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and *vin-rosé* music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. They're off duty Mondays. . . . ¶ A luxurious dessert and any drink in the house await the visitor between eight and one (except Sundays) in the Palm Court, transformed by the magic of light into an esplanade in Lugano, with real Lugano violin by Gunnar Hansen.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Since the sky hereabouts is often the limit, the management has provided a pink protective cloud that is a triumph of the decorators' art, and beneath it Charles Turecamo's band and Quintero's Latins never pause for breath. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181)—In this tongue-in-cheek restoration of Cairo's celebrated hotel, the pharaohs could have lived like—well, kings. The dancing girls, though, and their partners have come from no farther away than Park Avenue, and their dances must have come from "West Side Story." The music is electronic but lacy, the hours are eight to four, and there are no days off.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—Where God paints the scenery and only the fireflies are by Con Edison. Weatherman willing, Ted Auletta's sprightly band (harp and flute enhance its pastoral air) and a Latin contingent play alongside the open-air pavilion every evening from eight or so to one or so; an inner pavilion operates when things get splashy.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Open house, open forum for a whole lot of mutual friends. Another part of the sound department is as follows: Sam Hamilton is at the piano from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders perform thereafter as soloists until suppertime, when they converge as upbeat, double-deck pianists. Closed Fridays through Sundays. . . **In Boboli**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Tenors and sopranos willing to sing for their supper in both Florentine and English keep showing up and being put to useful work. Thursday through Saturday, there is also casual dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **Le Caprice**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Jet is the setting, and jet is the set. Bobby Short, to whom such surroundings are customary, plays flip piano and sings flip songs from ten-thirty until the smallest of hours. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are his men-at-arms, and Otis Clements's solo piano fills in any blank spots. Jules Kuti opens the piano cover at five-thirty and plays until nine. Closed Sundays and Labor Day. . . . **Café Ambassador**, in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): From seven to one, which is enough time for the most lackadaisical diner, Ray Hartley uses his piano to transpose the tunes of the day into an idiom that is his alone. This

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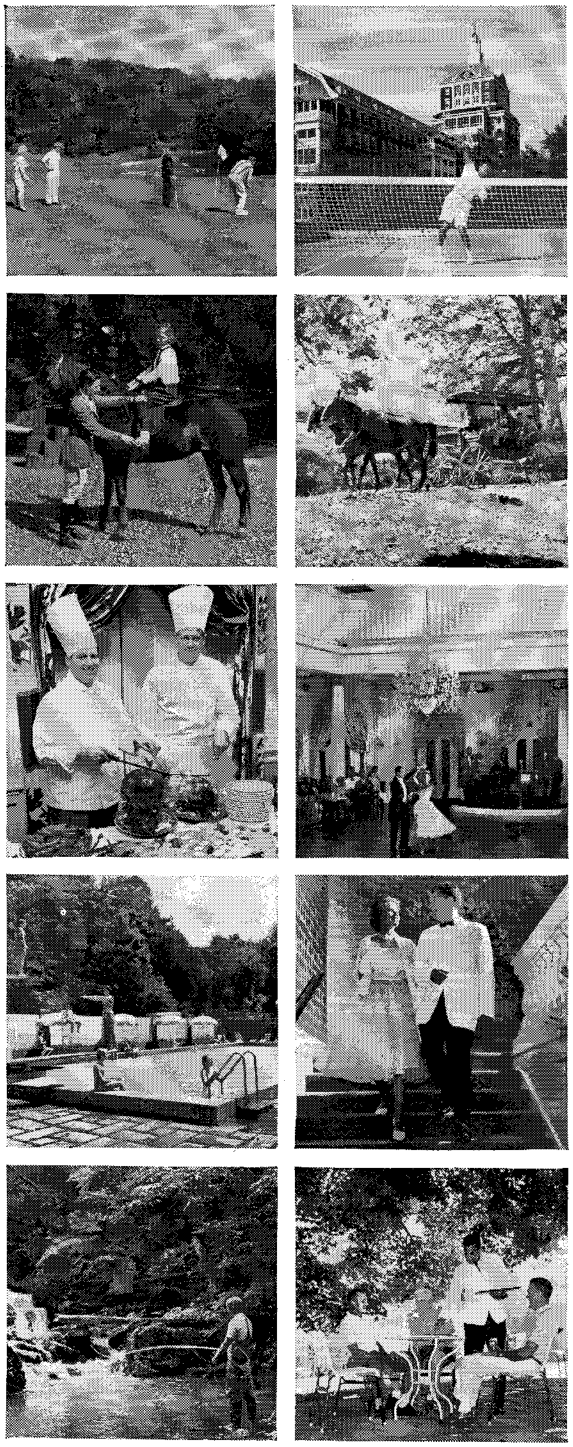
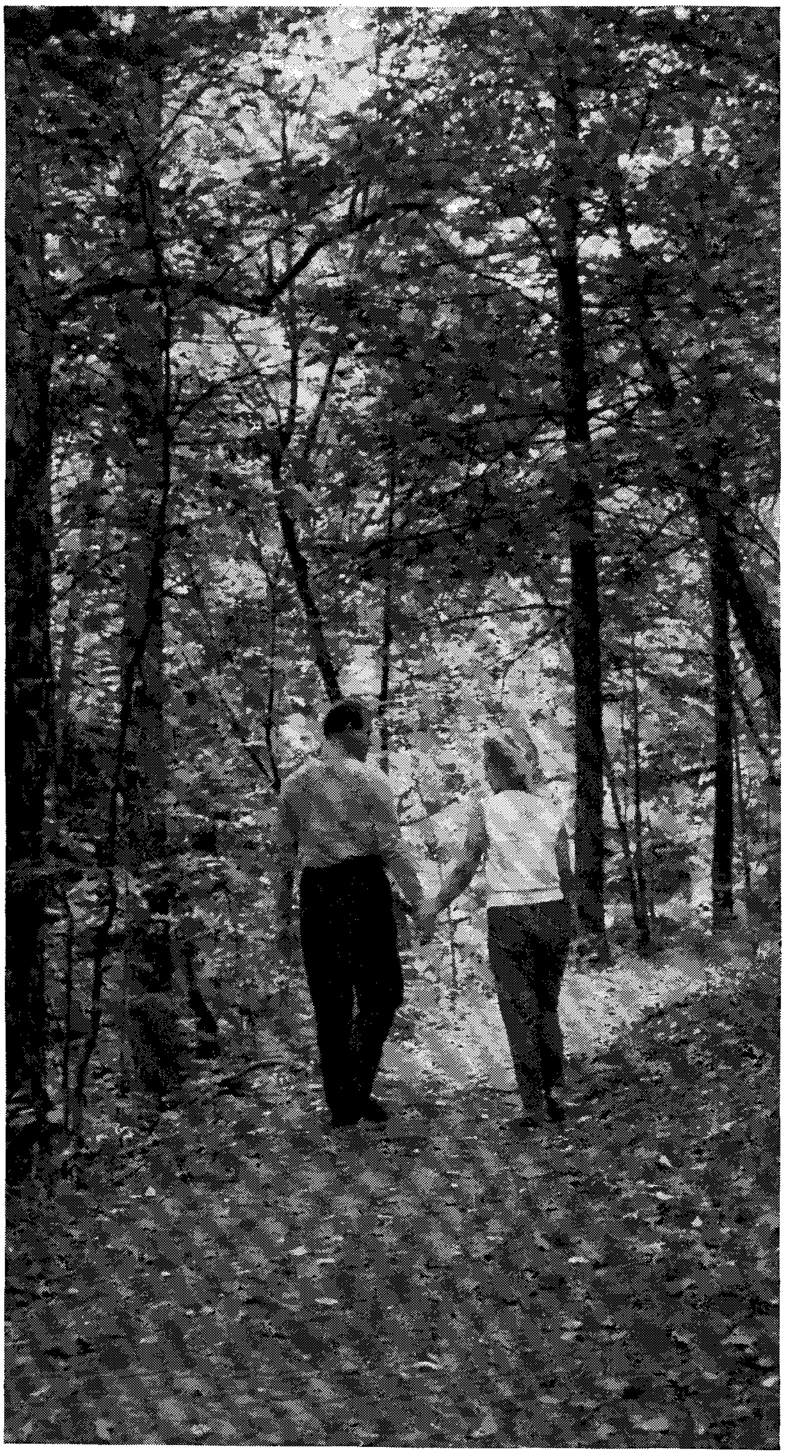
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

takes place every night but Sunday.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): On Fridays and Saturdays, Mabel Mercer gives the world's very best arias the benefit of her years of experience in what touches the heart. Sam Hamilton, it must go without saying, is her pianist. Tee-off time is ten-thirty.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The divine right of a king to play at being Royal Architectural Nonesuch has been fully exercised in this castle keep. Norbert Faconi tosses and turns a come-hither violin as he roams from table to table. No sound on Sundays.... **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The optical illusion is that you have joined a royal Crusade to the Holy Land; it is *not* an illusion that the army involved travels on its stomach. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. No sound on Sundays.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco and fandango (Spanish, of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays and Mondays.... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The S.P.Q.R. are thinking of holding their annual conventions here. Already among the population is a round of dulcet wandering minstrels. Closed Sundays.... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): High life, but on its best behavior, to which Addison Bailey's piano contributes high-life but best-behaved tunes during cocktails, dinner, and supper. On Tuesday, Sept. 8, Forrest Perrin will replace Mr. Bailey. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. ... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Traffic in all its hustle and bustle will be restored along this sector of the Via Veneto on Wednesday, Sept. 9. Part of the traffic jam will be brought about by a squadron of patrolling violinists.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays.... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): When one examines the décor, it's as if Parke-Bernet were auctioning off the glories of the nineteenth century. The music—the calm but poignant guitar of Gustavo Lopez—is largely a love letter to Spain. No music Mondays.... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A personable brigade of young career girls and boys who belong to television and the adjacent arts find surcease from their travail in this *art-moderne* apartment. They also find a robust jazz trio every night but Sunday, when solo piano reigns.... **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): You expect the real Henry James to stand up at any moment in this dining-in-state and dining-in-the-nineties restaurant, part of which is open-air. In the bar, there's piano from five to seven-thirty and nine to two every evening but Sunday.... **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Rack Godwin, who has always had designs on a piano, is demonstrating the choicest of his collection on the instrument in the Regency Room cocktail lounge. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday.... **MICHELANGELO**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): This tribute to northern Italy and its cuisine resumes its easy way of life—piano from five, Joe Candullo's dance threesome from nine-thirty—on Tuesday, Sept. 8. Fridays and Saturdays, voices are apt to join in.... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A complete cast of characters, from Shubert Alley to Sutton Place, is in stock. At the south end of the pavilion, a dance trio gets to work at nine every night.... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A Budapest that was not built in a day is occupied by a hand-picked citizenry, such as Tibor Rakossy, who sings Hungarian sentimentalities, not to mention players of zimbalons and fiddles. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **NANDO'S MIRAMAR**, 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Business as usual—which means one calm pianist after another from five-thirty until well into the next day—starts again on Wednesday, Sept. 9. The chef keeps fairly late hours, too. Closed Sundays.... **PLACE LAUTREC**, in the New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): Small wonders are worked by Mario Peral-





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ta as he cows into submission a mile-wide bandonion, which is a giant, economy-size concertina of vast possibilities. He wanders about the dining tables from cocktails until ten. Closed Sundays and Mondays.... SHERATON MOTOR INN, Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): The Hudson River, a next-door neighbor whom we rarely see, is plain as day from the windows of the Crown Restaurant, where Joyce Rosenfield executes maidenly gestures on her harp from seven to nine every evening.... LA FONDA DEL SOL, 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): It's nip-and-tuck between the scenery and the musicians to see which are the livelier Latins. They come out even during the week (sound effects from five-thirty to eleven), but the musicians, augmented by dancers, always win out Sundays (sound effects from one to nine).... PETROUSHKA, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): An establishment operating on central standard Chekhov time, which means no haste, no waste, a plenitude of sombre *chansons d'amour* (Marina Federovskaya attends handsomely to these), and brooding violin and piano. Seven-thirty until two every night but Monday is the house rule.... LA CHANSONNETTE, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, whose manner of song swings between gypsy-caravan and wickedest-woman-in-Paris, reopens her tiny pleasance on Wednesday, Sept. 9. She performs at dinner through the week and at dinner and supper on Fridays and Saturdays. Kurt Maier's threesome provides for dancing. Closed Sundays.... ASTI, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Singing waiters, singing cigarette girls, singing salad chefs, all of them not particularly frustrated performers of Italian opera and all of them working with all stops out, will be at the ready on reopening night, which is Wednesday, Sept. 9. Closed Mondays.... LIBORIO, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): A segment of Cuba Libre, where Olga Guillot, a force-nine breeze from that Caribbean island, will arrive on Monday, Sept. 7, to let fly her Latin lyrics twice a night. There is dancing every evening, too, and from two to seven on Sunday afternoons as well.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Some fine new undergraduate nymphs errant have just enrolled in this brimful sorority, so all's well indeed at eight-thirty and midnight, when the whole student body convokes. There are excellent interpolations by such mere males as the Wassans, a group of I.C.B.M.'s; by Rico, a sleight-of-hand wizard; and by Xavier Cugat's bang-bang band, which serves as—among other things—a background for Betty George, a chanteuse who is big, bouncy, and quite elemental. Dancing.... COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Scientifically conducted tests show that Jerry Vale sounds here exactly the way he sounds on the millions of records he presses in his spare time. As for Rip Taylor, everyone knows his time-honored jokes by heart. Dancing.... ¶ Up in the lounge, Erskine Hawkins' quartet carries on as if we were living back in the Roaring Forties. It stands to and delivers from ten to four every night of the week.... BASIN STREET EAST, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The fort is held, firmly and fiercely, by Frances Faye, who likes to give our fatuous pop lyrics a hard time (rip here, snort there), thus creating high, and low, comedy at its best. Dick Gregory, an all-men-are-born-equal commentator who has plenty to talk about these nights, and Ray Bryant's persuasive trio complete the cast. The place will be shut Monday through Wednesday, Sept. 7-9, and will reopen next evening with Miss Faye and the Bryants again on duty.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

CHÂTEAU MADRID, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, Spain's valiant marching and glee club, will call it a year (almost to the day) on Tuesday, Sept. 8. Among their successors, due next evening, is Roberto Yanes, a troubadour from another part of the Latin world—Argentina. Dinner and sup-

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per is the schedule, except on Sunday, when a single session, at ten-thirty, takes place. The dance music is practically incessant, even on Sunday afternoons. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Juan de la Mata's *simpatico* guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The prevailing revue is almost unfailingly spry, wry, and comic. A lot of the humor stems from Severn Darden, who gives all his lines an airy, ambivalent reading. This great *farceur* is nobly assisted by Alan Arkin and Barbara Dana. For as long as this cast remains intact, the glee should be giant. They get to work at eight-thirty every night but Monday.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Zoot Sims and Al Cohn, a fine brace of point-counterpoint saxophone men, have a quintet in tow. On Wednesday, Sept. 9, Pat Thomas, a calm, cool, and clever new jazz soprano, moves out. On Sundays, there are four-thirty matinées as well as evening sessions. Closed Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Odetta, who is purist and perfectionist in her dealings with folk music, withdraws her impressive voice on Sunday, Sept. 6, but Coleman Hawkins, whose foursome comes to work only Fridays and Saturdays, will stick around, and so will Adam Keefe, a wit with wonderful hallucinations, who presents himself every Sunday as well as every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. On Tuesday, Sept. 8, Miriam Makeba will start bringing her imperial majesty to bear on a quite different sort of folk music. Mondays are outsiders' nights. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The Village's leading coffee *finca.* The standard accompaniment for the brew is folk music. It is given great latitude and humor by Jim, Jake & Joan, who are never too busy to write their own arias to suit an occasion. The Bitter End Singers are also on hand. The regulars are off duty Tuesdays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): You can't tell the players without the program, which is always a crash one. Late afternoons, the music issues not from templed hills and rocks and rills but from rocks and rolls; evenings, Maynard Ferguson's shrill shrikes and Red Allen's musketeers are the responsible parties. On Monday, Sept. 7, the Dukes of Dixieland will succeed the Fergusons. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Bud Powell's piano is more slow-motion than it was when we last heard it, six years ago, but the ideas are still there. His trio and Dakota Staton, a battle-cry kind of singer, share the podium. Jam sessions Mondays, when the standing army is out of action. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Breaking new ground is the avowed purpose of this colony. The crops, nourished by latter-day chemicals, are odd but in general interesting. Lennie Tristano's quintet, in which Lee Konitz is involved, departs on Thursday, Sept. 10, and one night later Bobby Brookmeyer and Clark Terry bring their fivesome back to their ancestral home. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): One is never quite sure what Charlie Mingus expects of himself and his co-workers, but enough of it comes through to make one sit up late and take notice. His sextet is in action every night but Monday, when a quartet headed by David Amram assumes command. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): On Tuesday, Sept. 8, Peanuts Hucko brings his assemblage of ah, yesterday musicians back to the city. Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, and Cliff Leeman should be part of the party. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Mike Longo's threesome is filling in the celebrated oval bar, as well as filling in for the trio of Mary Lou Williams, these nights. Ten is starting time; no music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ AU GO GO,** 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530): Bill Evans, whose piano has its individual rhyme and reason, is running a triad, which is the main reason for a visit. Coffee (nothing but, here) is the next strongest attraction. The Evans group stays home Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): During the

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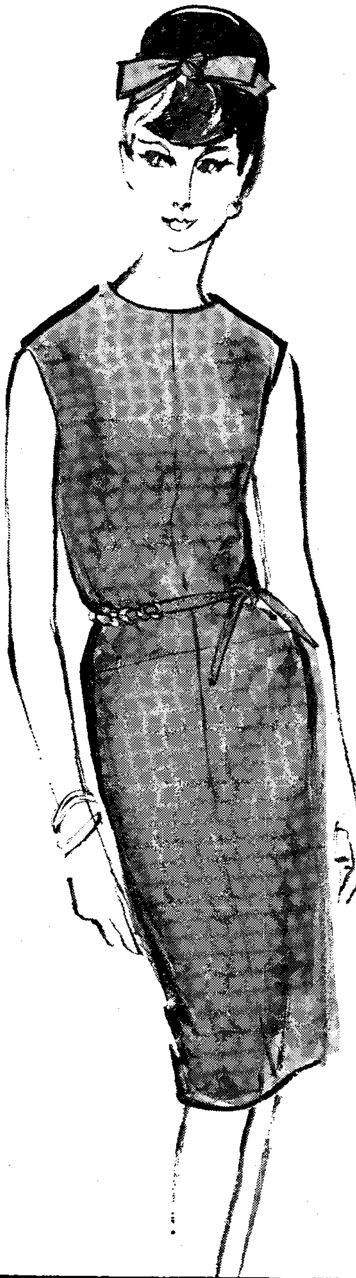

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

week, Cliff Jackson holds down the piano in an enterprise designed to house displaced musicians from the midtown rifle ranges. Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton are his snap-the-whip aides. No music Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The boys with the banjos on their knees (there are three on the stand here, and they call themselves the Banjokers) are leading their Susannahs not to the wild frontier but back to the primitive beginnings of American jazz. Their plunking, which runs from nine to three or four every night, is complemented by beer, peanuts, and not especially ancient come-as-you-are devotees. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Another at-ease brewery, another set of junior citizens, another aggregation of clamorers (washboard, tuba, banjo, and such). . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Joe Mooney, weird, wild, and sort of wonderful, plays piano and organ, and sings, too, after ten o'clock. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Labor Day.)

GALLERIES

JOHN HELD, JR.—Linoleum-block prints; through Sept. 30. (Northwest Lobby, New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Picasso, Léger, Calder, and others; through Oct. 10. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Hans Hofmann, Pierre Soulages, and Alberto Giacometti are three of the exhibitors in a painting-and-sculpture show; through Sept. 25. (Closed Saturdays.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS**, 41 E. 65th St.: "The Spirit of New Berlin in Painting and Sculpture," a travelling exhibition of the works of fourteen artists, including Hans Jaenisch, Hann Trier, and Karl Hartung; through Sept. 25. (Closed Saturday mornings.) . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: An exhibit of paintings by sixteenth- to twentieth-century French masters, among them Charles Lebrun, Delacroix, and Gauguin; through Saturday, Sept. 12.

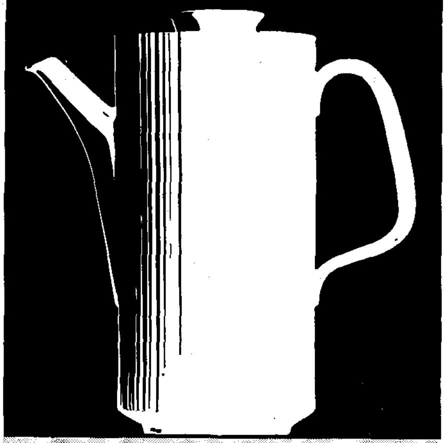
NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view daily, from noon until dark, starting Friday, Sept. 4, and continuing through Sunday, Sept. 27.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The portrait by James McNeill Whistler popularly known as "Whistler's Mother," on loan from the Louvre, is being shown in the Great Hall; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Art in a Changing World: 1884-1964" is the theme of seven exhibitions marking the opening of the new galleries and enlarged sculpture garden. Twelve hundred works from the Museum's collections are on view, including American and European paintings and sculptures (Cézanne and Rodin to the present), drawings and prints (Seurat, Chagall, Leonard Baskin, and others), architecture and design, and photographs. . . . ¶ Temporary loan exhibitions include "American Painters as New Lithographers," through Sept. 30, and "Twentieth-Century Engineering," through Sept. 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Post-Impressionist paintings and sculptures (by Renoir, Modigliani, Lipchitz, and others) from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman; through Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings from the period 1860 to 1950 (James McNeill Whistler to Edward Hopper and Morris Graves) from the collection of Daniel and Rita Fraad; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ Will Barnet, Seong Moy, and Louis Schanker are three of the artists represented



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in a display of contemporary American woodcuts; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—French posters of the eighteen-nineties, including some by Toulouse-Lautrec, from the Huntington Hartford collection; through Sept. 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Van Gogh and Expressionism," an exhibition comparing about thirty paintings by van Gogh with the works of twenty-eight Expressionists, including Edvard Munch, Oskar Kokoschka, and Franz Kline; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays and Labor Day, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Thou Shalt Have No Other Gods Before Me," an archeological exhibition containing sculptures, reliefs, and artifacts of various peoples who lived in the Near East in Biblical and pre-Biblical times; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ A hundred contemporary prints produced at the Pratt Graphic Art Center by Cleve Gray, Enrico Donati, Antonio Frasconi, and others; through Sept. 20. (Tuesdays and Wednesdays, noon to 5; Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Masterpieces from the Americas," comprising pre-Columbian jewelry and other objects of gold, Eskimo masks, Mexican stone sculptures and ceramics, South American textiles, and the like; through Nov. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"Between the Fairs: Twenty-Five Years of American Art, 1939-64," an exhibition made up of works by a hundred and nineteen painters and sculptors, among them Milton Avery, Lyonel Feininger, and Richard Lippold; through Sept. 23. (Daily, except Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

Naumburg Symphony Orchestra—Emerson Buckley conducting a performance of Donizetti's opera "Don Pasquale," in concert form and in English, with Joy Clements, soprano; Davis Cunningham, tenor; John Fiorito, baritone; and Herbert Beattie, bass. (Central Park Mall. Monday, Sept. 7, at 8:30.)

Jazz Concert—Max Roach's chorus and orchestra. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Tuesday, Sept. 8, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **shea stadium:** Mets vs. San Francisco, Thursday, Sept. 3, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Los Angeles, Friday, Sept. 4, at 6 (twi-night doubleheader); Saturday, Sept. 5, at 8; and Sunday, Sept. 6, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Houston, Monday, Sept. 7, at 1:30 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Mets vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday, Sept. 9, at 8, and Thursday, Sept. 10, at 2. . . . **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Minnesota, Friday, Sept. 11, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 12, at 2.

Dog Show—Westchester Kennel Club. (Purchase. Sunday, Sept. 6.)

Professional Football—Jets vs. Denver Broncos. (Shea Stadium. Saturday, Sept. 12, at 8.)

Horse Shows—Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday through Monday, Sept. 5-7.) . . . ¶ North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 10-13.)

Hunt Racing—Foxcatcher Hunt Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 12.)

Motorboat Racing—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 12-13.)

Olympic Trials—Bicycle races. (Central Park. Saturday, Sept. 5, at 7 A.M., and Sunday, Sept. 6, at 9 A.M.) . . . ¶ Canoe and kyack races. (Orchard Beach Lagoon, the Bronx. Friday, Sept. 11, at 12:30; Saturday, Sept. 12, at 2; and Sunday, Sept. 13, at 3.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 3. The Aqueduct, Monday, Sept. 7; the Gazelle Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 9; and the Matron, Saturday, Sept. 12. . . . **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 10. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30

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and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia. Buses to the track leave the terminal at 201 W. 41st St. between 8:30 and 11:30.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Thompson Raceway, Thompson, Conn.: Monday, Sept. 7, at noon.

TENNIS—Federation Cup Matches. (Germantown Cricket Club, Philadelphia. Through Saturday, Sept. 5.) . . . ¶ National Singles and Mixed Doubles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Through Sunday, Sept. 13. Tickets may be obtained at the U.S.L.T.A., 120 Broadway, at Cedar St., and the West Side Tennis Club.)

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Monday, Sept. 28. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 24.

YACHTING—At Newport, R.I.: America's Cup final trials for both American yachts and British yachts; through Sunday, Sept. 6.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no meetings on Labor Day. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so Mondays through Fridays from 9 to 8:45, and Saturdays and Sundays from 9 to 4:45.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

BASEBALL—At YANKEE STADIUM: Sept. 13, Sept. 15-20, and Sept. 29-Oct. 4. . . . SHEA STADIUM: Sept. 22-23 and Sept. 25-27. . . . WORLD SERIES: Starts Oct. 7, if there are no tie playoffs, in the home park of the National League champion.

DOG SHOWS—Westbury Kennel Association. (Old Westbury. Sept. 27.) . . . ¶ Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Oct. 3.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—Some early games of the season—SATURDAY, SEPT. 19: Army vs. Citadel, at West Point. . . . SATURDAY, SEPT. 26: Army vs. Boston College, at West Point; Columbia vs. Colgate, at Baker Field; Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis; Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton; Trinity vs. Williams, at Hartford; and Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 3: Brown vs. Pennsylvania, at Providence; Colgate vs. Cornell, at Hamilton; Princeton vs. Columbia, at Princeton; and Yale vs. Lehigh, at New Haven. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 10: Army vs. Penn State, at West Point; Columbia vs. Harvard, at Baker Field; Cornell vs. Pennsylvania, at Ithaca; Dartmouth vs. Princeton, at Hanover; Lehigh vs. Rutgers, at Bethlehem; and Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—At YANKEE STADIUM: Giants vs. Washington Redskins, Sept. 25. . . . SHEA STADIUM: Jets vs. San Diego Chargers, Oct. 3. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Oakland Raiders, Oct. 10.

GOLF—Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Briar Hall Golf and Country Club, Briarcliff, N.Y. Sept. 23-25.)

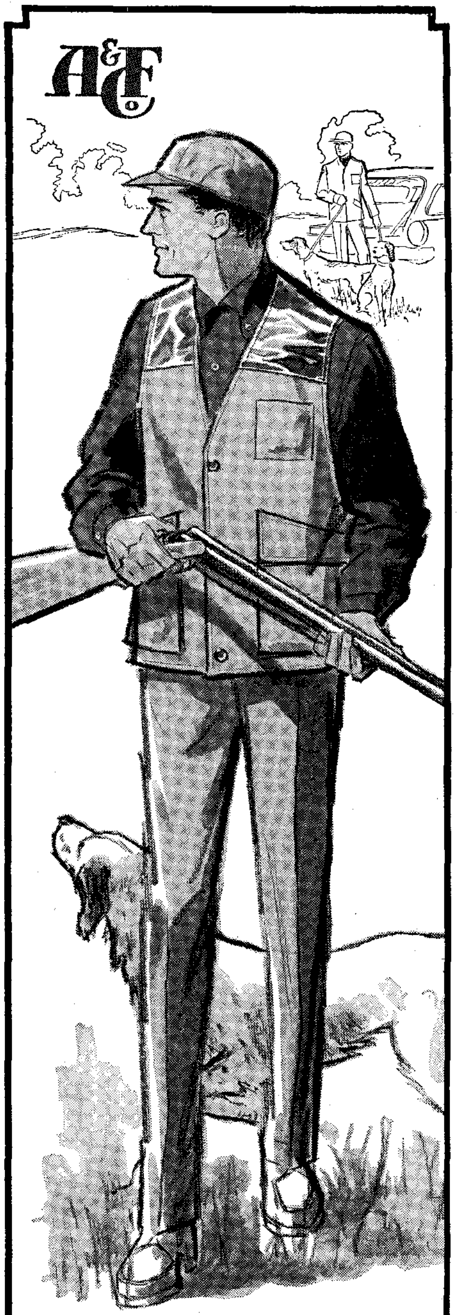
HOCKEY—Professional games at Madison Square Garden starting Oct. 13.

HUNT RACING—Foxcatcher Hunt Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Sept. 19.) . . . ¶ Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Oct. 7 and 10.)

OLYMPIC GAMES—At Tokyo, Japan: Oct. 10-24.

RACING—BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT: Oct. 5-31. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Oct. 12-Nov. 14.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At BRIDGEHAMPTON RACE



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CIRCUIT, Bridgehampton: Sept. 19-20.... WATKINS GLEN: Oct. 4.... THOMPSON RACEWAY, Thompson, Conn.: Oct. 11.

TENNIS—Davis Cup Matches. (Cleveland. Sept. 25-27.)

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Sept. 29-Dec. 12.

YACHTING—America's Cup races. (Newport, R. I. Starting Sept. 15.)

MUSIC—NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY, City Center (CI 6-8989): The season will open on Oct. 1, with "Boris Godunov" (in English), and will run through Nov. 15.... METROPOLITAN OPERA (PE 6-1210): The season will open on Oct. 12, with "Lucia di Lammermoor," and will run through April 17.... PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): Opening performances of the New York Philharmonic, Josef Krips conducting, Sept. 29 (non-subscription benefit concert) and Oct. 1 (first concert of the regular season). ... ¶ New York Chamber Ensemble, Sept. 27 and Oct. 4.... ¶ Hartford Festival Orchestra and Chorus, Sept. 30.... ¶ Festival Orchestra of New York, Oct. 2 and 9.... ¶ Opening performance here of the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Oct. 6.... ¶ Japan Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 11.... CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Jascha Heifetz, violin, and Gregor Piatigorsky, cello, Sept. 17 and 24 and Oct. 1.... ¶ Peter, Paul & Mary, folk singers, Sept. 18.... ¶ Chad Mitchell Trio, folk singers, Sept. 26.... ¶ Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Sept. 28-29.... ¶ Festival Orchestra of New York, Sept. 30 and Oct. 7.... ¶ Borodin Quartet, Oct. 2.... ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 5. ... TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Philippa Schuyler, piano, Sept. 13.... ¶ Ravi Shankar, sitarist, Oct. 10.... MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (PL 7-8870): "Ireland on Parade" (bands, pipers, singers, dancers, and drummers), Sept. 23-27.

BALLET—Antonio and the Ballets de Madrid, at the City Center, Sept. 15-27.... ¶ New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, Sept. 22-Nov. 8.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "The Committee," a San Francisco comedy-revue, with a cast of eight, including Scott Beach and Irene Riordan.... ¶ Jean Anouilh's "Traveller Without Luggage," in a translation by Lucienne Hill. Ben Gazzara and Mildred Dunnock have the leading roles.... ¶ Betty Garrett and Pat Hingle in a two-character comedy, "A Girl Could Get Lucky," by Don Appel.... ¶ A comedy by Ira Wallach, "Absence of a Cello," in which Fred Clark, Ruth White, and Murray Hamilton will appear. ... ¶ "Fiddler on the Roof," a musical with a book by Joseph Stein, music by Jerry Bock, lyrics by Sheldon Harnick, and a cast headed by Zero Mostel.... ¶ A musical, "Golden Boy," with a book by Clifford Odets and William Gibson (based on Mr. Odets's play), starring Sammy Davis. Charles Strouse wrote the music and Lee Adams the lyrics. ... ¶ Sam Levene in "The Last Analysis," a comedy by Saul Bellow.... ¶ A musical entertainment imported from London, "Oh What a Lovely War," devised by the Theatre Workshop, Charles Chilton, and members of the cast.... ¶ A play by Lorraine Hansberry, "The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window," with Mort Sahl, Rita Moreno, and Alice Ghostley.... ¶ Fernand Gravet, Arlene Francis, and Madeleine Carroll in Samuel Taylor's new play, "Beekman Place."... ¶ Friedrich Duerrenmatt's comedy "The Physicists," in which Hume Cronyn, Robert Shaw, Jessica Tandy, George Voskovec, and Martyn Green are the principals.... ¶ Robert Preston and Ulla Sallert in "Ben Franklin in Paris," a musical with book and lyrics by Sidney Michaels and a score by Mark Sandrich, Jr.... ¶ "A Severed Head," a British comedy adapted by Iris Murdoch and J. B. Priestley from Miss Murdoch's novel of the same name. The cast includes Joan Fontaine, Robin Bailey, Elliott Reid, and Lee Grant.

OTHER DATES—New York Film Festival, at Philharmonic Hall, Sept. 14-26.... ¶ Third-quarter Federal and New York State income-tax payments are due Tuesday, Sept. 15. ... ¶ The first day of fall is Tuesday, Sept. 22.... ¶ Registration days for the Nov. 3 elections, Oct. 7-10.... ¶ Columbus Day is Monday, Oct. 12.... ¶ New York Antiques Fair, at the 71st Regiment Armory, Oct. 12-17.

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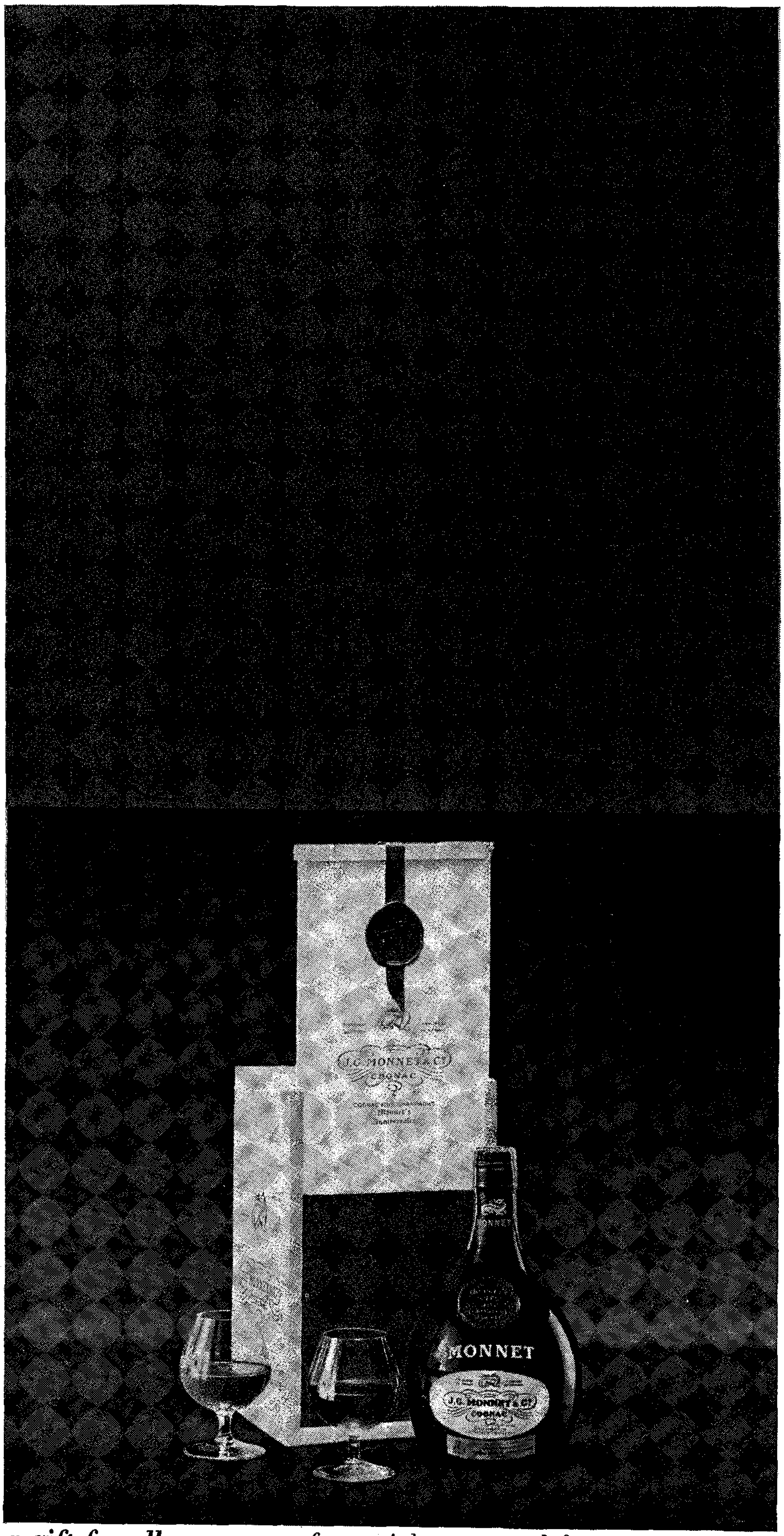

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Becket—Unlikely as it sounds, this is a highly colored spectacular with wit and charm. Taken from Anouilh's famous reworking of history and starring Richard Burton and Peter O'Toole. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

The Best Man—The well-known Presidential aspirant, Gore Vidal, has written a rousing melodrama about a Presidential convention. On hand are Henry Fonda, Lee Tracy, and Cliff Robertson, ably directed by Franklin Schaffner. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Sept. 9, tentative.)

Cartouche—A French takeoff on romantic costume films that quite early on becomes one. The picture, which was directed by Philippe de Broca, is often good to look at and occasionally funny, in a broad kind of way. Jean-Paul Belmondo plays the chief of a band of robbers in eighteenth-century Paris. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

The Chalk Garden—Dame Edith Evans, Hayley Mills, Deborah Kerr, John Mills, and Felix Aylmer have a marvellous time acting out this rather old-fashioned tale of tangled family matters. The setting is green England. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; starting Sept. 9.)

Girl with Green Eyes—A sad and funny tale of love and the pain of growing up, with Rita Tushingham as the heroine and Dublin as the setting. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Good Neighbor Sam—A two-hour stretch of merry and not so merry pranks, in which the impeccable Jack Lemmon plays an advertising man who is forced to pose as the husband of a woman living next door. Romy Schneider is delightful as the woman. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Sept. 8, tentative.)

A Hard Day's Night—Yeh, yeh, yeh! (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Sept. 8.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World—The first Cinerama comedy, bursting with actors and scary camera stunts but far too long and too unfunny. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays through Fridays at 2, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

Mafioso—A laughing-on-the-outside, crying-on-the-inside glimpse into the workings of the Honored Society, here and in Sicily. Alberto Sordi, as the funny, eloquent hero, and Alberto Lattuada, the director, deserve equal credit for the film's success. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Sept. 8.)

The Night Watch—How to escape from prison, in fifty or so not at all easy lessons. A French thriller, directed by Jacques Becker. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Sept. 9.)

One Potato, Two Potato—This movie, about the courtship and marriage of a young Negro and a white divorcée with a child, is almost spoiled by a weak, sentimental script, but it has its appealing moments all the same. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

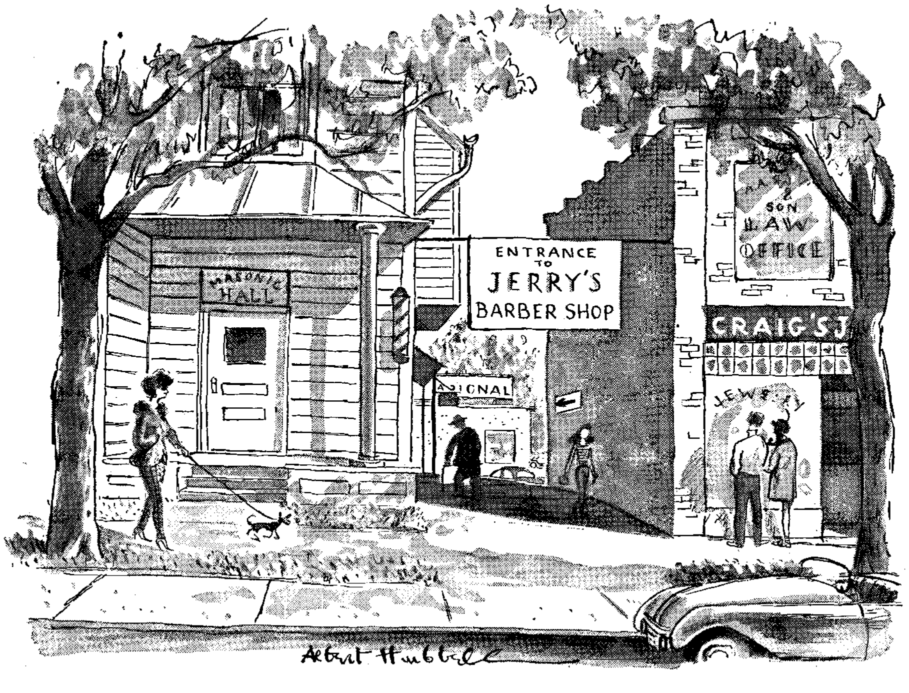
The Organizer—Life in an Italian factory some seventy years ago. An unlikely subject, but, thanks to the director, Mario Monicelli, and his star, Marcello Mastroianni, it comes joyously and heartbreakingly to life. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Sept. 8.)

The Servant—Dirk Bogarde is brilliant as the wicked man of all work in the home of an upper-class young man who begins as a master and ends as a slave. Also in the cast are James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Seven Days in May—Fredric March, Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, and Ava Gardner in a terrific thriller about a right-wing plot to take over Washington and, indeed, all of us. Directed by John Frankenheimer. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Sept. 8.)

A Shot in the Dark—Peter Sellers splendidly inept as a French policeman determined to keep a pretty doxy from having her head chopped off for killing her lover, a chauffeur. Blake Edwards, who collaborated on the script and directed the film, deserves high honors. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Sept. 9. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Sept. 9, tentative.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow—A three-part comedy designed to show off the acting skills of Marcello Mastroianni and Sophia Loren. The settings pretend to be Naples, Milan, and Rome. (In Italian at the 34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600. . . . ¶ In Italian at the Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Sept. 8. . . . ¶ In English at the R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through Sept. 8. . . . ¶ In Italian at the Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Sept. 9.)



REVIVALS

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 4-7.)

The Big Deal on Madonna Street (1960)—A takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama, imported from Italy. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 6.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Sept. 8.)

Electra (1962)—Irene Papas is Electra in Michael Cacoyannis's version of the Euripides tragedy. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 8.)

The Five Day Lover (1961)—In Paris, a young man can serve two masters, provided they are really mistresses. Jean-Pierre Cassel, Jean Seberg, and Micheline Presle. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 3.)

General della Rovere (1960)—Vittorio De Sica and Hannes Messemer in a melodrama laid in Italy during the Second World War. Directed by Roberto Rossellini. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 3.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1960)—A French film that describes the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuele Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 5.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. An English film. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 4-7.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses (1961)—De Laclos's eighteenth-century best-seller brought up to date by Roger Vadim. Jeanne Moreau and Gérard Philipe are the couple who corrupt. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 3.)

Limelight (1952)—An aging music-hall comedian in love with a waif. Charlie Chaplin and Claire Bloom. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; starting Sept. 4.)

Million Dollar Legs (1932)—W. C. Fields again, this time in a satire on the Olympics, with Jack Oakie and Ben Turpin. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 4-7.)

Mississippi (1935)—Still more W. C. Fields, here with Bing Crosby and a memorable score by Rodgers and Hart. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 3.)

Monsieur Verdoux (1947)—Charlie Chaplin's interpretation of the career of M. Landru, the French Bluebeard. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; Sept. 3.)

Tillie and Gus (1933)—W. C. Fields *again*, now with Alison Skipworth and a ferryboat swindle. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Sept. 8.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Sept. 5: "Les Trois Petits Cochons" (1933), produced and directed by Walt Disney; and "She Done Him Wrong" (1933), with Mae West and Cary Grant. . . . ¶ Sept. 6-9: "Ruggles of Red Gap" (1935), with Charles Laughton and Mary Boland. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and on Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The 7th Dawn," William Holden, Susannah York.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Kisses for My President," Fred MacMurray, Polly Bergen.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"M-G-M's Big Parade of Comedy," a film made up of excerpts from old movies featuring Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, and others.

Loew's Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Circus World," John Wayne, Claudia Cardinale. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Labor Day at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Unsinkable Molly Brown," Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"I'd Rather Be Rich," Sandra Dee, Robert Goulet; and "The Last Man on Earth," Vincent Price.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"A House Is Not a Home," Shelley Winters, Robert Taylor.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BECKET.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"Honolulu-Tokyo-Hong Kong" (in English, Japanese, and Chinese).

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Behold a Pale Horse," Gregory Peck, Anthony Quinn.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 8: **MAFIOSO** (in Italian).
From Sept. 9: **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (in Italian).

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
"A House Is Not a Home," Shelley Winters, Robert Taylor; and "Samson and the Slave Queen," Alan Steel.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 8: **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (in Italian).
From Sept. 9: **THE CHALK GARDEN.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Sept. 8 (tentative): "How the West Was Won," revival.
From Sept. 9 (tentative): **A SHOT IN THE DARK**; and "Wild and Wonderful," Tony Curtis, Christine Kaufmann.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW (in Italian).

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Lili," revival, Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Behold a Pale Horse," Gregory Peck, Anthony Quinn.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The 7th Dawn," William Holden, Susannah York.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"I'd Rather Be Rich," Sandra Dee, Robert Goulet; and "The Last Man on Earth," Vincent Price.

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
GIRL WITH GREEN EYES.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Sept. 3: **MONSIEUR VERDOUX**, revival.
From Sept. 4: **LIMELIGHT**, revival.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"The NEW Interns," Michael Callan, Dean Jones.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
"Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian).

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Nothing but the Best," Alan Bates, Denholm Elliott.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Los Tarantos" (in Spanish), Carmen Amaya.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
BECKET.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
A SHOT IN THE DARK.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 8 (tentative): **GOOD NEIGHBOR SAM.**
From Sept. 9 (tentative): **THE BEST MAN**; and "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Kisses for My President," Fred MacMurray, Polly Bergen.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"A House Is Not a Home," Shelley Winters, Robert Taylor; and "Samson and the Slave Queen," Alan Steel.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"What a Way to Go!," Shirley MacLaine.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Sept. 3: **LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES** and **THE FIVE DAY LOVER** (both in French and both revivals).
Sept. 4-7: **THE HORSE'S MOUTH**, revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
From Sept. 8: **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival; and "Rules of the Game" (in French), revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Sept. 8: **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (in Italian).
From Sept. 9: **THE CHALK GARDEN.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 8: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT.**
From Sept. 9: **A SHOT IN THE DARK.**

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Sept. 8: "How the West Was Won," revival.
From Sept. 9: "Robinson Crusoe on Mars," Paul Mantee; and "Law of the Lawless," Dale Robertson, Yvonne De Carlo.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Sept. 8: **THE ORGANIZER** (in Italian); and "Doctor in Distress," Dirk Bogarde.
From Sept. 9: **THE NIGHT WATCH** (in French); and "Weekend" (in Danish).

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Sept. 8: **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW**; and "Master Spy," Stephen Murray.
From Sept. 9: **THE CHALK GARDEN**; and "Act One," George Hamilton, Jason Robards, Jr.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Sept. 8: **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW.**
From Sept. 9: To be announced.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Sept. 8: **SEVEN DAYS IN MAY**; and "What a Way to Go!," Shirley MacLaine.
From Sept. 9: To be announced.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
CARTOUCHE (in French).

57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Sept. 3: "The Great Waltz," revival, Luise Rainer; and "Rose Marie," revival, Ann Blyth, Howard Keel.
From Sept. 4: "Carmen Jones," revival, Harry Belafonte, Pearl Bailey; and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," revival, Jane Russell, Marilyn Monroe.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE SERVANT.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Dragon Sky" (in French), Narie Hem.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW (in Italian).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Sept. 3: **MISSISSIPPI**, revival; and "The Big Broadcast of 1938," revival, Kirsten Flagstad, W. C. Fields.
Sept. 4-7: **MILLION DOLLAR LEGS**, revival; and **THE BANK DICK**, revival.
From Sept. 8: **TILLIE AND GUS**, revival; and "The Old-Fashioned Way," revival, W. C. Fields.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW (in Italian); and "Master Spy," Stephen Murray.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 3: **GENERAL DELLA ROVERE** (in Italian), revival; and "The Last Bridge," revival, an Austro-Yugoslav picture, with Maria Schell.
Sept. 4: "The Best of Enemies," revival, David Niven, Alberto Sordi; and "Our Man in Havana," revival, Alec Guinness, Burl Ives.
Sept. 5: **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French), revival; and "Time in the Sun," revival, a documentary on Mexico.
Sept. 6: **THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET** (in Italian), revival; and "Rififi" (in French), revival, Jean Servais.
Sept. 7: "Eroica: The Beethoven Story" (in German), revival; and "St. Matthew Passion," revival, Bach's work, played by the Vienna Philharmonic, sung by the Vienna Choir Boys, and illustrated with paintings by Old Masters.
Sept. 8: **ELECTRA** (in Greek), revival; and "Oedipus Rex," revival, performed by the Stratford, Ontario, Shakespearean Festival players.
Sept. 9: "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine; and "Faust" (in Italian), revival, Italo Tajo.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Sept. 8: **THE ORGANIZER** (in Italian).
From Sept. 9: **THE NIGHT WATCH** (in French); and "Weekend" (in Danish).

THE WORLD'S FAIR

GENERAL INFORMATION

Hours—Grounds open daily at 9 A.M.; individual exhibits from 10 A.M. to at least 10 P.M. Depending on the weather and the number of people still around, some exhibits stay open later; the Fair gates are closed at 2 A.M. . . . ¶ Nightly fireworks-water-music mixture at Fountain of Planets at about 9 P.M.

Admission—Adults $2, children (2-12) $1.

Children—Up to eight years old may be left in the Protestant and Orthodox Center's Children's Center ($1 per hour, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.): up to twelve years old in the Danish Pavilion's Tivoli Garden Playground (twenty-five cents an hour; fifty cents minimum).

Music—Guy Lombardo provides music for dancing at the Tiparillo Band Pavilion every night except Monday from 9:30 to 12:30.

Advice—Recently, more than two hundred thousand people a day have been going to the Fair, which means that it is always crowded, though the crowds are smaller after 7 P.M. Industrial exhibits such as General Motors, Ford, General Electric, Johnson's Wax, and I.B.M. are free, vary in quality, and are usually impossible to get into except at dinnertime, when the Fair's restaurants are impossible to get into. The exhibits in the Amusement Area are always possible to get into, but they cost money and are the least interesting at the Fair.

The best plan is to go to only one impossible exhibit a day, between six and nine in the evening. If that is impractical, arrive at nine in the morning in order to have a good place in line by the time the exhibit opens at 10.

There are twenty-five-cent buses and Glide-a-ride trains that move slowly around the Fairgrounds; the fastest way to get from one place to another is to walk.

Most of the restaurants are relatively expensive. Some accept reservations, but otherwise the best time to try to get lunch is before twelve or after two, and dinner after nine.

A particularly good way to get to the Fair is on the Long Island Rail Road.

There isn't any good reason for going to the Fair on a Saturday.

Children like everything at the Fair.

TRANSPORTATION

Automobile—There are three Fair parking lots, with room for twenty thousand cars; $1.50 a day, with free bus shuttle to nearest Fair gate.

Trains—L.I.R.R. trains from Pennsylvania Station direct to Fair, 9 A.M. to 2 A.M. daily, leaving as soon as they're full (five to fifteen minutes) from Tracks 15 and 16. Twelve-minute trip; fifty cents each way.

Subways—Only the I.R.T. Flushing line goes directly to the Fair; frequent express trains from Times Square, Fifth Avenue, and Grand Central Station.

Buses—Gray Line buses direct to the Fair every fifteen minutes between 8:45 A.M. and 9 P.M.: from the Fair (Gate 4), on the half hour between 11 A.M. and 2 A.M. They leave from 42nd Street and Tenth Avenue; 40th Street and Eleventh Avenue; Gimbels, 32nd Street, west of Sixth Avenue; Hotel Manhattan, 45th Street and Eighth Avenue; parking lot, 50th Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue; and Hotel Lexington, 48th Street and Lexington. $1 each way.

Boats—Hydrofoils leave from the dock at the foot of East 26th Street every twenty minutes between 9 A.M. and 9 P.M. Fare $6 round trip; the run takes about twenty-five minutes, and a fifteen-cent bus ride to the Fairgrounds is necessary.

Helicopter—New York Airways helicopters leave Kennedy International Airport for the Fair approximately every hour between 10 A.M. and 10 P.M. Adults $6, children $3.

At the Fair—Motorized lounge chairs, driven by guides, seat four. Fares are $9 an hour for two people, $10 for three, $11 for four; minimum, $3 for twenty minutes. There is also a special deal: $70 for eight hours. . . . ¶ Baby strollers $2 a day. Wheelchairs $4.50 a day. . . . ¶ Helicopters taking off from the Port Authority Heliport provide six-minute sightseeing tours of the Fair, adults $6.50, children $3.50.

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Some spects of a few of the Fair's more than a hundred exhibits.)

CULTURE AND ENLIGHTENMENT

African Pavilion—Twenty-four African countries are represented by displays of art and information, a short documentary film, frequent performances of music and dancing, and a small zoo. Adults $1.50; children fifty cents.

American Interiors—Included in the commercial exhibits in this large pavilion is a great deal of furniture and paintings to go with it; numerous soft-drink and candy machines; a display of paintings and sculpture sponsored by the National Art Museum of Sport, Inc.; and a handy display of reclining chairs to sit down in and go to sleep. Admission fifty cents.

Austria—Among the Austrian products on display are ski sweaters and three petit-point bracelets.

Automobile Companies—Both Ford and General Motors provide free rides into the future, and the Chrysler exhibits include a show about a talking carburetor, which children might enjoy.

Picturesque Belgium—A replica of a sixteenth-century Belgian village, which includes a soft-drink stand, a shop selling "imported original oil paintings," and a Hungarian restaurant, and which costs a dollar to get into (fifty cents for children).

Christian Science—At the back of the Christian Science Pavilion, there is a pretty park that is more secluded than the Garden of Meditation, across the way.

Dynamic Maturity—Those who get tired of observing the Fair directly may retire to the peace and quiet of the Dynamic Maturity Pavilion and see views of Flushing Meadow projected onto a circular screen through a revolving periscope set in the roof.

I.B.M.—The I.B.M. Pavilion is the most beautiful structure at the Fair, and the two puppet shows in the center of the main plaza, which illustrate the nature of computers, are among the best shows at the Fair.

Johnson Wax—A short non-commercial film called "To Be Alive!" is shown every half hour or so in the Golden Rondelle theatre, and is an excellent reason to go to the Fair.

Lebanon—The most interesting exhibit in the Lebanese Pavilion has to do with the development of the Roman alphabet, which was invented by the Phoenicians, as the Lebanese used to be called.

New York State Pavilion—The exhibits include a short movie projected onto six screens set in a circle along the walls. The subject of the film is the attractions of New York State, and though the circular technique is interesting, the effect is to make the audience dizzy. Admission twenty-five cents.

Spanish Pavilion—One of the exhibits is a display of jewelry designed by Salvador Dali, including a pulsating ruby heart. The dollar admission goes to the American Cancer Society, the American Heart Association, and the Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation.

Transportation and Travel Pavilion—Projected on the concave ceiling of a theatre on the second floor is a movie about the universe, made by Cinerama and narrated by Lowell Thomas. The film is about twenty minutes long; sitting in the last row may be the best way to avoid a stiff neck; and a ticket costs seventy-five cents.

PERHAPS LESS ENLIGHTENING

Circus—Adjoining the one-ring circus in the Amusement Area is a display of two gorillas, one advertised as the largest and the other as the oldest in captivity. Twenty-five cents.

Pavilion of Paris—The French exhibit, which is far from complete, includes shops that sell candy, pastry, books, and topless bathing suits, and a display of a 460-pound edition of the Apocalypse illustrated by Dali, Buffet, and others.

Pepsi-Cola-UNICEF Small World—A delightful boat ride past Disney-animated dolls dressed in native costumes who sing, dance, and play musical instruments. Adults ninety-five cents; children sixty cents.

RESTAURANTS

(Most of the foreign pavilions and several of the state exhibits include at least one eating place of some kind. There are some outdoor cafés in the Amusement Area that are not necessarily good but are often not crowded.)

African Pavilion—The Tree House Restaurant is a very pleasant place for a long lunch on a weekday. For reservations, call AR 1-3440.

Pavilion of American Interiors—At the top there is a bar and restaurant with a splendid view of the Fair and the surrounding highways. The menu is conventional and prices are fairly high.

Caribbean Pavilion—Fairly expensive food and drink, and a more or less continuous, more or less Caribbean stage show. For reservations, call Mr. Baez, AR *1-2712*.

Central America and Panama—Although only coffee and buns are available, there are few pleasanter places at the Fair than the small outdoor café at this pavilion.

Danish Pavilion—The Kattegat Inn serves open-face sandwiches or any one of almost thirty other entrées for about three dollars. The Restaurant of Denmark serves a $6.50 "grand cold table," and also has a large à-la-carte menu. The service is excellent.

Festival of Gas—A good, expensive restaurant run by Restaurant Associates. For reservations, call AR 1-5070.

Republic of Guinea—A medium-priced restaurant serving lamb, chicken, and shrimp dishes, and not doing as much business as it deserves. It is therefore a good place to go for a meal and a stage show featuring Guinean music and dancing.

Hilton Café International—A large, moderately priced restaurant in the Better Living Center. There is buffet service from five open kitchens labelled North American, South American, European, Mediterranean, and Oriental. Open from noon to 10 P.M.

Indian Pavilion—Good, fairly expensive Indian food for lunch and dinner. Call AR 1-4123 for reservations.

Indonesian Pavilion—An Indonesian lunch costs about $5, dinner about $7.75. There are shows featuring Balinese and Sumatran music and/or dancing at 12:30, 2:30, 7, and 9:30. The restaurant closes at 10 P.M. For reservations, call AR 1-8106-7-8-9.

Lebanese Pavilion—In the courtyard is a café serving interesting, inexpensive food.

Malaysian Pavilion—A small restaurant with a limited menu, moderate prices, good food, and imperfect service. Some outdoor tables.

Mexican Pavilion—The Focolare restaurant serves expensive Mexican food in luxurious surroundings, and the Café Alameda serves moderately priced Mexican dishes in less luxurious surroundings. There is also an attractive, comfortable bar. For reservations, call AR 1-0022 and AR 1-0023, respectively.

Moroccan Pavilion—The entrance to the restaurant is hidden in a corner of the outdoor bazaar. Prices are moderate, and there are accompanying Moroccan night-club acts.

Pakistan—The food is plentiful, delicious, and fairly expensive, and the best tables are outdoors, overlooking the Avenue of the United Nations.

Schaefer Beer Garden—Outside the Schaefer pavilion is a café and stand-up bar. Hot dogs, beer, soft drinks, and hard liquor are served, and there is no reason to go there unless you are there already and too tired to go any farther.

Spanish Pavilion—The Granada serves good, fairly expensive Spanish food. The Toledo serves good, more expensive French and Spanish food (although they do have a Spanish omelet for two dollars). The service at both is efficient, and the dinner conversation is about the prices. No reservations.

Swedish Pavilion—A delicious and abundant smörgåsbord is available for six dollars at both lunch and dinner. Reservations taken for lunch only (until 4 P.M.). AR 1-5303.

Top of the Fair—A large, expensive restaurant with a good view of the Fair from some tables. Reservations accepted for "sittings" at 12, 2, 4, 6, 8, and 9:30. Call 888-5500.

From the Her Majesty® Victorian Rose sleepwear collection. Sanforized® 100% cotton challis with washable satin and nylon lace trim. Quilted robe, lined with 100% acetate; filled with 100% polyester, sizes 3 to 6X, $6; 8 to 14, $8. Pajamas, 3 to 6X, 8 to 14, $4. Shift gown with matching shorts, sizes 3 to 6X, 8 to 14, $4. Curler-cover cap and curler bag, each $1. Quilted boots, sizes S, M, L. $1.50. All machine washable; pink or blue. At **BEST & CO.,** New York and branches; G. FOX & CO., Hartford; HUTZLER'S, Baltimore; JORDAN MARSH, Boston; JOHN WANAMAKER, Philadelphia and branches; WOODWARD & LOTHROP, Washington, D.C.; *and other fine stores, or write to Her Majesty®, 130 West 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10001.*

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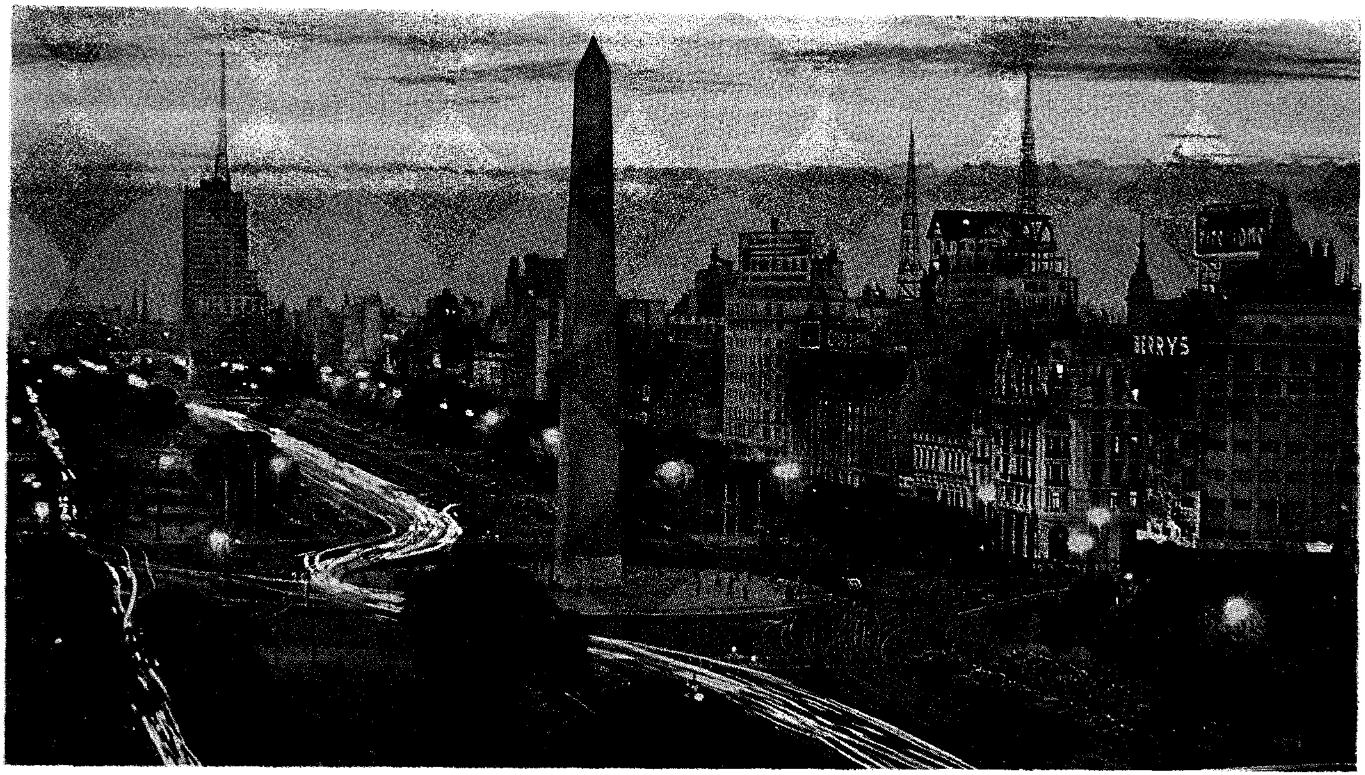
LINGERIE AND SLEEPWEAR

Don't bother going to Buenos Aires to keep up with the Joneses

(They haven't been there yet)



This is downtown Buenos Aires at its loveliest hour—dusk. Your Panagra ticket to B.A. allows you to visit 9 other cities—at no extra cost!

Gaucho drinking maté.

There are three schools of thought about Buenos Aires.

One says it's like Rome. Vibrant. Monumental.

Another, like Paris. With broad, tree-lined boulevards and sidewalk cafés.

A third feels B.A. stands apart, distinctively itself, offering its own special delights. Such as?

B.A.'s chic-est shopping street is closed to cars! It's Calle Florida, a gay, nine-block promenade with irresistible buys in alligator bags, vicuña ponchos, furs.

The most popular restaurants specialize in beef as you've never had beef before. Family-size steaks for one are commonplace, wonderful, and inexpensive. There are exotic native dishes, too, like *empanada*, a sort of meat pie eaten with the fingers.

Then there's the storied gaucho—your cowboy host at a cookout on the pampas just outside B.A. There's cool, dry wine. Pulsing guitars. Wild dancing. Bold horsemanship.

And this travel excitement doesn't have to end in Buenos Aires. For the same round-trip fare, you can stop off in Lima, Santiago, Rio de Janeiro, and many other South American cities.

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Casa Rosada, the presidential palace.

For reservations, see your Travel Agent. Or call Pan Am, sales agent for Panagra.

"Pato," a game played with a 6-handled ball!

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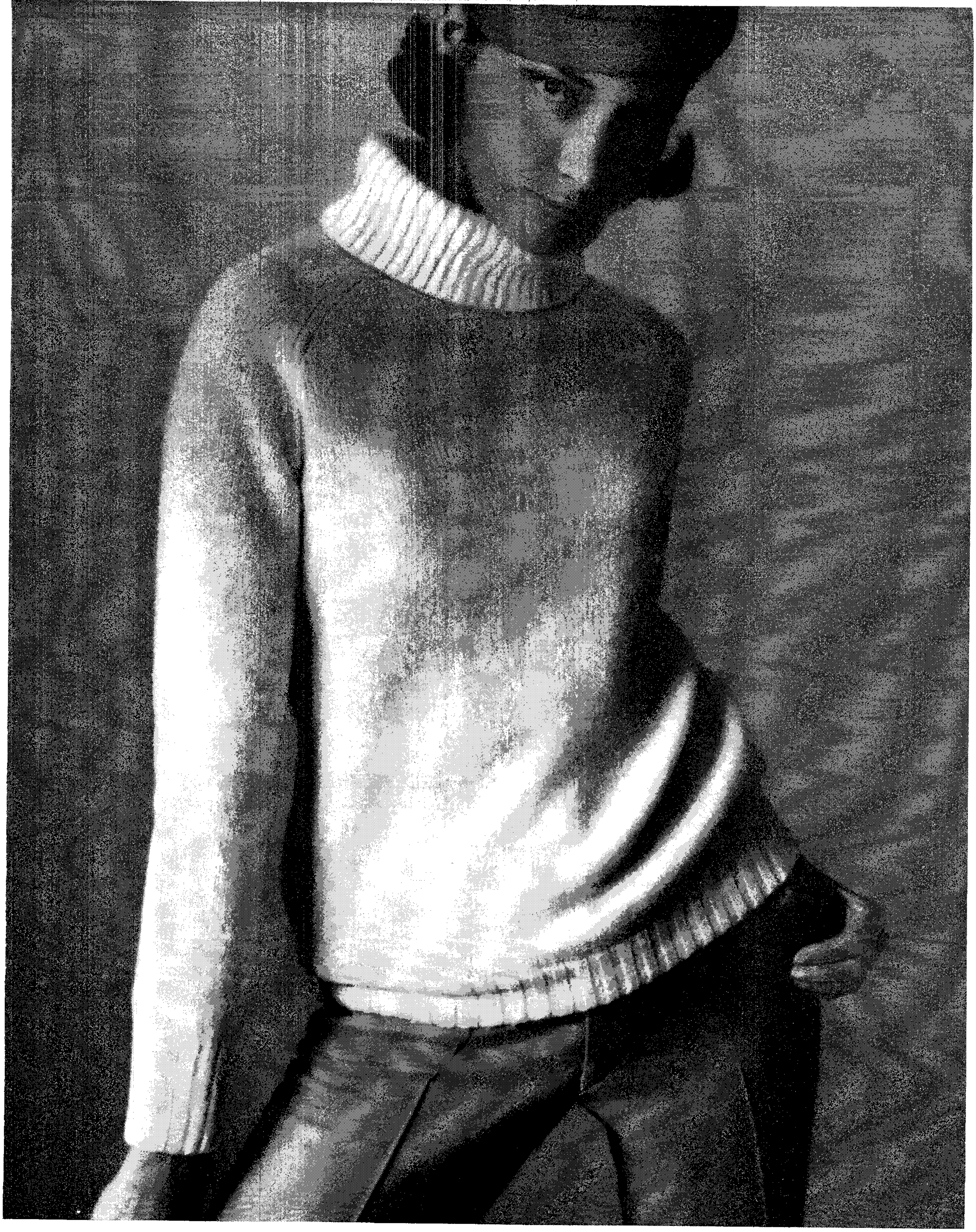

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Sweater in 100% imported shetland wool. Fully fashioned. White, natural, gold heather, orange heather. B. Altman & Co., New York; Neiman-Marcus, Texas; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast. The Hadley Corporation, 1407 Broadway, New York, 10018.

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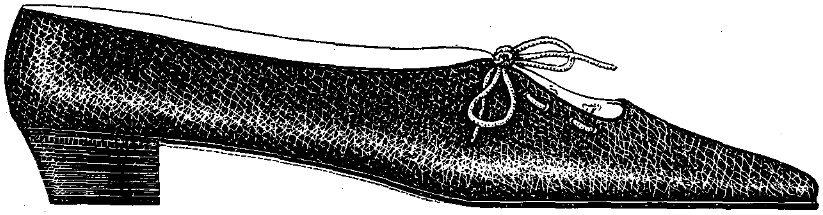

Llama-grained calf, 38.00

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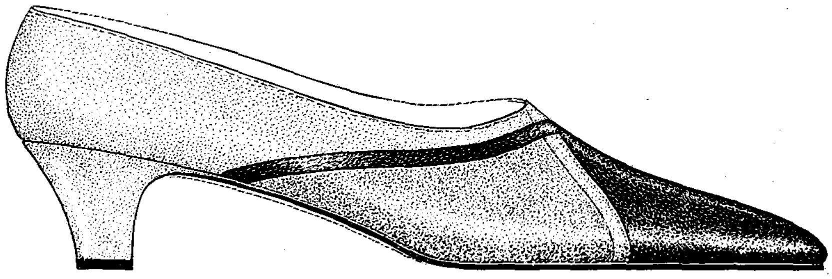
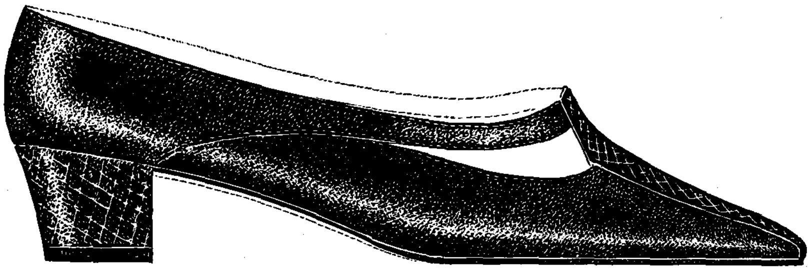


Multi-colored calfskin, 36.00

DEMONSTRATED IN A TRIUMPHANT TRIO OF FALL DESIGNS



Calfskin with reptile accents, 40.00

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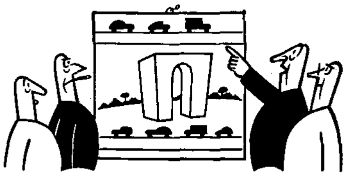
AND AT WHITE PLAINS, MANHASSET AND SHORT HILLS

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

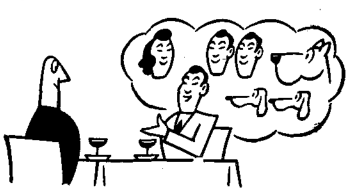
OUR city authorities may have lagged a little in rehabilitating certain areas of the city—notably the upper West Side, Harlem, the lower East Side, and large sections of Brooklyn and the Bronx—but they have certainly not been remiss in their efforts to rehabilitate Greenwich Village. Practically everybody from Robert Moses on has had a crack at it, the proposals ranging from a throughway through Washington Square to a throughway *under* it, to a move to condemn the western edge of the Village from around Bank Street down as a "blighted area," and so pave the way for wholesale demolition and the erection of large new apartment buildings. This last, though, was a kind of scattershot venture. Right along, the chief target has been Washington Square, and the latest persons to take aim at it have been Borough President Edward R. Dudley and Park Commissioner Newbold Morris, together with a landscape architect named Gilmore Clarke, who was engaged by Mr. Morris to prepare a new master plan for the poor old Square's rehabilitation.



The impression one gets from a recent article in the *Times* is that Mr. Dudley may be close to losing patience with the inhabitants of the Village, who have fought back vigorously—and, so far, successfully—against throughways and other improvements. He has, so to speak, folded his hands in resignation and asked the Villagers, or the official Community Planning Board they've set up, just what, in Heaven's name, they *do* want in the way of rehabilitation—or, to quote the *Times*, asked the Planning Board to "reduce to a sketch what it hopes to see in the rehabilitated park." On the face of things, the assignment seems a bit difficult, if only because the Planning Board could not readily raise the cash to hire an architect whose thinking runs along any such grandiose lines as Mr. Clarke's. *His* plan called—still calls, in fact—for the moving of the big old fountain and basin the few yards necessary to bring them "into direct line" with the Arch, the erection of "a colonnade at the south end of the park" (a particularly happy thought), and some changes, unspecified, in "the lawns." The Villagers, a cranky bunch, are, as usual, against the whole project, and we found ourself wondering why it is that Washington Square needs rehabilitation at all. Other famous parks, like the Bois de Boulogne, the Parc Monceau, Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, and the Medici Gardens, haven't been rehabilitated in centuries. Even our own Central Park, despite the efforts of, first, the Hylan and Walker administrations and, later, Huntington Hartford, has so far fought it off. In a quiet way, Washington Square, too, has a certain worldwide renown and a right to remain itself. Nevertheless, we have a feeling that it is doomed. The same *Times* article noted that "ground was broken yesterday for the first of three thirty-story apartment buildings to be built near [indeed, from our own survey, a block length of them actually on] the Park." These buildings were sponsored by New York University as a part of what is called the Washington Square Southeast Urban Renewal Project, and Dr. James M. Hester, president of the University, turned the first shovelful of earth. Besides, $795,000 has been set aside in the city's 1963-64 budget for the rehabilitation of the Square, and if money has been appropriated for something, most people will finally agree that there must have been something the money had to be appropriated for.

Consul

MR. FUMIHIKO TOGO, the current Japanese Consul-General in these parts, is a slight, trim, boyish-looking man of forty-nine who graduated in 1939 from Tokyo University, immediately entered the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and then studied at the Harvard Graduate School of Arts and Sciences for a couple of years. He has served as First Secretary of his country's embassy in The Hague, as Consul in Geneva, as a United Nations delegate, and, just prior to his present post, as Consul-General in Calcutta. His bailiwick in India embraced six states, with a population of two hundred million. He and his wife, Ise—they live in Riverdale but hope to move to Manhattan—have twin nineteen-year-old sons, Shigehiko and Kazuhiko, who are preparing for college in Tokyo, and three dogs: Franz and Liese, dachshunds, eleven and thirteen, respectively, and Dena, a six-year-old Great Dane.



We obtained these facts, and others, during a lunch we had with Mr. Togo at the Cloche d'Or. "I was born in Tokyo, which has a population of close to ten million, so I like big cities," he said. "I liked Calcutta, which has two million, and I like New York, which has eight million. Calcutta is more convenient than New York, because the traffic isn't as bad there. Luckily, my government gives me a car and a chauffeur. I have a staff of forty-eight here—half of them Japanese and half Americans. There are more than seventy

Consuls-General in New York, but they have less contact with one another than the Consuls-General in most cities, because they're so busy. *I* am very busy—with trade promotion, public relations, the protection of nationals, and meeting V.I.P.s from Japan at the airport and taking them around. Nearly a third of Japan's trade is with the United States, and New York has the largest overseas Japanese community—more than five thousand people, mostly businessmen and their families. Japan's economic assistance to other Asian countries is underwritten by the continued prosperity of the Japanese economy, which, in turn, depends primarily on the growth of our economic relations with the United States. Our relations with Wall Street have never been better. The Fair is bringing a lot of my countrymen here. We have one of the biggest exhibits there. It includes a restaurant staffed by a hundred waitresses recruited from Japan. What a headache that was!"

Mr. Togo smiled into his cocktail, and said that his father had been the manager of a small bank and that his wife was the daughter of the late Shigenori Togo, who was Japan's Foreign Minister during the Second World War. We asked whether his father-in-law had been a blood relative, and he said, "My name was originally Honjo. My wife was an only child, and at the time we married it was the custom in Japan for a man who married an only daughter with no brothers to take his wife's family name. Your wife's family adopted you legally. Our sons are identical twins, but I can tell them apart. They're much bigger and taller than I am. When we're together, I look like the youngest brother. We have a good many beatniks in Japan, and rock-'n'-roll is very popular there. My wife and I prefer the theatre and the opera."

Mr. Togo insisted on giving us a lift after lunch, and his chauffeur, an American, after dropping him off at his office on the way to ours, said, "It's going to rain in two minutes." It did.

Teamwork

IS it possible for us to get through a summer without a single camp letter? No. Here, then, is a missive from a nine-year-old lad who called a wooden bunkhouse home during July and August:

DEAR MOM AND DAD:

I am feeling fine. You don't have to worry about me in the water this year. We are using the buddy system. This means I can't drown alone.

Love,
MARTIN

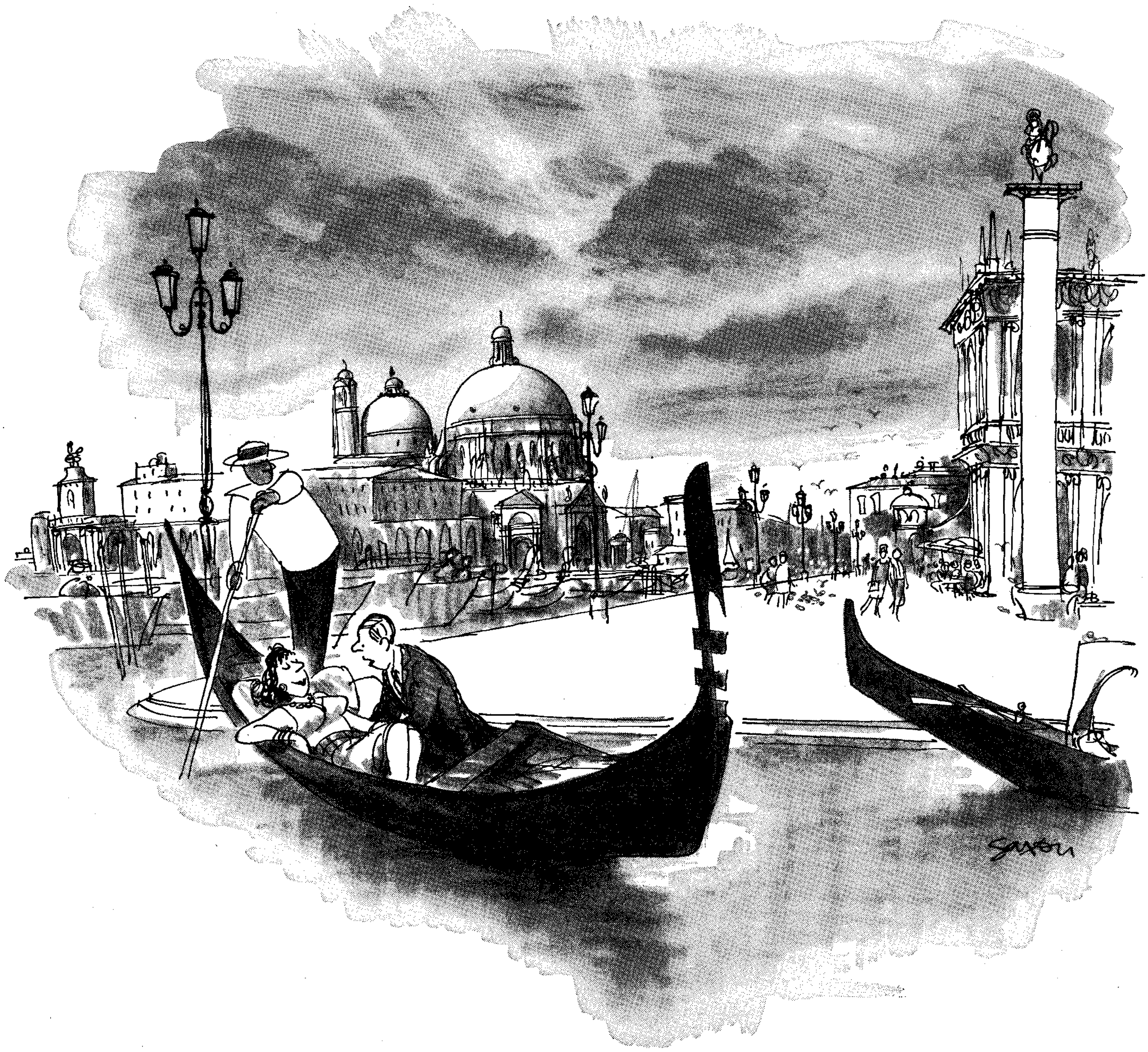
Papyri

A WEEK or so ago, we made a trip to Philadelphia in order to attend, at the headquarters of the American Philosophical Society, a meeting of the American Society of Papyrologists, a learned group devoted to the care and interpretation of ancient papyri. Papyri are scraps of a paper that was made in Egypt out of the papyrus plant, starting in the middle of the fourth century B.C., and while the first such scraps were unearthed in 1778, it wasn't until the eighteen-eighties, and the discovery of a copy of Aristotle's comments on the Athenian Constitution, that their value as source material for classical civilizations was recognized. Since then, several classical works that were believed lost have turned up on papyrus, such as Sophocles' "The Ichneutai," Menander's "The Dyscolus," and a treatise, "On Exile," by Epicurus. The bulk of the documents, however, are the flotsam and jetsam of ancient society—tax rolls, political appointments, letters, contracts, and the like, which, however trivial they may be singly, together give a more detailed account of a civilization than any other source. Papyri have been found in ruined ancient houses, in dump heaps, and in cartonnage, the papier-mâché wrappings of mummies. These last have to be unwrapped scientifically, and it was in just such a mummy case that Dr. André Bataille, a classicist at the Sorbonne, last winter found an unknown play of Menander's, "The Sicyonians." In the past eighty years, scores of thousands of papyri have been deposited, in many instances without examination, in museums—notably the Cairo Museum, the British Museum, and the museum of the University of Heidelberg, and, in the United States, the museums of Princeton, Yale, and the University of Michigan—whence they are currently being unearthed by classicists. It was to coördinate all this far-flung detective work in museum basements that the American Society of Papyrologists, which is affiliated with the Association Internationale de Papyrologues, in Brussels, was founded, in 1961.

All this we learned from the article on papyrology in the Encyclopædia Britannica, which was written by Dr. C. Bradford Welles, professor of ancient history at Yale and president of the American Society of Papyrologists, and it was Dr. Welles himself—a slender, angelic-looking man with a halo of white hair—who met us at the door of a lecture room in the Philosophical Society's headquarters. A lecture, with slides, was in progress, and Dr. Welles turned us over to Dr. Alan E. Samuel, a young assistant professor of classics at Yale and secretary of the Society, who said eagerly, after we had stumbled to a seat in the dark, "This is an assembly of the world's greats! We are hearing about the Orphic Papyrus, a sensational new discovery in Macedonia, from Dr. S. G. Kapsomenos, of the University of Thessaloníki." We said we'd like to know more about the world's greats, and Dr. Samuel pointed about the shadowy room, whispering, "There's Sir Ronald Syme, Camden Professor of Ancient History at Oxford, who wrote 'The Roman Revolution,' and there's Dr. P. H. J. Lloyd-Jones, the Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford, and over there is M. Georges Daux, the director of L'École Française d'Archéologie, and near him is Mlle. Claire Préaux, of the Brussels Museum, who is the top woman papyrologist in the world, and in front of her is Dr. Herbert C. Youtie, professor of papyrology at the University of Michigan, who is a big man. All told, there are fifty papyrologists here."

We asked Dr. Samuel to tell us something of the sensational discovery in Macedonia.

"Dr. Kapsomenos is analyzing a papyrus found recently in a Macedonian tomb," Dr. Samuel said, sotto-voce. "It is the only papyrus ever found in Greece, which is a damp country, and if the papyrus is as old as he says it is, it's the earliest papyrus in the Greek language. The text is a commentary on Orphic poetry, and Dr. Kapsomenos is trying to establish a date of 350 B.C. for it by analyzing the handwriting. The next-oldest papyrus in Greek is 311 B.C." Dr. Kapsomenos was standing in front of the screen, the back of his head covered with projected Greek



"Marcelline, there's something I must tell you. I'm only here on a 14-to-21-day excursion plan."

• •

letters as he compared characters with a pointer.

After the lecture, there was a polite round of applause and then a discussion period, during which some of the fifty papyrologists discreetly questioned the early date of the Orphic Papyrus. A professor remarked archly, "It's certainly in the fourth century B.C., but whether it's 350 or later, I don't know. No more shall I say." The Regius Professor rose and said, "Who ever knew that the Greeks were writing commentaries on poetry in the fourth century B.C.? If it really is as early as that, it is a most sensational fact." Another professor remarked, "It doesn't surprise me that a man would want an Orphic hymn buried with him, but it does that he would want a commentary." By this time, eyebrows were being raised all over the room, but then Dr. Kapsomenos rose and stated that, according to archeological evidence, the tomb in which the papyrus had been found could not possibly be dated later than 320 B.C. This put an end to the discussion.

Dr. William H. Willis, of Duke University, next took the floor, to announce the discovery among some papers in the Duke University Library of what he thought was the first known papyrus fragment of the Catilinarian Oration by Cicero; the fragment, he said, dated from the third century A.D., and had subsequently been used as a bookmark in an early Christian codex. A Spaniard, Dr. Manuel Fernandez-Galliano, rose to say that there was more of Dr. Willis's Cicero speech in a vault in Barcelona. This example of international scholarly coöperation was duly applauded, and presently Dr. Welles adjourned the meeting, saying, "For those of you who do not wish to tour the building, there is a reception upstairs."

Without exception, the classicists chose the reception, and we followed Dr. Samuel upstairs to be handed a glass of sherry and introduced to Professor Eric G. Turner, of London University, who informed us that he was working on another new play of Menander's, details of which he would announce the next day. Dr. Samuel cajoled him into giving a preview of the plot. "It's about a girl who is taken prisoner," he began. "She is taken as a slave to a faraway city. The soldier who captures her tries to make love to her, but she turns him down flat. He threatens suicide. She gives up all hope of seeing her family again, and then, after a time, her father arrives in the town on business. I haven't the foggiest idea what happens next, because the rest of the manuscript is missing. I imagine everything ends all right. Perhaps somebody here will be able to help me out."

We said we hoped so, and moved on to Dr. Youtie, a short, bushy-haired man, who told us he was working on a collection of a hundred and forty-five papyri—some in Cologne and the rest in Michigan—that were the official papers of the town clerk of an Egyptian city called Ptolemais Hormu around 180 A.D. We asked Dr. Youtie whether he knew much about the town clerk. "His name was Petaus, and one thing we know about him is that he was illiterate," he said, pouring himself some sherry. "None of the papers are in his hand except one—a practice sheet on which he scribbled his name and rank a dozen times. That was all he knew how to write. In those days, there was a law that all town clerks had to be literate. The town clerk of a neighboring city was charged with being illiterate, and the case was referred to Petaus of Ptolemais Hormu. He acquitted the man, saying, 'Though he is not literate, yet he does countersign his name.' "

We thanked Dr. Youtie and sought out Dr. Welles, who was talking to Sir Ronald Syme, to find out whether the Society's president had lately made any discoveries himself.

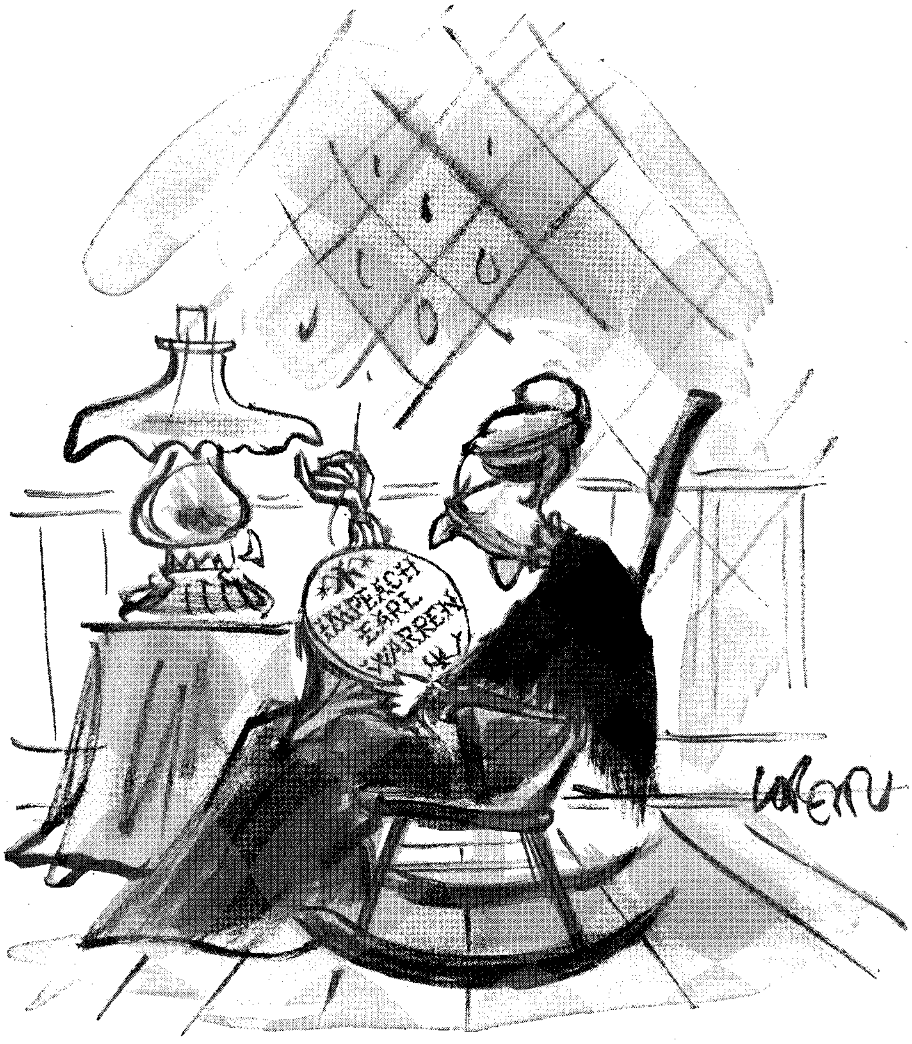
"My last turnup was a papyrus of Chapter Fourteen of Genesis," Dr. Welles said. "It was in a box at Yale that I sifted through this winter. The box had been around thirty years. The papyrus was from a Christian, not a Hebraic, codex, and I managed to date it between 90 and 100 A.D. It is therefore the earliest known Christian document."

We asked Dr. Welles whether he had been excited by the turnup.

"Oh, no," he said. "The process of decipherment and study is too gradual for that. But the director of Yale's Beinecke Library *was* excited. He gave a party in its honor."

Briefing

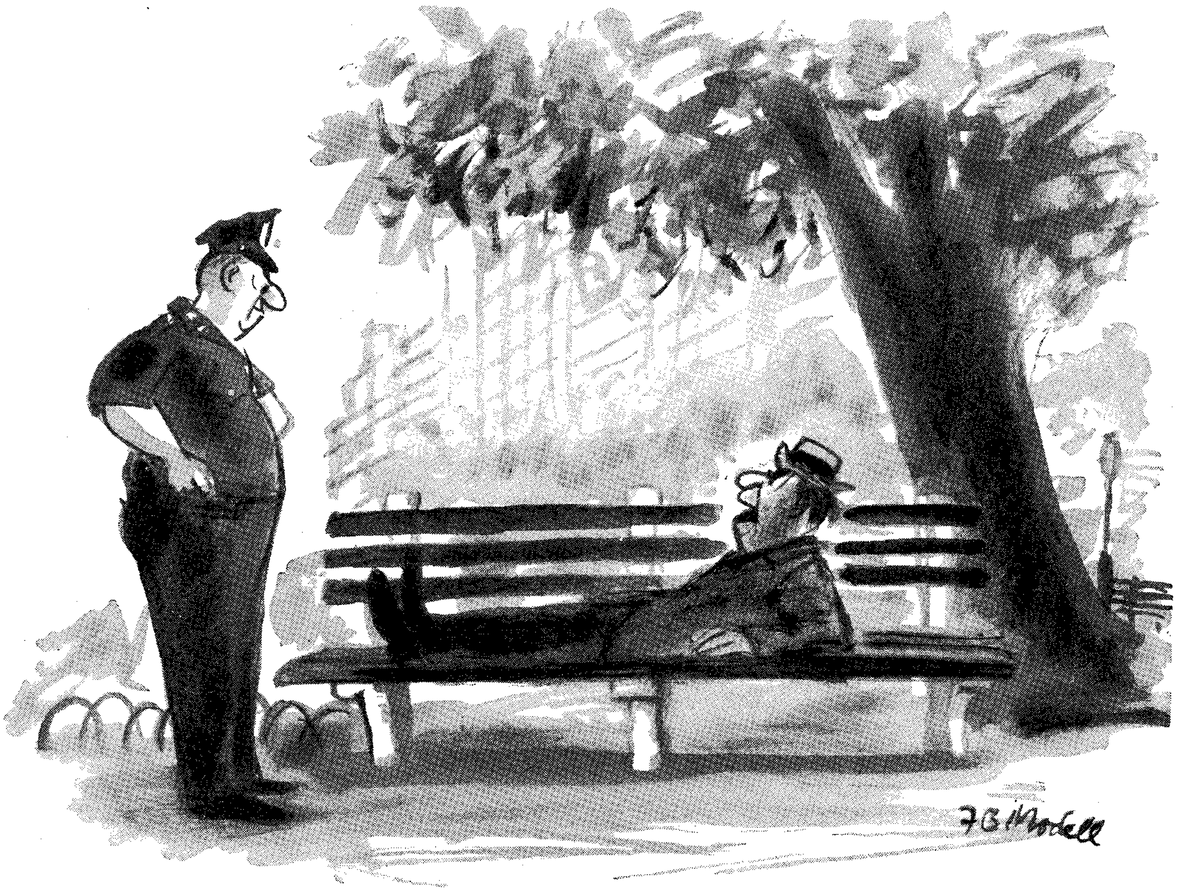
VISITORS to the Hitching Post Cafeteria, which is part of the New Mexico Pavilion at the World's Fair, are greeted by a Hopi Indian in full regalia, whose pitch runs like this: "Step up, folks, and see a genuine New Mexico restaurant. You take a tray and walk along the counter, and when you see something you like, you point and the girl gives it to you."



Long-Winded Lady

WE'VE received another letter from our friend the long-winded lady. This time, she writes:

"There is a man around this neighborhood who is always combing his hair. Once I saw him borrow a comb from a very small shoeshine boy. Then, while he combed his hair, combing it with one hand and smoothing it with the other, he bent and looked into the child's face as though the little face were a mirror—only a mirror, and nothing more than that. The boy stood and looked up at him, waiting to get his comb back. I was in my hotel room, looking down into the street and watching the two of them. I am eight floors up in one of those old hotels that line the shabby side streets off Broadway in midtown, and it was a hot Sunday morning about nine o'clock. The street had been deserted until the shoeshine boy and the man who combs his hair came into view, walking with four older and taller shoeshine boys, all carrying their boxes of brushes and polish. When the man borrowed the comb, he stopped and stood still, and so did the small boy whose face became a mirror, but the others went on and out of sight, walking toward Broadway. When the man had finished—when he seemed satisfied with his appearance, whatever he thought that was—he gave the comb back to the child, who took it and put it in the breast pocket of his shirt, and then the two walked on until, I suppose, they caught up with their companions. It wasn't the first time I had seen that man. The first time I had seen him, he had been at exactly the same point on the block as when he stood looking down into the child's face, but he had been five flights up, walking on the roof of one of the few little houses that still stand together there, holding their own against the gigantic new buildings that have risen up around them. The little houses are no longer dwellings where ordinary families live. There are restaurants or small shops on their street floors, and above there are other shops—a theatrical costumer's or a dress or record shop—or there are studios or offices or a few apartments. The house where the man was walking on the roof has a steak restaurant on the street floor and, above, studios for musicians to practice in. The studios have



"No doubt you are unaware that this city is suffering from an acute shortage of hotel accommodations."

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long, uncurtained windows. One of the windows shows a blue light, and sometimes late at night the blue light betrays the source of some very blue music. The saxophonist who plays in there must be very sad and very slow to learn. Even so, I like to hear him—his mistakes and his hesitations and his false starts. It is like hearing music in the street—very comforting. But on the morning I am thinking of there was no music and no blue light. The day had only begun. The windows of all the houses were blank and the street was empty. It was a hot morning after a scorching night. There had been no dawn—the darkness had merely faded away, showing the city to be gray, worn, and sleepless. The sky was very high and colorless. It was not fair. The sky promised nothing—no soft rain, no relief from the heat—but still it was beautiful up there. A few pigeons pecked in the deserted parking lot under my windows, and others flew hopefully about, but apart from the pigeons there was no life to be seen except on the roof, where the man who combs his hair was walking with some men who were unsteadily following another man, who was carrying a bottle that looked as if it contained wine. He was carrying it at about shoulder height and at arm's length in front of him, as though it might show him the way, like a lantern. There were five men altogether, going single file, and they had more difficulty than you might think in their little passage around the roof. Things kept getting in their way—things on the roof. All the low roofs around there seem to have been patched and furnished with wreckage swept in from the sea; useful bits of freighters and tankers and steamers, funnels and pipes and cabins, all of them blackened and valuable shapes, together with skylights of different sizes and great, sprawling air-conditioning units, strewed the path of the five wandering men, who looked so unsubstantial that a breath of wind might blow them away. There was no wind. There was not even any air, except what was left over from the night before. The men weaved around and about, following their restless leader, and the last man combed his hair. He wore the same clothes that he has worn every time I have seen him—a green plaid Eisenhower jacket and crumpled cotton trousers of a light color—and as he combed and smoothed his hair, keeping his elbows well out, he ducked his head and shoulders to the right and to the left and seemed to find himself reflected in the unsteady back of the man in front of him. He bent forward and inclined his head and turned from side to side as though he were peering at himself in a mountain pool in strong sunshine. He stepped along easily and he seemed to be enjoying himself there on the roof in the discouraged daylight. The last time I saw him, I was walking along Seventh Avenue near the Metropole jazz place, just around the corner from where I live. He was standing outside one of the glittery gift shops there, talking to a man who was selling sunglasses. The salesman was wearing a pair of his own sunglasses. At least, he was wearing sunglasses. I saw the man who combs his hair walk up to the sunglasses man and greet him. The sunglasses man returned the greeting, and as soon as they began to talk, the man who combs his hair took out his comb and started, as usual, combing his hair and smoothing it, and leaning forward for a better look, peering first into his friend's right sunglass and then into his left one. He bobbed his head from side to side and combed and smoothed and talked and watched his face sliding around in the dark glass. He was wearing the same clothes as always—the plaid Eisenhower jacket and the crumpled trousers—and I saw, seeing him close up for the first time, that he was about thirty-five and tired-looking but amiable. I have not seen him for a while now, and I would just as soon not see him again. I know we are all only reminders of one another, but I don't want him to walk up to me and look into my face as though I were a mirror. What I would like even less would be to look into his face and see myself hiding there."

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LICENSE plate observed on the rear of a Connecticut station wagon transporting two nuns through Hartford:

DEUS

THE PRESIDENT

I AM not altogether sympathetic to the new President. He is, certainly, a strange fellow (only forty-eight inches high at the shoulder). But is strangeness alone enough? I spoke to Sylvia: "Is strangeness alone enough?" "I love you," Sylvia said. I regarded her with my warm kind eyes. "Your thumb?" I said. One thumb was a fiasco of tiny crusted slashes. "Pop-top beer cans," she said. "He is a *strange fellow,* all right. He has some magic charisma which makes people—" She stopped and began again. "When the band begins to launch into his campaign song, 'Struttin' with Some Barbecue,' I just . . . I can't . . ."

The darkness, strangeness, and complexity of the new President have touched everyone. There has been a great deal of fainting lately. Is the President at fault? I was sitting, I remember, in Row EE at City Center; the opera was "The Gypsy Baron." Sylvia was singing in her green-and-blue gypsy costume in the gypsy encampment. I was thinking about the President. Is he, I wondered, right for this period? He is a *strange fellow,* I thought—not like the other Presidents we've had. Not like Garfield. Not like Taft. Not like Harding, Hoover, either of the Roosevelts, or Woodrow Wilson. Then I noticed a lady sitting in front of me, holding a baby. I tapped her on the shoulder. "Madam," I said, "your child has I believe fainted." "Charles!" she cried, rotating the baby's head like a doll's. "Charles, what has happened to you?" The President was smiling in his box.

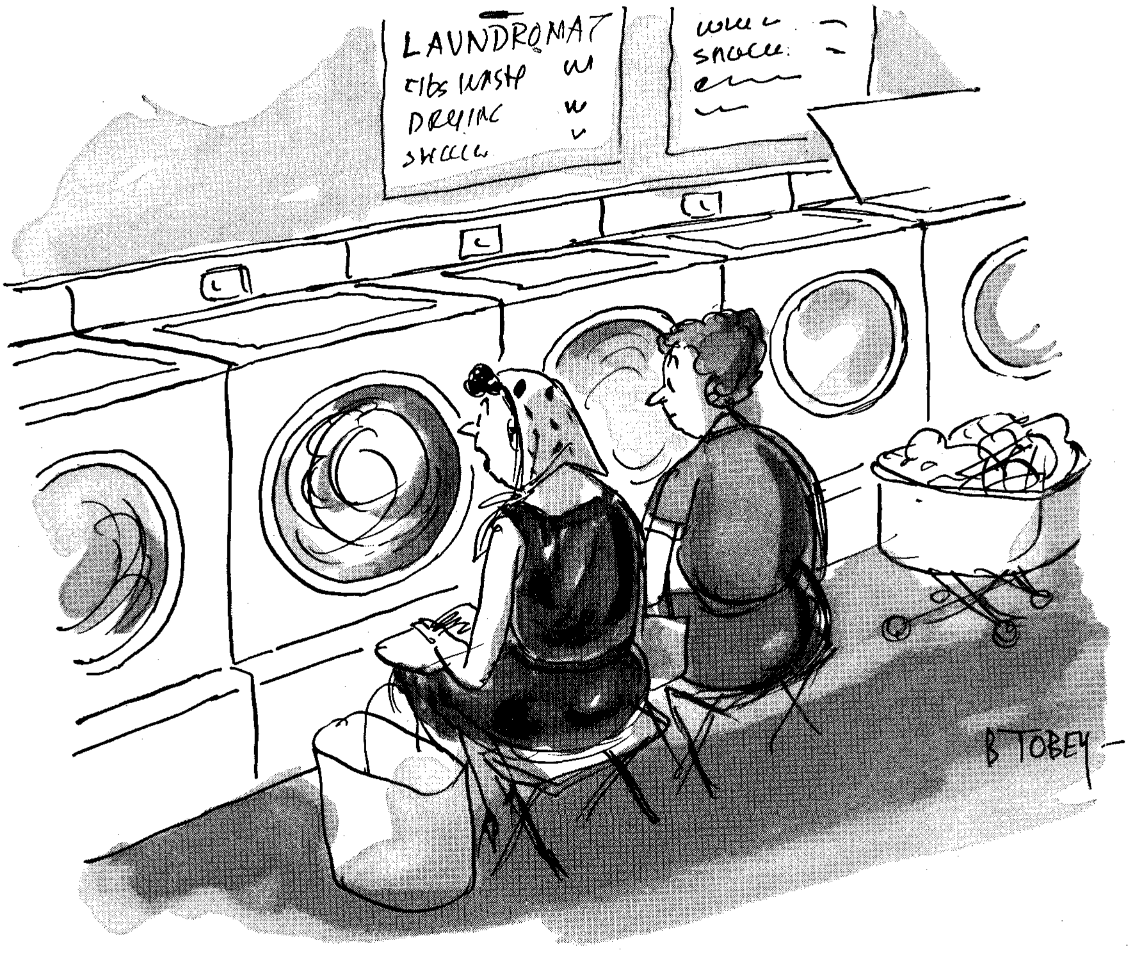
"The President!" I said to Sylvia in the Italian restaurant. She raised her glass of warm red wine. "Do you think he liked me? My singing?" "He looked pleased," I said. "He was smiling." "A brilliant whirlwind campaign, I thought," Sylvia whispered. "Winning was brilliant," I said. "He is the first President we've had from City College," Sylvia said. A waiter fainted behind us. "But is he right for the period?" I asked. "Our period is perhaps not so choice as the previous period, still—"

"I'm drunk, honey—in depth."

"He thinks a great deal about death, like all people from City," Sylvia said. "The death theme looms large in his consciousness. I've known a great many people from City, and these people, with no significant exceptions, are hung up on the death theme. It's an obsession, as it were." Other waiters carried the waiter who had fainted out into the kitchen.

"Our period will be characterized in future histories as a period of tentativeness and uncertainty, I feel," I said. "A kind of parenthesis. When he rides in his black limousine with the plastic top I see a little boy who has blown an enormous soap bubble which has trapped him. The look on his face—" "The other candidate was dazzled by his strangeness, newness, smallness, and philosophical grasp of the death theme," Sylvia said. "The other candidate didn't have a prayer," I said. Sylvia adjusted her green-and-blue veils in the Italian restaurant. "Not having gone to City College and sat around the cafeterias there discussing death," she said.

I AM, as I say, not entirely sympathetic. Certain things about the new President are not clear. I can't make out what he is thinking. When he has finished speaking I can never remember what he has said. There remains only an impression of strangeness, darkness . . . On television, his face clouds when his name is mentioned. It is as if hearing his name frightens him. Then he stares directly into the camera (an actor's preëmpting gaze) and begins to speak. One hears only cadences. Newspaper accounts of his speeches always say only that he "touched on a number of matters in the realm of . . ." When he has finished speaking he appears nervous and unhappy. The camera credits fade in over an image of the President standing stiffly, with his arms rigid at his sides, looking to the right and to the left, as if awaiting instructions. On the other hand, the handsome meliorist who ran against him, all zest and programs, was defeated by a fantastic margin.



"Goodness! I just saw my whole life flash by!"

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People are fainting. On Fifty-seventh Street, a young girl dropped in her tracks in front of Henri Bendel. I was shocked to discover that she wore only a garter belt under her dress. I picked her up and carried her into the store with the help of a Salvation Army major—a very tall man with an orange hairpiece. "She fainted," I said to the floorwalker. We talked about the new President, the Salvation Army major and I. "I'll tell you what *I* think," he said. "I think he's got something up his sleeve nobody knows about. I think he's keeping it under wraps. One of these days . . ." The Salvation Army major shook my hand. "I'm not saying that the problems he faces aren't tremendous, staggering. The awesome burden of the Presidency. But if anybody—any *one man* . . ."

What is going to happen? What is the President planning? No one knows. But everyone is convinced that he will bring it off. Our exhausted age wishes above everything to plunge into the heart of the problem, to be able to say, "*Here is the difficulty*." And the new President, that tiny, strange, and brilliant man, seems cankered and difficult enough to take us there. In the meantime, people are fainting. My secretary fell in the middle of a sentence. "Miss Kagle," I said. "Are you all right?" She was wearing an anklet of tiny silver circles. Each tiny silver circle held an initial: @@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@. Who is this person "A"? What is he in your life, Miss Kagle?

I gave her water with a little brandy in it. I speculated about the President's mother. Little is known about her. She presented herself in various guises:

A little lady, 5′ 2″, with a cane.
A big lady, 7′ 1″, with a dog.
A wonderful old lady, 4′ 3″, with an indomitable spirit.
A noxious old sack, 6′ 8″, excaudate, because of an operation.

Little is known about her. We are assured, however, that the same damnable involvements that obsess us obsess her too. Copulation. Strangeness. Applause. She must be pleased that her son is what he is—loved and looked up to, a mode of hope for millions. "Miss Kagle. Drink it down. It will put you on your feet again, Miss Kagle." I regarded her with my warm kind eyes.

AT Town Hall, I sat reading the program notes to "The Gypsy Baron." Outside the building, eight mounted policemen collapsed en bloc. The well-trained horses planted their feet delicately among the bodies. Sylvia was singing. They said a small man could never be President (only forty-eight inches high at the shoulder). Our period is not the one I would have chosen, but it has chosen me. The new President must have certain intuitions. I am convinced that he has these intuitions (although I am certain of very little else about him; I have reservations, I am not sure). I could tell you about his mother's summer journey, in 1919, to western Tibet—about the dandymen and the red bear, and how she told off the Pathan headman, instructing him furiously to rub up his English or get out of her service—but what order of knowledge is this? Let me instead simply stress his smallness, his strangeness, his brilliance, and say that we expect great things of him. "I love you," Sylvia said. The President stepped through the roaring curtain. We applauded until our arms hurt. We shouted until the ushers set off flares enforcing silence. The orchestra tuned itself. Sylvia sang the second lead. The President was smiling in his box. At the finale, the entire cast slipped into the orchestra pit in a great, swooning mass. We cheered until the ushers tore up our tickets. —DONALD BARTHELME

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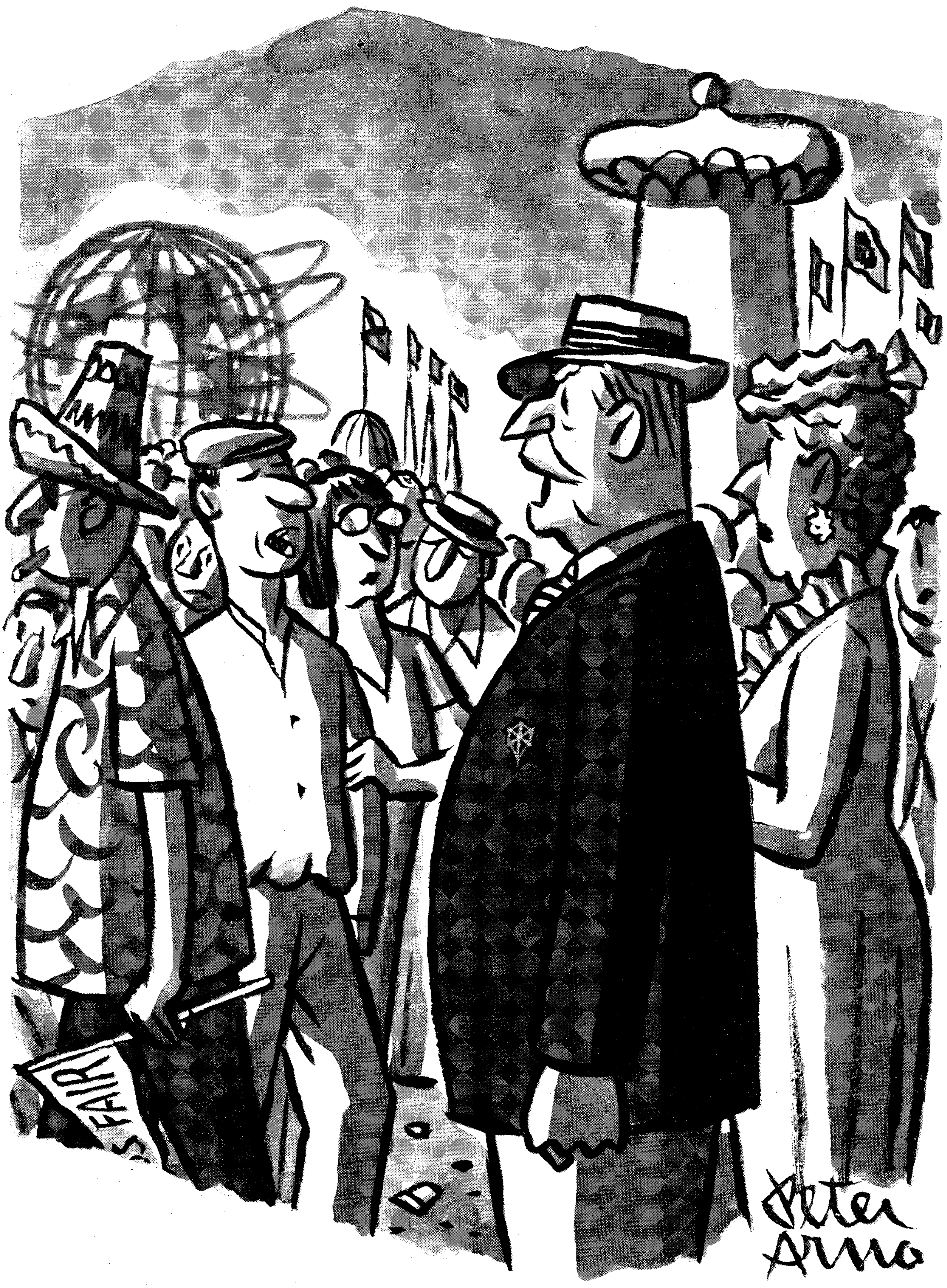
NUGGETS, This is the house organ of The Barnes-Ross Company, 19½ N. Alabama St., Indianapolis, Ind. 46004. Robert L. Ross, Editor. Uses inspirational poems from 16-24 lines in length with a rhyme pattern. "We cannot use poems about death, sorrow, love or strictly religious poems. We do not use poems of pure description and certainly nothing in the least bit off-color. Our magazine circulates through funeral directors who send copies to clergymen of all faiths." Pays $5 per poem, on acceptance.—*Writer's Digest.*

We've got a nice inspirational one on taxes. O.K.?


FAIR
Peter Arno

“Who are these people?”

THE WIDOWHOOD SYSTEM

THE very day his mother was buried, Harry Quinn set about converting the two attic rooms, from which she had ruled the house for the last nineteen years of her impossible dotage, into a model pigeon loft, so that he could transfer his precious racing birds from the cold, corrugated-iron structure in the back garden. The house, at 16 Distillery Lane, in chaotic condition, already consisted of Harry's ramshackle grocery shop on the ground floor and the flat of Handme Levy, a tailor, on the second. Handme—short for Hand Me Down the Moon (he was six and a half feet tall if he was an inch)—helped with the task of reconstruction, because midwinter was an even slacker time than usual in the tailoring business and because he was already in arrears to Harry, his landlord. Fusilier Lynch gave a hand, too, out of the goodness of his heart. For six days, the three men worked, stopping only to eat the meals that Judith Costigan, who lived next door in No. 15, made for them. When the job was complete, they carried the thirty-six pigeons in, two at a time, each man making six journeys out to the garden, in through the shop, past the smirking tailor's dummies in Handme's living room, and up to the top of the house. Then they drank in celebration. They drank, as they did after every race, win or lose, in the kitchen behind the shop.

"It's a powerful loft," said Handme. "Height and space and light."

"A castle," murmured the Fusilier.

"You waited one hell of a long time to get them inside, Harry," said Handme. "But it was worth waiting for."

"A palace," said the Fusilier.

Harry suffered from running eyes. They were never dry. Strangers who went into his shop were disturbed by the sight of the weeping shopkeeper. "Now I'm going to tell you something, boys," he announced, mopping his tears with a soiled handkerchief. "Something that's been in my nose for nineteen years."

"You're going to marry Judith!" said Handme.

"I'm going to produce the best racing pigeon Mullaghduff has ever seen. As a matter of fact, boys, I'm going to breed the first local pigeon ever to win the All Ireland Open Championship."

Handme's face was permanently fixed in the expression a man has immediately before he sneezes—mouth open, teeth bared, eyes wide, forehead wrinkled. On him, it became a look of wild delight and anticipation. That, on top of a thin, gangling body, made the young girls of the town scared stiff of him. "By God, Harry, you will, too!" he cried. "Won't he, Fusilier?"

The Fusilier was short, stocky, silent; he was in his late forties, the youngest of the three bachelors. He was better at greyhounds and whippets than at birds, but a good all-rounder. "How?" he asked cautiously.

"By science," said Harry. "I'll get my bird, train it the way you would train an athlete, feed it right, exercise it right, get to understand its psychology. It's a matter of science."

"By God, you're right, Harry!" said Handme. "The All Ireland Open, no less! Eh?"

"And where do you propose getting this wonder bird in the first place?" asked the Fusilier.

Harry paused before he answered. "I'm going to breed it," he said.

"Huh!" The Fusilier laughed dryly and began examining his corduroy riding breeches, which were bald at the knees.

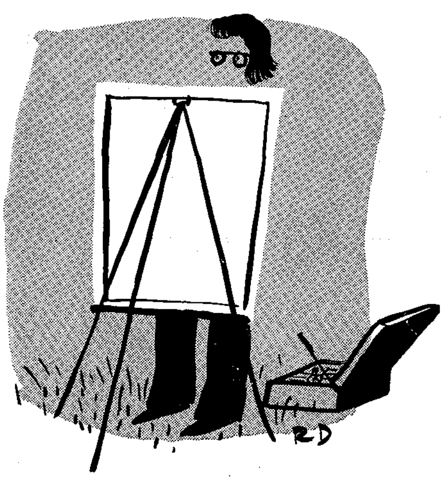
"I'm going to breed it scientifically," Harry went on calmly, "according to the theories, principles, and practice of Gregor Johann Mendel."

"Is that the Galway buck that raced the wee gray hen last—" Handme began.

"Gregor Johann Mendel says, and in case you boys never heard of him he is a priest and a scientist—he says that a racing pigeon isn't a racing pigeon at all. A racing pigeon, he says, is a bundle of bloody genes. Get the right genes, says he, and you have the winner of the All Ireland cooing in your lap."

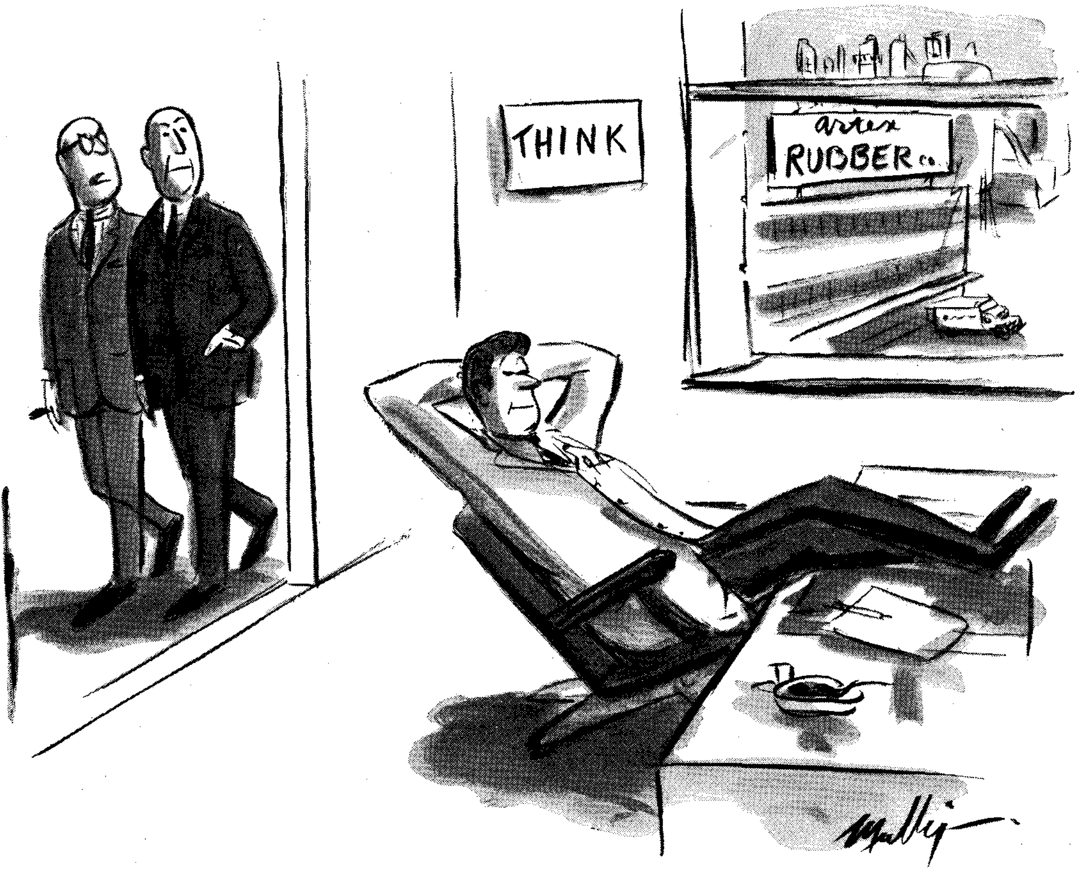
"What club is he in, this Mendel fella? Where's his loft?" the Fusilier asked.

"What I've been doing all my life, what every fancier in this country has been doing all their lives," Harry went on softly, "is mating the best cocks with the best hens. Quality with quality, stamina with stamina, speed with speed. And we've all been wasting our time." He leaned across the kitchen table and wiped his eyes so as to get a moment's clear vision of his friends' faces. "According to the Mendelian theory, when you breed champ with champ the offspring generally tends toward the average of the species, unless both members to the union are . . ." He faltered. The quotation he had learned from the *Pigeon Fanciers Post* began to fade. The word "homozygous" pirouetted before his mind and vanished.



"Anyhow," he went on, "the point is this: Quality with quality is no guarantee of quality young ones. Haven't we proved that ourselves? So what I'm going to do now, boys, is the very opposite: fast cock to slow hen, lazy cock to active hen. Until sooner or later I'll have a national winner in my loft. Trial and error—the scientific method. And, by God, boys, with the old woman out of the road and the place to myself, there's nothing to stop me now!"

Later that night, when Harry invited his friends into Judith's house for supper, Handme told her of Harry's scheme. She laughed and said, "Good for you, Harry!" and went on making them a huge feed of rashers and eggs. There never was a more even-tempered, more placid woman than Judith Costigan. When her young scut of a brother, Billy, whom she had reared, sailed for Canada one August morning, leaving her with no means of support except the knitting she did for the glove factory, she laughed and said, "Aren't I lucky to have a roof over my head?" When old Mrs. Quinn became bedridden and summoned Judith to feed and clean her, Judith laughed and said, "It's the least I could do for a neighbor." And on those Saturday nights after a race had been lost or won, when Harry, Handme, and the Fusilier had drunk themselves silly and adjourned to Judith's to round the night off, she laughed most heartily because Harry invariably said to her, "Judith Costigan, someday I'm going to ask you to marry me—someday when I'm good and sober." It was a funny sight to see Harry swaying in the middle of the kitchen floor, his hand on his chest, his cheeks streaming with tears, and Judith, plump, smooth, hazel-eyed, fresher-looking than her forty-four years, nodding her head and laughing generously at him. It was so funny that Handme Levy would forget himself and begin to do a jig, until his spinning head could no longer control his long, miserable shanks and he would



"How can we be sure he's thinking rubber?"

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fall into a chair and grimace wildly at the ceiling. Then the Fusilier would get maudlin about his time in the British Army—when, as he said, "for four long years my stomach was starved for the whiff of a greyhound." When they had sobered, they would crawl home, and they would not call on Judith again until the next race day, or until they wanted a well-cooked meal.

HIS mother was not dead a year when the laziest of Harry's hens, which he had paired with a cock with a broken wing, laid two white eggs. The awkward father knocked one of the eggs out of the nest, and it smashed on the concrete floor. Out of the other egg came the bird that Harry was waiting for. Of course he did not know this until he saw it on the wing. But he knew then. Then there was no doubt at all. It was a small pigeon, blue gray, with a white neck and a flat-topped head. Its great pectoral muscle filled its breast and stirred gently against the hand. Its back was broad and strong and straight. Its legs were short. Its full, ovoid body was smothered in velvety feathers.

Handme examined it one Sunday morning. Then he passed it to the Fusilier. Harry waited for their comments. The lofts were open, and the birds, in squadrons of fifteen, flew at the same height as the chapel bells, rolling over the tops of the pines and across the river and out over the barley fields and back to the peaks of the pines again.

"It's a good bird, all right," said Handme. "How does it take off?"

"Clean and straight," said Harry.

"Any trouble in trapping it?"

"None. It lands on the platform and drops right down."

"Aye, it's a good bird, all right," said Handme. "Isn't it, Fusilier?"

The Fusilier handed the bird back to Harry. "It's a cock," he said.

"It's *what*?" Handme squealed his surprise.

"I know it's a cock," said Harry with dignity.

"But—but—Harry, you're not thinking of racing a *cock*, are you?" Handme spluttered. "I mean to say, you never raced a cock in your life—it was always hens. The natural system . . . back to the nest . . ."

"And did I ever do anything worthwhile, racing the natural system?" snapped Harry, suddenly angry. "Isn't that what all the fanciers round here are doing—racing the natural system? A flock of bloody turkeys waddling back to a cozy seat on eggs. And did any man of them ever win a national trophy in his natural life? Well, did they or did they not?"

"Not that I know of," said Handme, subdued more by Harry's voice than by his argument.

"So," said Harry quietly. "I'm going to try the widowhood system. And I'm going to make a job of it."

"You will, too," said Handme. "It's a grand bird, all right."

"Have you mated him yet?" asked the Fusilier.

"Not yet," said Harry. "I'm going to mate him with a wee, fat red hen. I saw him eying her."

"Is he keen?" said the Fusilier.

"How the hell would I know? He didn't confide in me!"

"There's nothing wrong with the widowhood system," said the Fusilier calmly, looking out across the still, Sabbatical town, "only for the drawbacks. I seen cocks in my day that were so eager to get back to the hen they battered themselves against the basket and wore themselves out, so that they were too tired to race. And I seen cocks in my day that didn't give a damn if they never saw the hen again. If you want a sure performance, give me a hen every time. A hen will always hurry back to the nest. It's not called the natural system for nothing."

"And what the hell do you think the widowhood system is?" said Harry, wiping his cheeks with the cuff of his jacket. "What could be more natural than for a cock to fly back to its mate?"

"True for you, Harry," Handme agreed, although he was thinking of the young girls of the town scattering in all directions when he met them coming out of the glove factory.

"Anyhow," Harry went on, "I'm sending him to Omagh next Friday week for a tryout the next day. You'll see then if I'm right."

"Thirty miles is too far," said the Fusilier. "Send him to Omagh and that's the last you'll see of him."

"Maybe the Fusilier's right," said Handme. "Why not try Strabane for a first outing? Fifteen miles is plenty for a first outing."

"And you can't race him till he's mated first," said the Fusilier.

"And you're not sure that the red hen'll have him," said Handme.

Harry blinked his eyes and glared from one to the other. "You two," he said, his voice breaking with frustration, “think you know everything! But you know damn all! This is my bird! And I’m going to race him from Omagh! And he’ll mate for me! And he’ll race for me—scientifically, by the widowhood system!”

He flung open the trapdoor and held the bird on the palms of his hands beneath it, as if it were an offering. It spread its wings, hesitated a second, then rose up and out into the spring air, where it joined a squadron of fifteen and tumbled in the waves of the singing bells.

Handme and the Fusilier were right; Omagh was too far. But in everything else they were wrong. On the Tuesday before the race, Harry had paired the bird with the red hen, and she had acquiesced. And on the day before the race, he had held the cock close to the hen until the cock’s muscles tensed, but he had not allowed them to breed. Then he slipped the rubber race ring round the pigeon’s leg, thrust the bird into the basket, and carried it down to the railway station. The know-all Fusilier was wrong in that detail, too; the bird did not batter itself against the sides of the cage. Indeed, Harry would have been happier if it had shown even some anxiety at being separated from its mate. But it was not an excitable bird, he consoled himself, and surely that was a good thing.

Four other pigeons from the local club were entered for that race, and the best of them, Joe McSorley’s checkered hen, clocked in seconds after 11:00 A.M. Major O’Donnell’s two birds arrived next, at 11:15 A.M. and 11:18 A.M. At 11:23 A.M., Harry saw Patsy Boyle’s ten-year-old hen flit over the pine trees, as fresh as if she were starting out, and she had eight miles farther north to travel. This meant that her velocity was almost as good as the velocity of the Major’s birds. Even though all the birds were released from the same place at the same time, each had a different distance to travel back to its own loft, and its speed over its own distance was what mattered. As soon as the birds were liberated, each owner set his timing clock in motion, and as soon as his bird returned he dropped its leg ring into the mechanism and thus stopped the clock. After the race, these clocks were all submitted to the club for examination, and the different times and distances were calculated and the winner determined.

The Angelus bell rang at noon. Harry went up to the loft for the eighth time. His cock had not returned. He boiled potatoes for his lunch and ate them. He washed the counter in the shop, mopped the floor, and disposed of flypapers that had been hanging from the ceiling since last summer. He climbed the stairs again. Still no bird. Then he threw a handful of maize inside the trapdoor, went down to Handme’s bedroom, and shook him awake. “Keep an eye on the shop!” he shouted into the startled eyes. “I’m away out for a pint.”

“The bird—is he back?”

“He’ll come in his own good time,” said Harry over his shoulder.

His own good time was at six-thirty that evening, and by then Harry and Handme and the Fusilier were sozzled. It was the Fusilier who found him perched in the loft. The two others heard the Fusilier stumbling down the stairs, singing to the bird, “ ‘You are my sunshine, my only sunshine. You make me happy when skies are gray.’ ”

“Welcome back, wee cock!” cried Handme. “Had you a nice holiday in New York?”

“Don’t let me see him!” Harry called, crying into his hands. “He disgusts me—that’s what he does, disgusts me.”

“Sh-h-h,” said the Fusilier. “He’s back, isn’t he? Isn’t that all that matters? Where’s the clock? Gimme the timing clock and we’ll drop his ring in—just for the record.” He kissed the bird gently on the back.

“Take him away!” Harry called. “He disgusts me.”

“Hens every time,” said Handme. “For reliability and dependability and—”

“Fling him in the loft out of my sight! I still have some bloody pride.”

“Now, now, now, boys,” said the Fusilier, holding the bird to his cheek.

“He went and had a holiday on top of the Statue of Liberty!” said Handme. “That’s what he done!”

“But he’ll race!” said Harry. “By God, he’ll race before I’m done with him, or I’ll know why!”

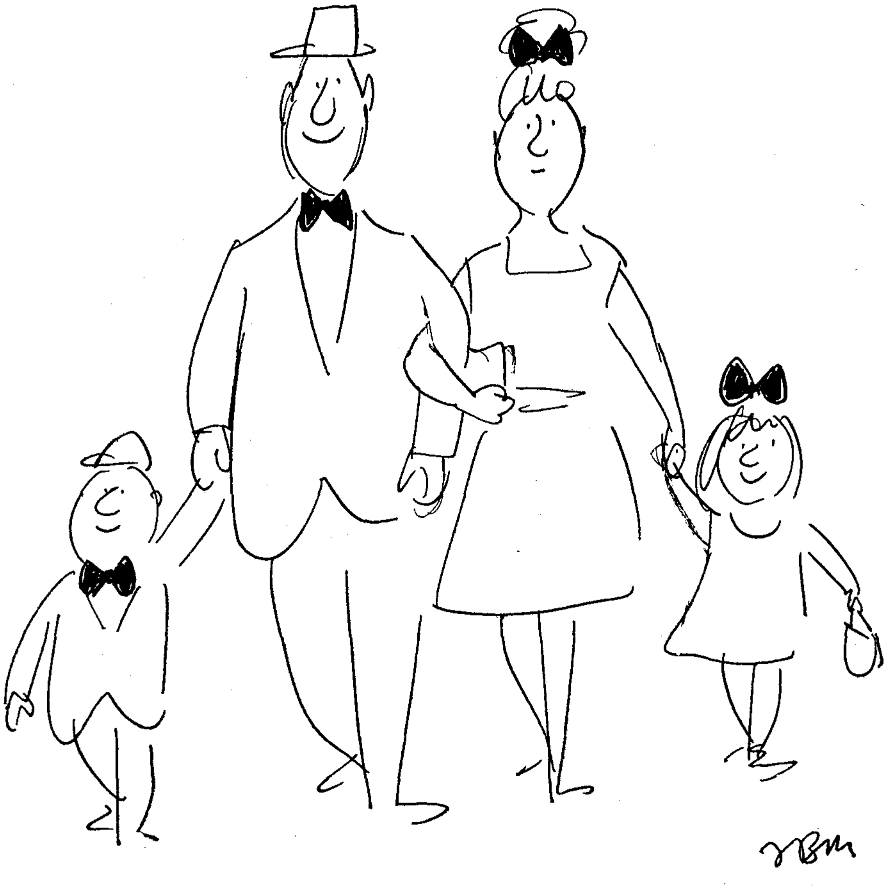
“He’s nothing but a bundle of beans,” said Handme, believing he was quoting Gregor Johann Mendel.

“Yessir, he’ll race! I’m not beaten yet, not by a long chalk!”

“ ‘You are my sunshine, my only sunshine,’ ” sang the Fusilier as he made his way up the stairs again.

That night ended in Judith’s house. After she had fed them, she saw Handme’s dance and heard the Fusilier’s reminiscences about Army life and listened to Harry’s tearful proposal. They did not leave her until almost three in the morning, and she was still laughing when she said good night to them.

In the following two months, the bird was raced three times—from Monaghan; from Campbeltown, in Scotland; and from Wexford. Each time, Harry set his timing clock but never submitted it to the local club for scrutiny after the bird had returned. When the other fanciers would ask him



was he competing or was he not, he would reply that he was entering but not competing. "I just want him to get some practice," he would say, "but I don't want him to stretch himself until the All Ireland." And they would answer, "Suit yourself, Harry. It's your bird," and wink slyly at one another.

Handme came up with several explanations for the cock's indifferent performances. "I've been studying its skull, Harry," he said, the day after the Monaghan outing. "That's where your trouble lies."

"Aye?"

"It's my opinion, Harry, that the head isn't developed right, with the result that the brain is being squeezed in its cavity."

"Is that your opinion?"

"Doesn't it sound sensible? I think that if we could get some way to develop its skull, there wouldn't be that pressure on its brain. And if its brain wasn't being squeezed, it could concentrate better on flying."

"D'you know what I think, Handme?" Harry replied, with commendable control. "I think that if you stuck to your sewing it might suit all of us a lot better."

After the Campbeltown trial, Handme's explanation was that the pigeon was allergic to salt water. "It's my belief that he was going like a bomb until he was over the North Channel. Then the salt water went for his sinuses and his respiration breathing was done for."

And when the bird took over sixteen hours to return from Wexford on a day that was calm and clear and sunny, Handme said, "Harry, I've got the answer now. He's tired of the wee hen! Give him another hen and you'll find he'll be back before he leaves!"

"He wouldn't be interested in another hen," said Harry.

"He wouldn't what?" said Handme, baring his teeth. "Pigeons are no different to the rest of us!"

"For your information," said Harry, remembering a quotation from the *Post*, "pigeons tend to be monogamous."

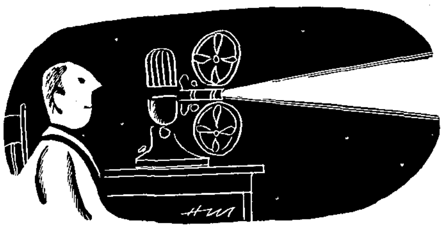
"Is that what Father Mendel says?"

"It is," said Harry wearily.

"You may be sure! That's what's wrong with us in this country—bloody well priest-ridden! And if you ask me, he should know nothing about all that. So take my advice, Harry, and get him another mate."

"It's in him," said Harry, not answering the tailor. "It's deep down in him. All I need is time. Because it's deep down in him."

The Fusilier was of the opinion that the bird was physically perfect but that some delicate imbalance in its psyche caused it to have momentary blackouts when it was on the wing. All birds, he explained to Judith, depended for their direction on the action of the earth's magnetic grid on the membrane of the mind. It had to do with electricity and electrodes, he said. And when Harry's cock was flying it suffered from "mental blackouts, like blown fuses," so that it had to fly blind for periods until the psyche righted itself. Something similar happened to men suffering from shell shock, he believed.



With great peals of laughter, Judith relayed this information to Harry at lunch one Sunday. Ever since his mother had become invalided, he had taken his Sunday meals with her.

"Rubbish!" he said, his tears dropping into the rhubarb pie.

"It sounded great to me," she said.

"All lies," he grunted.

"Well, can you explain how your birds know how to make their way home over hundreds of miles?"

"'Course I can," he said. "It's based on science."

"Science?"

"Every bird has a microscopic eye,"

• •

A BOGY FOR YOGI

OR

STICKS AND STONES MAY BREAK THEIR BONES, BUT NAMES WILL LOSE A SPONSOR

April is reputedly a heartless month, but for managers of ball teams September can be sufficiently cruel.
There came a year when Labor Day found the Yankees and the A's engaged in a mastodonic duel.
They alternated vantage points,
And from day to day first place kept changing hands by a matter of percentage points.
After the holiday doubleheader,
The Yankees couldn't have looked deader.
Three players drawing over $75,000 annually came up with pulled hamstrings—the occupational hazard in the $75,000 bracket—
And a $60,000 pitcher got bursitis after he was so excited at being intentionally passed that he forgot to put on his jacket.
A $45,000 infielder was hospitalized with sinus,
And a host of unpredictable disasters overtook those regulars who were drawing down $35,000 or maybe a grand or two plus or minus.
Consider a typical case:
The *diamond was so littered with papers that a $37,500 runner broke his* ankle sliding into Dorothy Kilgallen's column, which he mistook for second base.
Well, the chief of the farm system assured Yogi that he needn't yet look forward to wearing resoled shoes and multicolored knee patches;
He said they had a bunch of athletes on the Richmond Club who were churnin' up the chitlins and tearin' up the pea patches.
He said everything would be just fine—
The team batting average was .341, and the fielding average was .996, and the earned-run average was 0.9.
Yogi said to bring them up, for this heartening news corresponded with his aims,
And he asked what were some of these wonders' names.
Well, their names were Joe Schlitz and Chuck Pabst and Jim Chesterfield and Phil Morris and Dino Sinclair and Scooter Texaco
And Willie Kent and Sam Schaefer and a real comer named José Löwenbräu, from Mexico.
Yogi said, "Gracious Heaven!
Channel 11!"
That's how the Yankees out of the pennant race did tumble;
They finished the season with three inept but aptly named outfielders—Campbell Reynolds, Smiley Ballantine, and Happy Humble.

—OGDEN NASH

he said patiently. "What's the first thing he does when he is liberated? He gets away up into the sky and looks about him. With his two eyes—the kind you and me have—he gets his bearings. But with his microscopic eye—it's buried inside his skull—he sort of takes a photograph of the whole country, like a bloody big map in his head. He knows then exactly where he is and plots his course according."

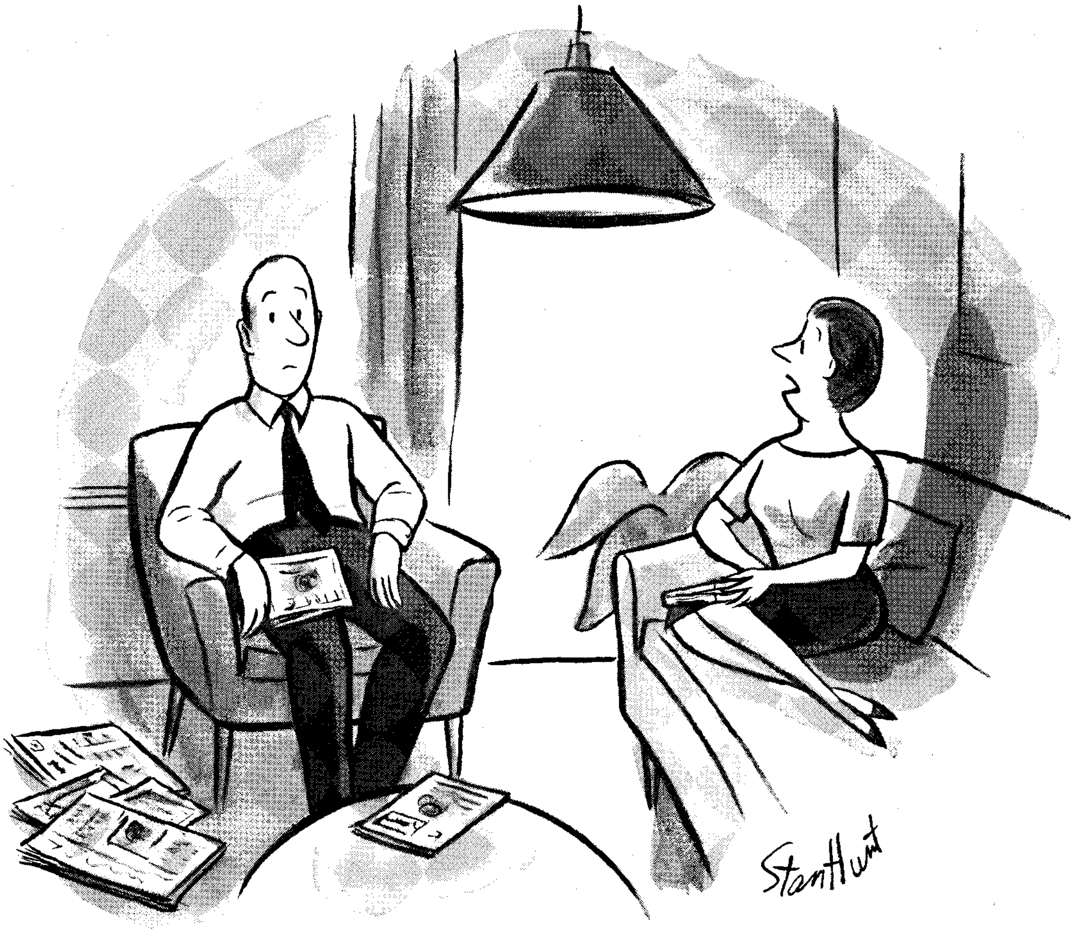
"Not a doubt in the world?"

"As simple as if he was running on railway lines."

"Lucky bird," said Judith. "Lucky, lucky bird."

For a second, he wondered at the tone of her voice. But almost at once she was laughing again and telling him that she had had a letter from Billy in Canada. He had married, got himself a good job, and wanted her to join him.

"With the microscopic eye," said Harry, "it's as simple as running on railway lines."



"Well, now that you've read James Reston, Max Lerner, Walter Lippmann, Raymond Moley, Joseph Alsop, and William Buckley, what's your opinion?"

• •

THE All Ireland Open Championship was held on Saturday, August 5th. All birds had to be at the liberating station, Mizen Head, County Cork, by nine o'clock the night before. They would be released the following morning at ten, weather conditions being clement and propitious, as the *Post* put it.

Major O'Donnell volunteered to take all the Mullaghduff entrants in his beach wagon to Mizen Head on Friday. There were seven local competitors: Joe McSorley's checkered hen; the Major's two yearlings; Patsy Boyle's old gray hen, her daughter, and her granddaughter; and Harry's cock. The Major sent word to Harry that he would call for the cock after lunch.

That morning, Harry was a mass of nerves. He spilled a bucket of maize on the floor of the loft, and when he was down on his hands and knees, gathering it up, he cracked his head on the handle of the door. The birds sensed his anxiety and flew recklessly from side to side, cooing, colliding, squabbling, injuring themselves. All except the blue-gray cock. He stood quietly beneath the trap, now on one foot, now on the other, blinking his eyes, waiting.

Judith came panting up the stairs. "Harry! Harry, where are you?"

"Up here! In the loft!"

She climbed the remaining stairs. "The Major's below," she gasped, "looking for the basket."

"He's what? Sure, it's not lunch-time yet!"

"It's almost two o'clock," she said. "Come on. Here's the basket. Where's the bird?"

"The bird's not ready. I haven't ringed him yet, and he's not washed, and he has to—"

"Give me," she said, plucking the rubber band from his hand. "This is him, isn't it?"

"That's— Easy! Easy! Handle him gently!"

She picked up the pigeon, turned him over on his back, and slipped the ring over his left foot.

"Now, give him to me," said Harry. "I still have to wash him down."

"You haven't time," she said briskly. "The Major won't wait. Where's the red hen?"

Harry pointed to a nest with a wire-mesh door.

Judith opened the door and put the cock in with the hen. She closed the door again.

The cock spread his wings and arched his neck.

"That's enough," said Harry. "Take him out."

"Leave them!" she said with quiet authority, as if the loft were hers and not his.

The other birds settled on their perches and went suddenly still.

The hen got to her feet. The cock began beating the mesh with his wings.

"Quick!" Harry snapped. "Before it's too late!"

"Leave them," she said softly, staring at them.

"For God's sake, woman, if you let him go on, he won't come back. He won't race!"

"Leave them," she said again, in a whisper.

"You'll ruin everything! You don't understand—"

"Leave them.

The hen squatted on the floor. The cock found his balance.

For a second, there was no sound. Then, suddenly, violently, Harry pushed her aside. "By God, I won't!" he shouted. He flung open the door and grabbed the cock. The whole loft went mad again.

"You don't understand, woman," he said, thrusting the bird into the basket and talking rapidly to atone for his violence. "If you let him go on, he would never come back. For God's sake, that's the *meaning* of the widowhood system—to get him to come back. You don't understand these things. They're natural—natural and scientific. Look, he's bustin' to get back to her already! That's what it means, the widowhood system, d'you see?"

"It's a queer system," she said in a dreamy way, still staring into the cage.

"Look at him! Searching for her! Sure, it's the most natural thing in the world. Just because he can't get her. But if you were to leave them together for a week, by God, he wouldn't fly the length of himself to join her! Funny, isn't it?"

"The Major's waiting," she said, turning away from the red hen and going to the top of the stairs.

He lifted the basket and followed her.

The Major took the bird, put it into the back of his beach wagon, and drove off. Harry and she stood together at the edge of the pavement and watched the car disappear round the corner.

"How d'you think it'll do?" he said at last.

She lifted her smooth, round face and looked up at him. "He's bound to come back to her, isn't he?" she asked.

"He'll come back, all right. But it's the time he does it in that matters to me."

"But he'll always come back, looking for her?"

"Naturally!"

"Searching for her?"

"Provided you don't let them mate first—like you were just going to do," he said, laughing.

"I hope you're right, Harry," she said, her hazel eyes looking at something beyond his face.

He sensed her abstraction, a solemnity in her stillness. "Come on inside," he said uneasily, because Judith was strange to him when she was not laughing. "I want you to put a patch on my head."

Together they went into the shop.

THE following morning was blue and fragile, but by afternoon the sky became overcast and a drizzle of rain glazed the streets and rooftops. Even if the bird were to do the two hundred and eighty-one miles from Mizen Head in eight hours, Harry calculated—and to beat McSorley's hen it would have to do at least that—it would not arrive back in Mullaghduff until six that evening. But every quarter of an hour after he had made his lunch, he found himself running from the shop to the loft and back again to the shop. Eventually, he closed the shop altogether and joined Handme and the Fusilier in the loft.

He would have been wiser to stay in the shop, because their calm—worse, their assumption that the cock would never make its way back in such weather—unnerved him altogether.

"Ah, well," sighed Handme. "It's a lesson to us all. If he had been a hen, now . . ."

"There's no comparison," said the Fusilier. "Like greyhounds and whippets."

"The wind and the rain might do their damnedest on him," Handme went on, "but he would make it back to the nest, come hell or high water. Nature is a wonderful invention."

"But he's a cock," said the Fusilier.

"A strong cock, not a bad cock at all, but still a cock," said Handme. The details of the bird's possible loss interested him. "Would he even have made the length of Limerick?" he asked the Fusilier.

"At the very outside," said the Fusilier.

"If the north-Cork hawks didn't get him first."

"Bad brutes, them."

"They've been known to attack children—even north-Cork children."

"Or maybe he broke his neck on the telegraph wires."

"All the same, the spirit would have been game enough."

"He had spirit; I'll say that for him."

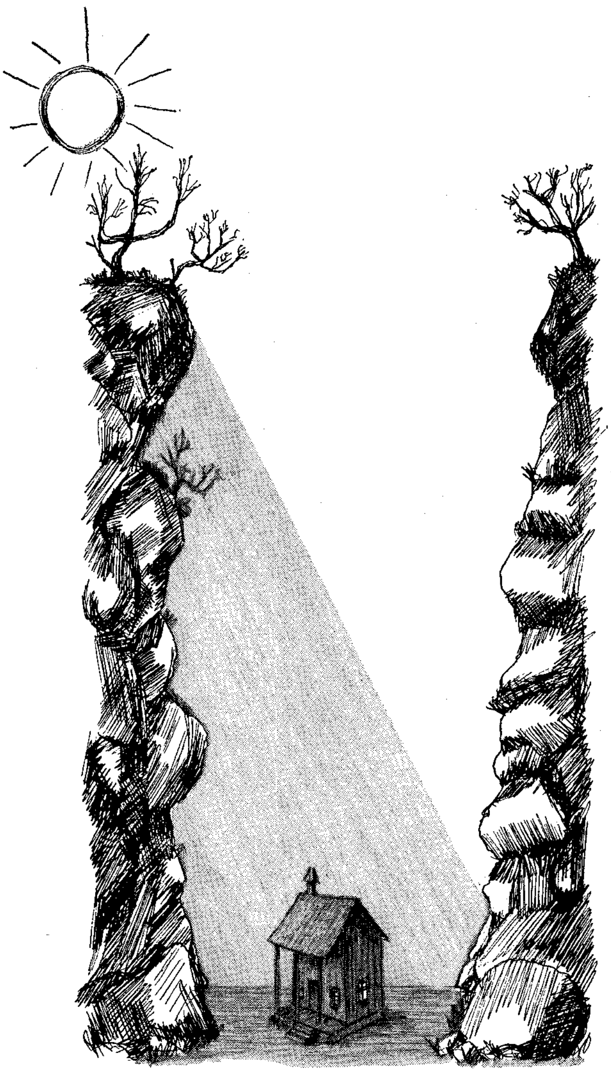
"And staying power."

"But a cock," said the Fusilier.

"A good cock, but still a cock."

"Give me the natural system every time."

"That's what's wrong with the widowhood system," said Handme. "It's just not natural."



Harry watched the rain blacken the trunks of the pine trees. "It's in him," he muttered. "It's deep down in him."

"What's that, Harry?" asked the Fusilier.

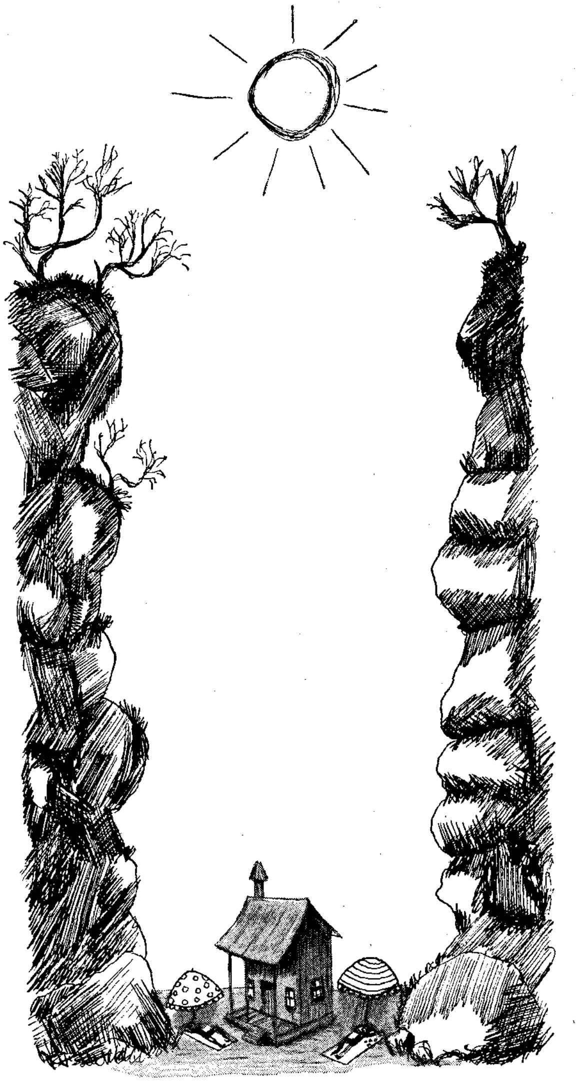
Harry turned round. "Go in next door," he said, "and tell Judith to make us a pot of tea. We have a couple of hours to wait yet."

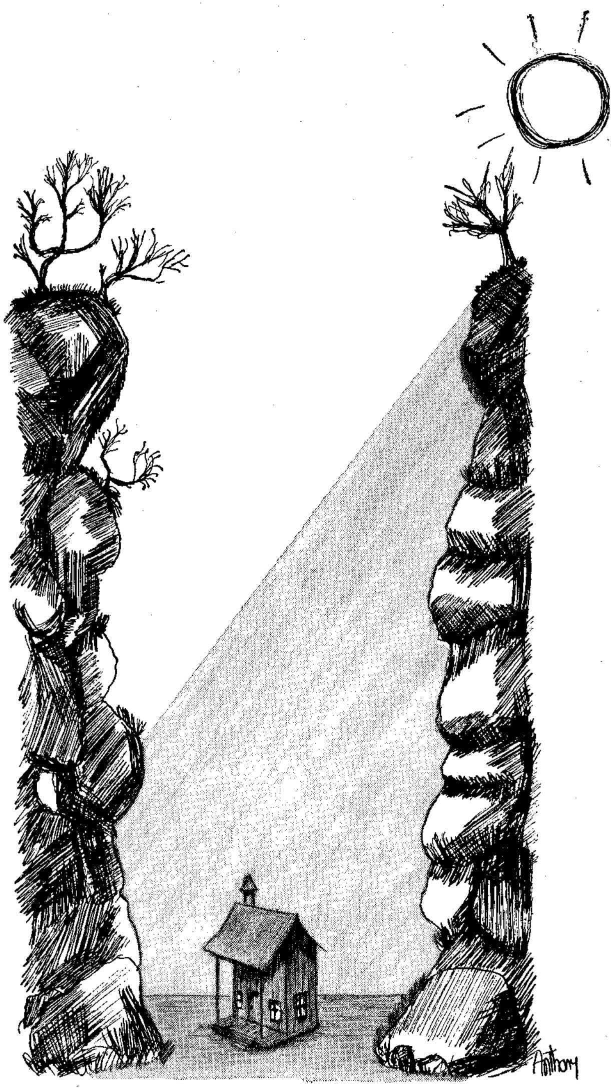
"And get us some refreshments when you're out!" Handme called after the Fusilier.

"The All Ireland Open must be a wonderful sight," Handme went on. "To see five or six thousand birds being liberated at the one time." He licked his lips and bared his teeth until the gums showed. "Man, it's something I dream about. A lovely summer morning, and ten thousand fluttering angels rising up to heaven and painting the celestial sky with white and gray and—"

"D'you know what I dream about?" snapped Harry. "That someday you'll pay me the seven months' rent you owe me!"

Handme lowered his head, and





Harry went back to the traps and stared out at the rain. Even the birds went silent, squatting motionless on the perches, watching.

The Fusilier came back with two dozen stout and the news that Judith was not at home.

"Of course she's in. She's always in on a Saturday afternoon," said Harry.

"I'm telling you she's not," said the Fusilier. "Go and see for yourself. Anyhow, the gas man's down there, looking to read your meter."

Harry saw to the gas man, and then went into Judith's house. It was empty. He went through the narrow hall, into the kitchen, and out to the back garden, calling, "Judith! Are you home, Judith?" He stood at the bottom of the stairs and called up, "Judith! Judith?" There was no reply.

Then, for no reason at all except that the race had upset him, the thought suddenly struck him that maybe she was lying dying across the bed. He tore up the stairs and flung open the bedroom door. The room was empty. Only her pink nightdress lay across the bottom of the bed. His calm returned. He came downstairs again, pulled the front door after him, and went back to his own house. Before he went up to the loft, he took a handkerchief from the row that was drying in front of the range in the kitchen, because his eyes were giving him hell.

By the time the bottles were finished, Handme and the Fusilier had discussed politics, the Church, and the decline in public morals. Harry heard them but did not listen. He was battling north with his bird, fighting wind and rain and telegraph poles and hawks. His microscopic eye was not functioning, and he was flying by instinct, doggedly, over wet black bogs and dirty lakes and sodden fields, uncertain if he was going in the right direction but determined to carry on. The terrible effort anesthetized him; his mind was numb. The labor of keeping his cock aloft and flying and of magnetizing it to himself exhausted him.

"She might," he heard the Fusilier saying.

"It would be the sensible thing to do," said Handme.

Dusk was falling. The birds were making their settling-in, night noises.

"She's still a strong young woman," said Handme.

"And they say Canada's a fine country," said the Fusilier.

"She'll go, all right," said Handme.

Harry dried his eyes. "Go where?" he asked. "Who?"

"I'm just telling the Fusilier here that Judith's thinking of joining the brother in Canada."

"How do you know that?" said Harry. His mind was stirring again. The exhaustion was melting from his body.

"She was telling me herself."

"What about a drink, boys?" the Fusilier broke in. "Do you feel like going out for some, Harry?"

"Yes," said Harry. "Yes— Yes, I'll go and get some."

As he was leaving the loft, Handme was saying, "With all this automation and stuff, what in God's name will men do with their leisure time? That's what worries me."

The smirking dummies in Handme's living room leered at Harry as he passed them, and whispered, "Canada! Canada! Canada!" Their soft, insinuating voices followed him down to the ground floor.

"Like hell!" he said aloud to himself. "Like bloody hell!" But the sound of his own voice, unechoed, unanswered, only aggravated the fear that was growing in him.

Slowly, controlling his steps, refusing to be panicked, he walked into the house next door.

"Judith!" he called sternly. Then again, "Judith!"

When no reply came, his fears babbled to him excitedly. "She's gone! She has packed her bags and is gone! She's gone to Billy in Canada!" He saw her again as she stood in the loft, watching the cock and the hen. He heard her ask, "He'll always come back, looking for her?"

He came out into the street and stood in the rain, and again tried to will his frightened mind into silence. But it would not be still. It drove him into motion, moving his legs, slowly at first, then urging him forward more and more quickly, until he was trotting along Distillery Lane and out the Dublin road toward the glove factory. Of course she was not there. It was the half day; the big iron gates were locked. Nor was she in the church. Nor was she anywhere about the three streets that met in the square. And by now his brain had ceased functioning again, although his body was still fresh—even vigorous. If the mind had been capable of throwing up any suggestion, however absurd—she had gone to visit cousins in Letterkenny; she had gone shopping to Coleraine—he would have gone there at once. But his mind was comatose, and only his stupid body kept going, eagerly, pointlessly. Three times he tried the church; three times he went round the square. And then, exhausted, he came back to her house again.

The door was open. The smell of frying met him in the hall.

"Judith? Judy?"

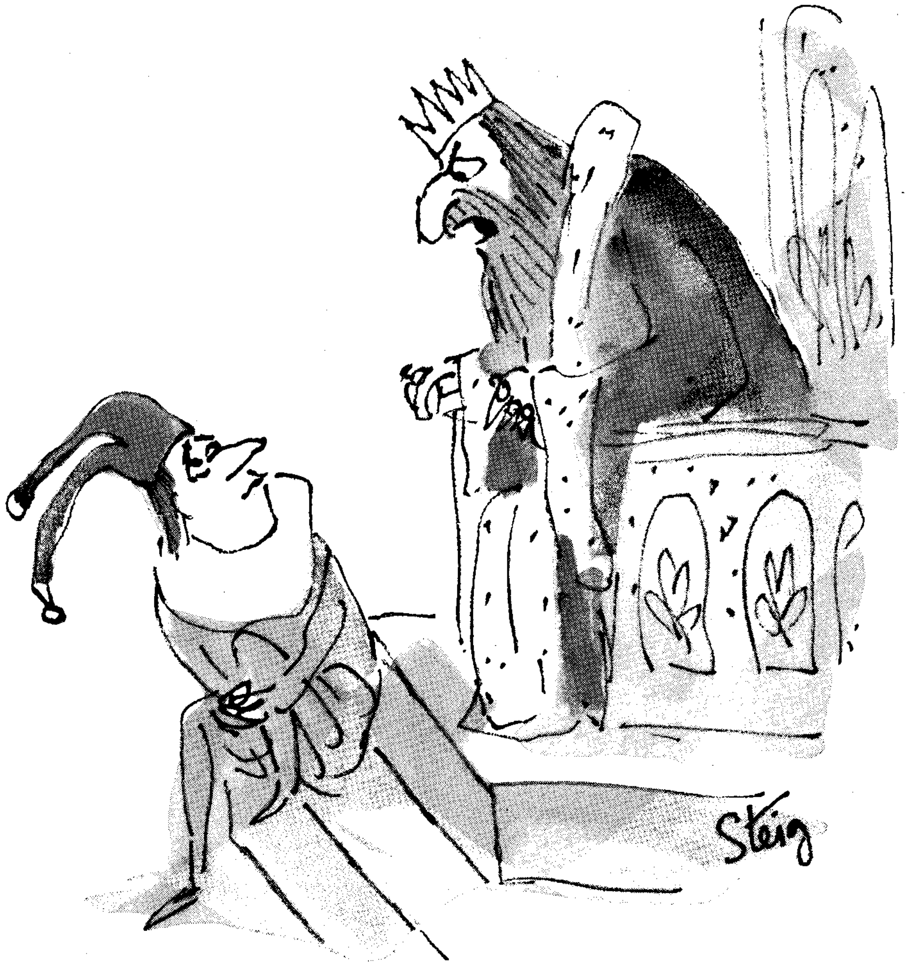
"Harry?" Her untroubled voice answered from the kitchen.

He closed the door behind him and groped his way through the hall. His tears were blinding him.

From then on, he never knew exactly what happened. Afterward, he had a vague memory of catching her plump hands in his and kissing them roughly, of her asking him over and over again, "Are you sober, Harry? Are you sober?," and of her laughter bubbling, swelling, rising to an unnatural pitch, and then stopping altogether. He just closed his eyes and held her while she poured out a flow of gibberish about how that afternoon his talk of the widowhood system had given her the idea of going away, going anywhere, with the certainty at first that he would come searching for her. And then, when she was wandering along the Strabane road, how that certainty abandoned her, and how she had had to come back. He knew that he had tried to answer her, but he could only repeat that he had been running in search of her "like a bloody pigeon." He kept saying with incredulity, "Like a bloody stupid pigeon!"

The only memory of their reunion that would always remain sharp and clear to him was of her whispering to him, at some stage, "Will you marry me, Harry?" and of himself kissing her on the mouth in love and gratitude, because somehow, at that moment, the question seemed apt. More than apt—inspired.

It was no time to talk of the race, he was aware of that, but that was what he talked of for the next half hour—of the bird's strength and courage and determination; of his confidence that it would make Mullaghduff, maybe not in winning time, but at least completing the course. (And he was right about that, at least; the cock turned up at the loft just after noon the next day.) Talk of the cock led him to Handme and the Fusilier—the big long string and the wee tight keg—sitting in the dusk of the loft, discussing automation, their feet ringed with empty bottles, waiting for replenishments. The more he talked of them, the funnier they seemed to be. Never before had they seemed funny. After all, they were his friends, his best friends. But now, for the first time, he saw them in another way, and they were ludicrous—two middle-aged men wasting their lives, waiting for a pigeon to come home! He began to chuckle. The chuckle grew into a laugh. In the end, he was laughing so that his sides hurt and his eyes were streaming with water. And in the crook of his arm Judith was laughing, too, and crying, too. And for that half hour, for all the crying, they were the happiest couple in the whole of Mullaghduff. —BRIAN FRIEL



"No smut!"

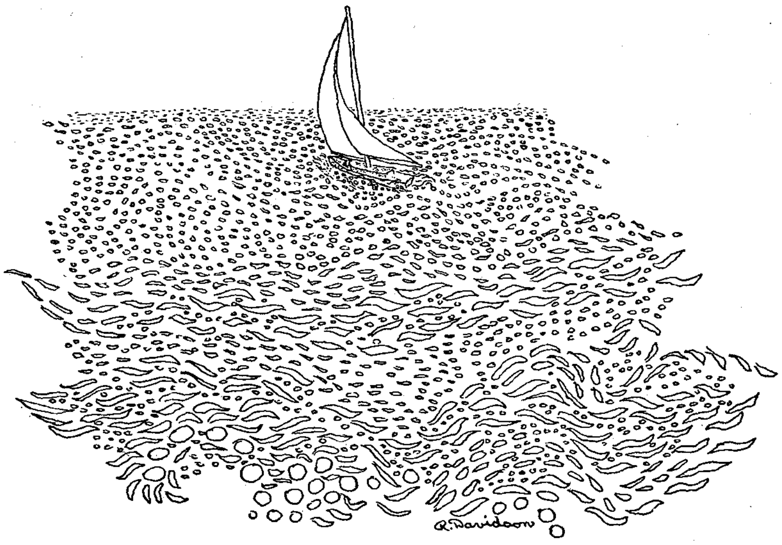
●

Q. Is Frank Sinatra an only child?
—A.B. Levy, Brooklyn, N.Y.
A. Yes, he has no brothers or sisters.
—*Motion Picture Magazine.*

That'll do it.

PROFILES

THE INLAND SEA—III



I HAVE been fairly familiar with the waters of Long Island Sound for the past twelve years or so, since I've made frequent cruises on it in chartered sailboats and served as a member of the crew on sailboats of friends, and I have grown to love the marvellous variety of nautical life that it affords and the equally marvellous variety of scenery along its two hundred miles of shoreline. However, last summer I began to realize that the almost incredible proliferation of powerboating during the past two or three years and the spread of one housing development after another along the edge of the Sound were rapidly converting this inland sea into a sort of nautical Highway 22, and I determined that before its broad spectrum of sights and sounds narrowed to a single mechanized and suburbanized wave length, I would spend a couple of weeks sailing completely around it. I chartered the thirty-three-foot sloop Merrywend, which is berthed in Stamford, and set out from there with two friends, Al Brown and his seventeen-year-old son, Geoffrey, on a counterclockwise route, sometimes mooring for the night at a friendly marina and sometimes anchoring as far away from the encroachments of civilization as I could get, and keeping a journal of what I saw and felt. Following are the last several days of that journal.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 16

AWAKENING at our dock in Mattituck Harbor, an irregular little basin at the upper end of a creek that winds a couple of miles into the North Fork of Long Island, we found that the weather for our eighth day out was bright and sunny but rather chilly for mid-August. Morning sounds rose all about us: children's shouts and laughter, the piercing note of a whistling teakettle in someone's galley, the clank of a chain as someone else hoisted anchor in the harbor, the deep cough and roar of a powerful motor being started up, the voices of men greeting each other and comparing notes on the day's weather forecast. Voice on the dock: "A fellow who just came in from fishing says the waves are running three foot high out there this morning." Second voice, dejectedly: "No kidding! Well, I'm staying here for the day if that's the case." For our part, we relied on the official weather report, which told us that the wind would be much the same as it was yesterday—ten or fifteen knots, from the northwest—so we weren't uneasy about putting out; even if the waves were three feet high, they wouldn't make us pound and work hard into them, for we and the waves would be going the same direction. We motored down the creek, passed beyond the breakwaters at 9:35 A.M., and took up a course northeast-by-east, which would carry us parallel to the shore along the remaining twenty miles of the North Fork. Very soon, we settled down, as we had yesterday, to a long, lazy, regular movement, the bow slowly rising and falling, the foam curling away, the wheel steady and easy to handle, and it occurred to me that this was what it must have been like in earlier centuries for merchantmen sailing in the kindly and reliable trade winds. Once again the horizon astern of us and to our left consisted of nothing but water, though during the day, as we proceeded from the widest part of the Sound into its narrowing eastern end, Connecticut slowly reappeared. To our right and stretching far ahead of us was the familiar strip of tree-topped and rock-strewn sand cliffs and beaches, but it was not quite as straight or as high as it had been yesterday, and it grew slowly flatter and scrubbier as the day passed, until it dwindled a couple of times to little more than a sandspit between the Sound and the waters of the bays on the other side. A muffin-shaped lump of green slowly rose out of the Sound straight in front of us—Plum Island, a mile beyond Orient Point, which is the tip of the North Fork. Through the strait between them, known as Plum Gut, ocean water rushes into the Sound, and Sound water rushes back into the ocean, at a speed of as much as four knots. Plum Gut is only one of several apertures where this happens, though; across the twenty-three miles between Orient Point and Watch Hill—the very end of the Sound—stretches a string of islands and shoals, and through all the passages of deep water between them the tidal current flows. Our plan was to sail through Plum Gut today and double back inside the North Fork about nine or ten miles to Greenport, which, though it isn't on the Sound proper, is the major North Fork harbor for Sound mariners, and to return to Plum Gut tomorrow and proceed northeast along the islands and across The Race toward Watch Hill.

Orient Point is a barren, wind-scoured sandspit occupied by a rock-strewn beach, an old white clapboard hotel, and a scattering of houses and telephone poles. Sometimes, where a great point of land reaches out to meet the sea, the effect is majestic or dramatic; so it is with the capes and promontories of Maine and California, and with Land's End, in Cornwall. Orient Point is different. Even on this sunny summer day, it looked merely impoverished and pathetic—a place where the land had not so much boldly stopped as just given up. We had no time, however, to try to extract any meaning from this fact, for Plum Gut, with its powerful currents and its tide rips, takes careful boat-handling, especially when one is trusting to sail rather than to power. Besides, there is heavy traffic here, Plum Gut being the most convenient route for fishing boats and cruisers on their way between the

FINDING THEM LOST

Thinking of words that would save him, slanting
Off in the air, some cracked, some bent;
Finding them lost, he started saying
Some other words he never meant.

The green went back and forth in waves
As if his heart pumped out the lawn
In blood, not grass. A bench sailed down,
Becoming the bench he sat upon,

Staring out at the crazy garden,
With its women washed out to milky shades,
Or pressed through the trees' accordion,
While the past jerked past in lantern slides,

Badly lit, of images unbidden—
Faces, arms, and forgotten eyes
That, peeping through the leaves, half hidden,
Turned on and off like fireflies.

Fire and flies. *That* was it,
He thought, as the nurse bloomed, coming, coming
Straight through a tree to hold his hand.
Holding hers, he felt blood drumming

Through the twined bones of where they met.
It was three months the stubborn grass
Wouldn't rise up to meet his foot,
Or, rising up, caught him unawares.

How to get back to pure imagination,
He asked the nerves of work and love,
And both networks of such importance
He dreamed them. But what was he dreaming of?

Sleep, it was sleep, that found him napping
When the delicious dew of sweat
Brought forth the baby he'd been hiding
Wrapped in his skin, maybe his heart.

And what the mirror gave back was him
Finally, tired and very old.
"My life, begin . . ." But it didn't, wouldn't,
Though grass was grass and no bench sailed

Down to a garden to support him
And no one walked through a tree to hold
His hand. But a green lawn pulses in him.
Home, he still dreams of going home.

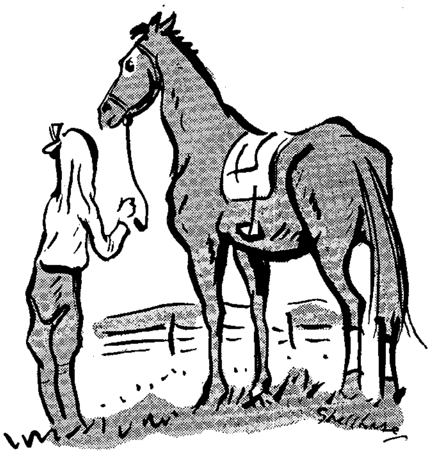
—Howard Moss

• •

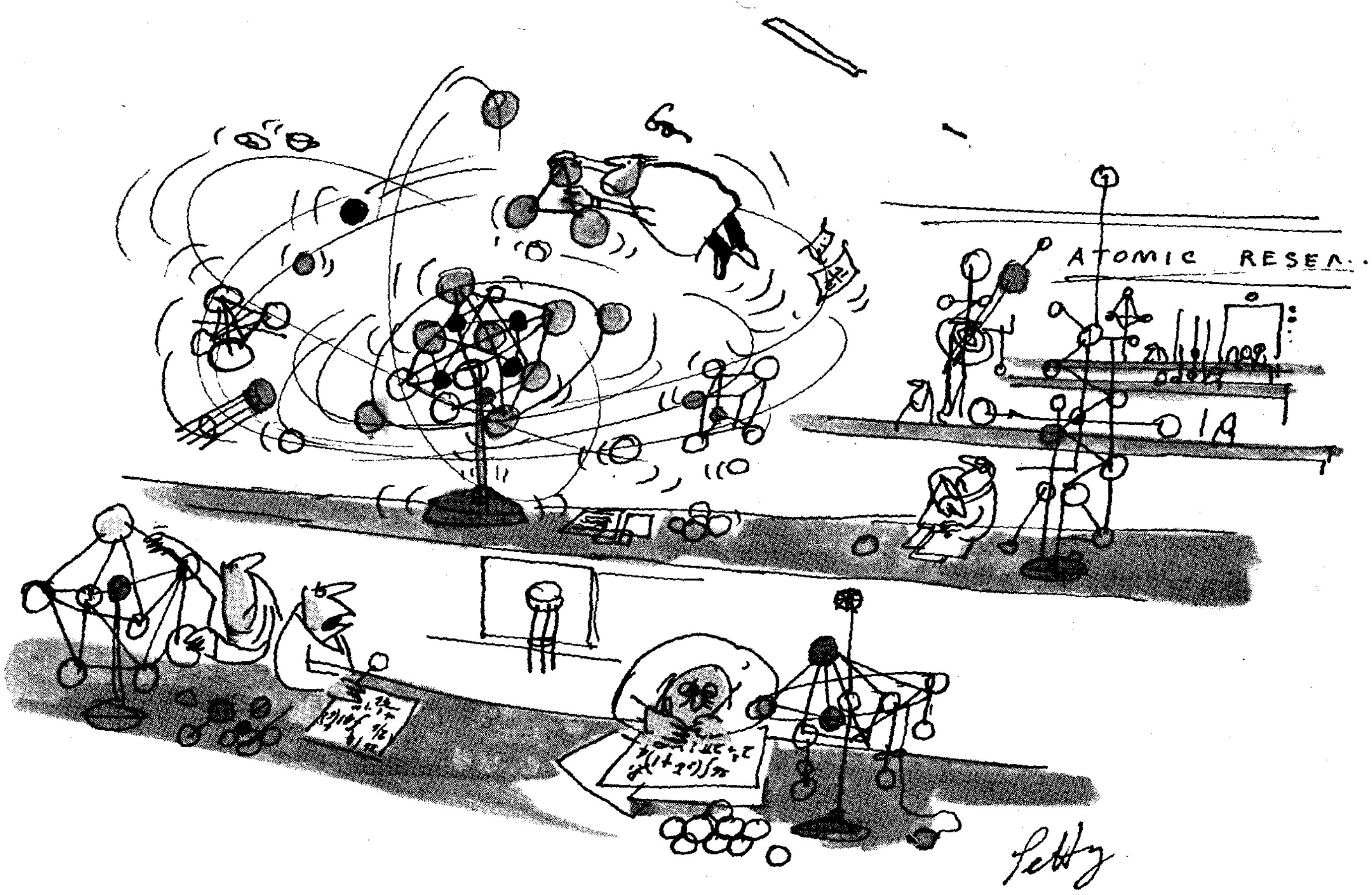
Sound and Montauk or Block Island. During our brief passage through Plum Gut, we saw three sailboats (they were all using their motors to buck the current), a dozen powerboats, a Coast Guard buoy tender, and a huge gray ferry on its way from Orient Point to New London, twenty miles to the north-northeast.

Having rounded Orient Point, we headed back southwest, through Gardiners Bay, paralleling the shore of the North Fork. To our left lay Gardiners Island, hazy and vague in the distance, and far beyond it, half-imagined, the long line of the South Fork, ending in Montauk Point. Dead ahead were the green hills of Shelter Island, an anomalous piece of Westchester countryside dropped into the water between the two forks of eastern Long Island; Greenport, our destination, lay beyond it, on the North Fork itself. In mid-afternoon, after a day of seeing very few other craft, except in Plum Gut, one fishing boat after another began passing us, heading into Greenport: squat, frumpy oyster boats; tuglike commercial fishing boats with cranes to handle their nets; drab, stained charter boats; and private fishing boats with tall aluminum poles, for tuna fishing, swaying, willowy and live, as the sleek hulls pitched through each other's wakes. Greenport came into view when we rounded Hay Beach Point, on Shelter Island. Most of the town waterfront is straight, yet since it lies inside the North Fork, with Shelter Island facing it only three-quarters of a mile away, a stone breakwater at the northeast end suffices to make it a thoroughly sheltered harbor.

Unlike most of the places we've visited, Greenport had the look of a real working port. At the eastern end of the waterfront were old, unpainted piers and pilings, gray and splintery. The carcasses of two once-proud schooners from the days of the coastal trade lay on their sides nearby, half submerged and rotting, the slimy brown remains of their decks almost vertical. White New England-style houses, some with widows' walks surmounting them, sat snugly on neat grass lawns above a seawall, and beside them was a busy shipyard with a large, hangarlike work shed, from which we heard the clanging and buzzing of hammers and power saws as shipwrights worked on everything from Lightnings to tugboats. Beyond all this, in the main area of active waterfront, where a number of docks jutted out into the water side by side, hundreds of boats of every description were tied up in a superb jumble, while on the shore we could see an even more disorderly conglomeration of gas pumps, bait shacks, marine-supply stores, restaurants, and parking areas, along with the backs of the various shops facing on Greenport's Main Street. Unlike a modern marina, this waterfront has grown up over many generations, and this, I suppose, is the reason for its pleasant air of confusion and its feeling of authenticity.



We tied up at a large gasoline dock at one end of the waterfront area, where I knew we could stay for several hours, since we were going to have dinner at Claudio's Restaurant, at the foot of the dock. After boiling some water and shaving and dressing, Al and Geoffrey and I ambled into Claudio's. Quite unlike the Mooring, at Cold Spring Harbor, this is a genuinely nautical restaurant; apart from the fact that the interior is tricked out with splices, marlinespikes, cleats, blocks, and other pieces of boating gear, a number of its patrons that evening, as usual, were dressed in boating clothes and looked burned or bleached and cheerfully weary. (I was told, though, that on Saturday nights a rather dressed-up crowd of nearby summer residents comes along fairly late, after the mariners have stumbled off to their bunks.) On the menu, a large sheet of green



"Looks as though Firkitz might be on to something."

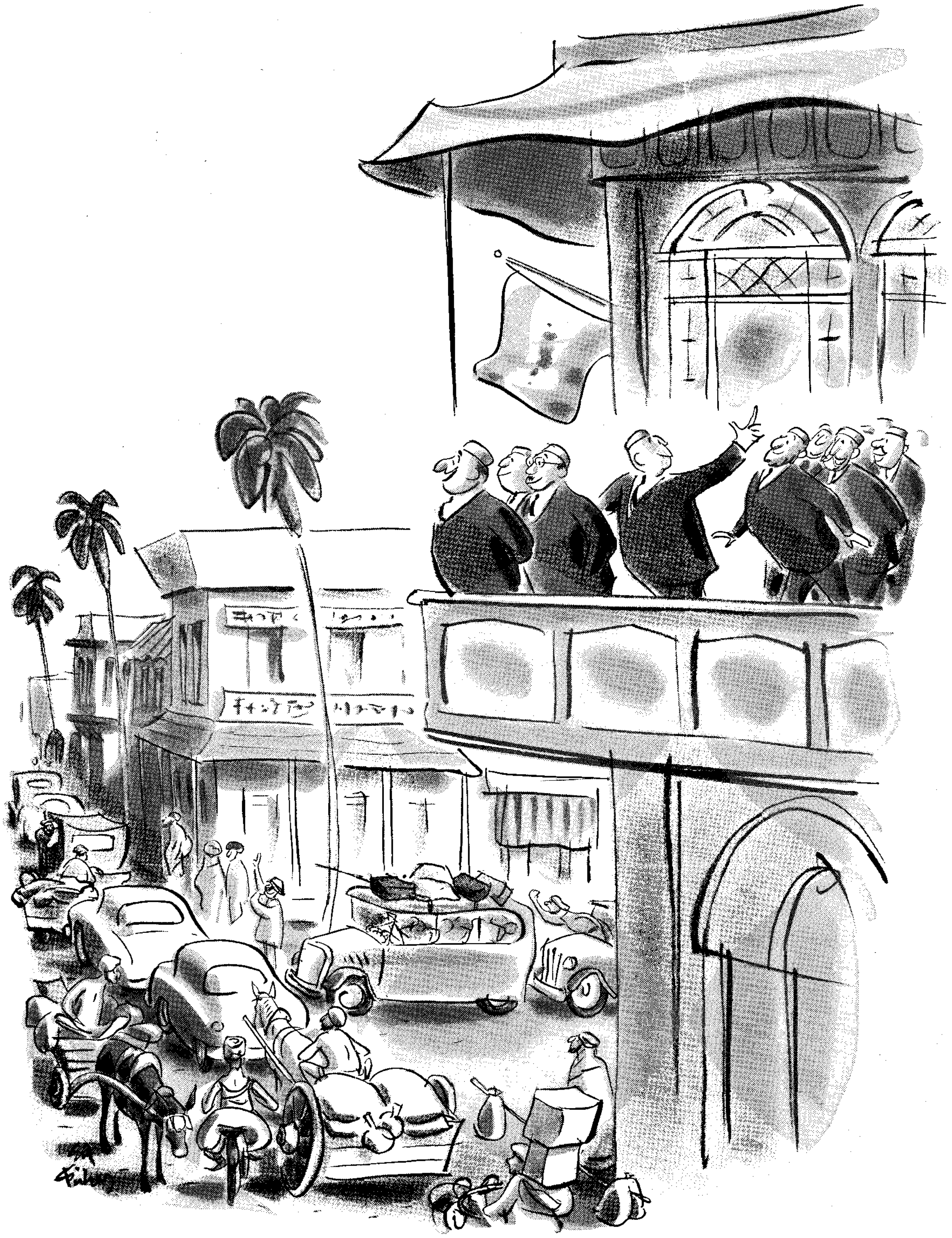
• •

cardboard, a piece of dreadful doggerel celebrated the highlights of Greenport's long history. While wincing at the spavined metre and threadbare rhymes, I gathered that since the middle of the eighteenth century the town has been the home port of a large variety of boats, including square-rigged merchantmen, coastwise schooners, clipper ships, whalers, oyster boats, commercial fishing boats, and even the America's Cup defender of the 1930 season, Enterprise.

Greenport is no longer much of a cargo port, functioning today principally as a haven for private cruising boats and for fishing boats, both private and charter. Fishermen starting out from Greenport are in an excellent strategic position, since from here it is just a short run to the deep-sea-fishing areas of Block Island Sound, beyond Orient Point, and only a bit farther to Montauk and the open Atlantic, where commercial fishermen can find schools of menhaden, and people fishing for sport can find tuna and striped bass. For amateur fishermen with less ambitious aims, it is an even shorter run past Plum Island to The Race, through which large schools of fish like porgy and flounder enter the Sound. To some extent, it is the rush of the tide that carries these swarms into the Sound, but to a larger extent it is subtle tropisms and sense perceptions, drawing them in through The Race and clear down the length of the Sound in search of the micro-organisms or small fish on which they feed. The interplay of many forces, including weather, tides, and variations in the abundance of prey, makes for large fluctuations in the yearly catch. Within the Sound, for instance, commercial fishermen took 815,500 pounds of porgy in 1959 but only 179,500 in 1960. The flounder take likewise runs heavy some years and light in others, and, for that matter, may be good one month and practically nonexistent a month or two later; in 1959, according to data from the United States Fish and Wildlife Service, commercial fishermen caught 105,000 pounds of flounder in the Sound in May and 65,000 pounds in June, but in July, which is ordinarily a good flounder month, they were able to take a mere 5,000 pounds, for reasons that no one seemed to know. Other species that are caught in sizable, if irregular, quantities in the Sound include butterfish, sea bass, sturgeon, weakfish, and white perch, and once in a while, unpredictably and briefly, bluefish and mackerel will swarm into the Sound in great numbers. Most of these edible fish are migratory, and do not live in the Sound all year but come into it seasonally in search of the minnows and other tiny fish that do make the Sound their permanent home. Sharks, too, come in, also probably in pursuit of small fish, but the larger sharks remain at the eastern end of the Sound. Near Orient Point and Plum Island, dogfish sharks up to five feet, dusky sharks up to nine feet, and sand sharks up to twelve feet are always present in the summertime, and half a dozen other large species turn up on occasion. Some of the smaller sharks push on westward; sand sharks a foot or two long are common throughout the Sound, and a four- or five-footer of one species or another has now and then been seen blundering along as far west as Greenwich, or even City Island. It is less well known that both porpoises and seals fairly often penetrate the Sound. Since the seals do so in winter, not many people see them, and reports that they have been seen are generally scoffed at; last spring, though, a couple of seals were photographed sunning themselves on rocks in Captain Harbor, off Greenwich, and the picture appeared in a local paper, confounding the doubters.

Numerically speaking, the principal inhabitants of the Sound, as of so many parts of the ocean, are plankton—the usually microscopic protozoa, diatoms, and other tiny animals and plants that drift on or near the surface. The Sound happens to be an excellent breeding ground for many of these forms of life. It is sheltered, it is rich in nutrient wastes, and, most important of all, it is shallow enough for at least a trace of sunlight to penetrate to the bottom nearly everywhere. This is essential to the growth of the vegetable micro-organisms, or phytoplankton, which use energy derived from the sunlight to metabolize mineral salts in their environment into their own living substance, just as plants on land do; in fact, biologists refer to the rapid multiplication of plankton under good conditions as "blooming." The phytoplankton constitutes the first link in the feeding chain on which all life in the sea depends; it converts chemicals and sunlight into vegetable tissue, and the animal micro-organisms, or zooplankton, "graze" on it and convert its substance into animal proteins, which become food for small fish, which, in turn, become food for larger fish and for men. People who use the Sound, whether for pleasure or for profit, are usually unaware of the existence of these trillions of micro-organisms floating in the water. Every once in a while, though, a combination of just the right temperature, sunlight, and nutrient material in the water will produce a bloom of such proportions that in some places the water of the Sound will become turbid, or else will be covered with an oily brown film. A more aesthetic manifestation of the proliferating plankton is the appearance, rather rarely, of nighttime bioluminescence—a ghostly greenish-gold flickering in the water, in coves and in streams emptying into the Sound in which there happens to be a large representation of species that are capable of producing a cold light, similar to the light of fireflies. Why plankton should have developed this trait is a mystery to marine biologists. Anyone taking a nocturnal swim in a bay where these types are present in sufficient density will have the ethereal experience of creating light with every movement of his body. The plankton glows briefly when it is disturbed, and any stirring of the water with the hands or feet creates clouds of greenish-white light—tiny nebulae of glowing motes, too small to be seen individually, though if one scoops up the water, or splashes it against one's chest, a thousand pinpoints of light sparkle on the skin for an instant as the drops run down. In certain harbors of the Sound, over the years, I have also seen the oars with which I was rowing set up bright whorls in the black water, and sometimes even an anchor line, when the current is flowing past it in the night, will trail a flickering, luminous wake.

After dinner at Claudio's, we decided to find a quieter place than Greenport to put into for the night. Less than a mile across the water lay Dering Harbor, scooped out of Shelter Island—a spot I was fairly familiar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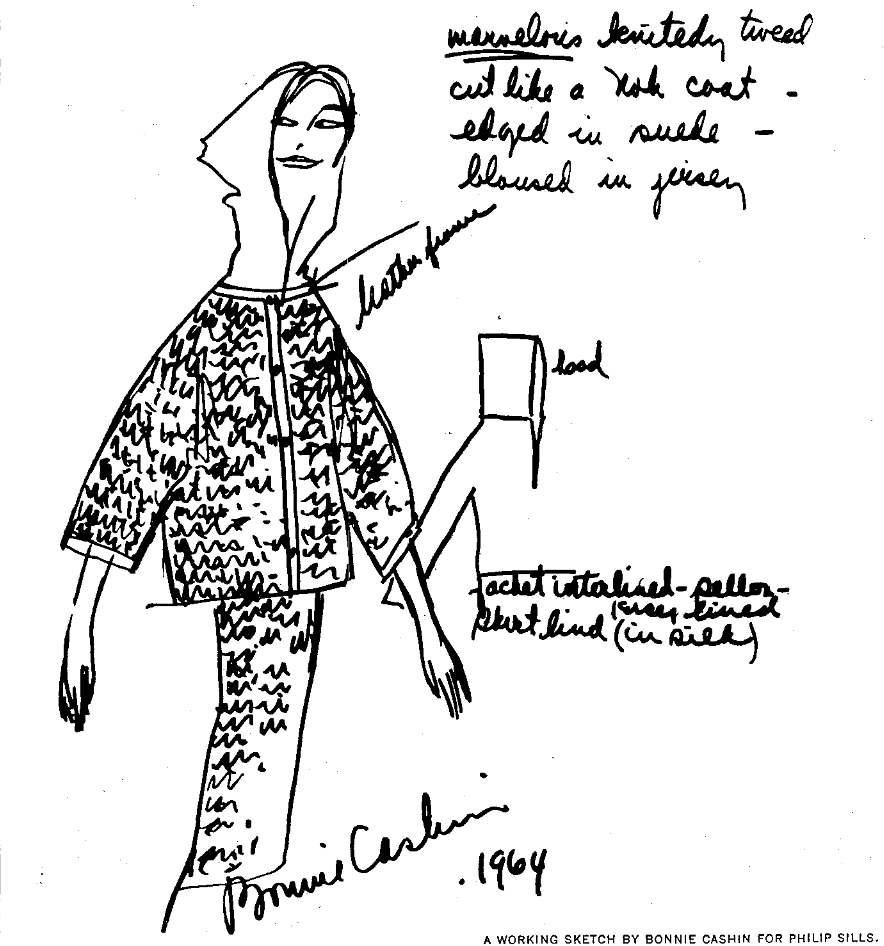

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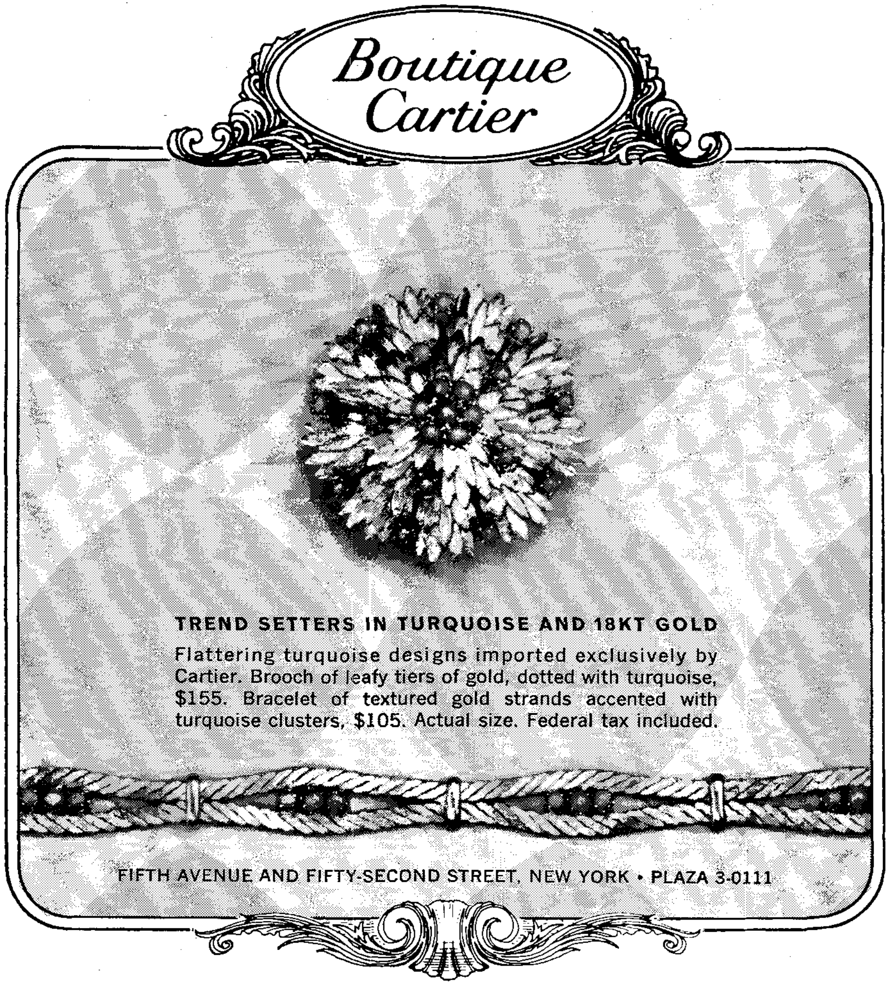

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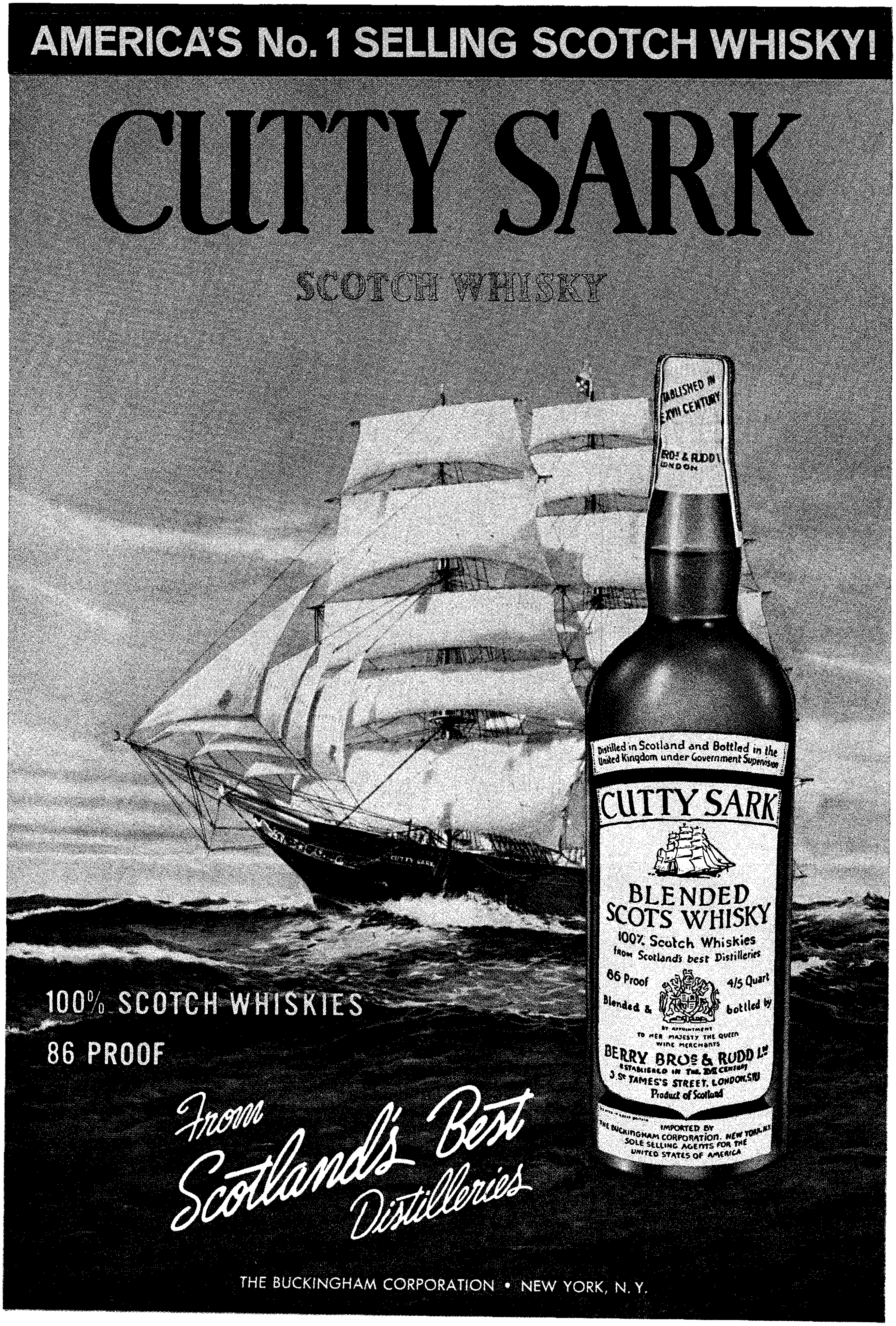
with, because I had once spent a summer here. At 10 P.M., after studying the chart carefully and taking bearings, we turned on the running lights and the compass light, cast off, and motored slowly across. Midway, the maneuver began to seem more difficult than we had imagined; the night was moonless and extremely dark, and the few scattered lights on Shelter Island were more confusing than helpful. As we eased into the formless blackness of Dering Harbor, our binoculars showed us other boats as faint, dusky shapes on the black water. We proceeded at a crawl, with a good deal of urgent shouting back and forth between Geoffrey, on the bow, and me, at the wheel and throttle, until we finally seemed to be at the edge of a fleet of boats of about our own size. When I decided we were within the safe anchoring area but had enough space all around, I called for the anchor to be lowered away, and after checking our position for ten minutes or so, to see that we were neither dragging anchor nor swinging too close to the other boats, we considered ourselves at home for the night, and felt well pleased with ourselves for having groped our way in the dark into this calm, silent retreat.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17

AT 6:30 A.M., I looked out the companionway to see a large, half-flaccid red balloon of sun moving up from the horizon of trees and, as it floated free, growing round and too bright to look at. The first piece of business after breakfast was to restock the galley with food and buy certain other supplies, so around eight-thirty we motored back across the water to Greenport and tied up at the same big dock, where we took on gasoline, water, and ice. Next, we walked over to Main Street and visited the A.&P., the drugstore, and a drygoods shop.

Having brought a great load of things aboard and stowed them all away, we cast off at about 9:30 A.M. and began working our way back around Shelter Island and eastward along the inner shore of the North Fork toward Plum Gut. Last night, before going to sleep, we consulted the Tidal Current Tables and Tidal Current Charts to see whether we would be able to sail back into the Sound through Plum Gut or would have to use the motor to push us through. A considerable part of the pleasure of sailing consists in doing by primitive means and with great difficulty what can be done easily and quickly by modern technology. A big Chris-Craft can zip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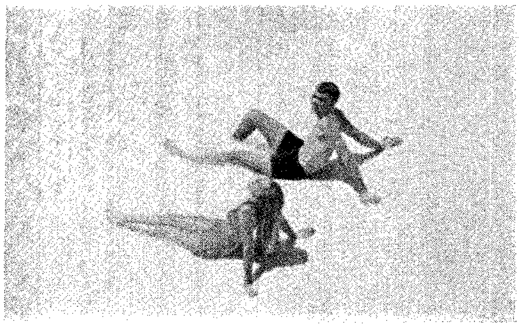

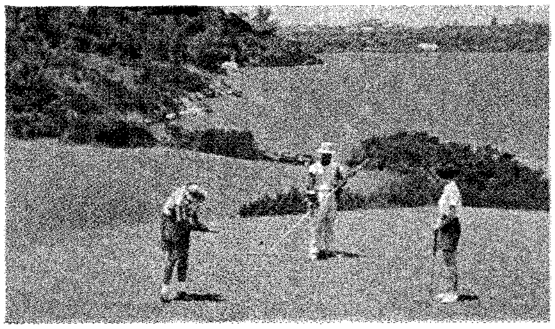

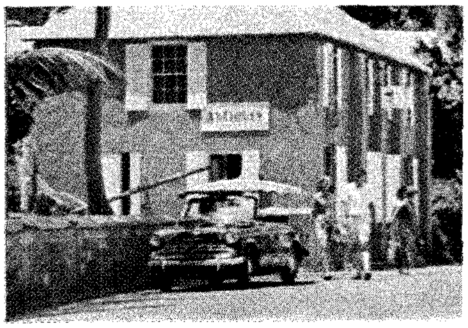

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through Plum Gut no matter which way the current is going, but a sailboat using only her sails must calculate everything to a nicety and then work hard. We had found that if we were careful to arrive at Plum Gut no later than 11 A.M., we would be sailing through it when only two knots of current were opposing us, and with any fair amount of wind we could manage this easily; toward noon the current would increase rapidly, and even with a favoring wind we might be unable to push through. In Plum Gut or The Race, indeed, it is possible to sail smartly backward—relative to the land—when the current is at its strongest.

We were fairly well into Plum Gut by ten-forty-five, with a steady, moderate wind from the southwest, which was ideal for getting us through under sail. Though the current was not yet strong, the flow of various waters through the passage was so complex that there were sharp tide rips; an area of roiled water and white breakers to our left ended along a line as clear-cut as though it had been drawn with a ruler. With a great deal of tacking and jibbing, we managed to avoid the tide rips and work the boat slowly through the passage; the current carried us sidewise, toward Plum Island, however, and though we cleared the island safely, we could not avoid a second rip, on this side of the passage. The boat lurched about in it miserably for some moments, battling a current that was trying to sweep us out into Block Island Sound; then, as we passed the western tip of Plum Island and entered the waters of Long Island Sound, we crossed a divide in the flow, and instantly we were out of the rip and in smooth, placid water, with the current flowing our way.

Now, as we took up our north-northeast course, Connecticut was faintly visible to our left as an accent on the horizon, and to our right, only a few hundred yards away, was Plum Island. Plum and three islands lying beyond it to the northeast in a straight line—Great Gull, Little Gull, and Fishers Island, across The Race—mark high points of the underlying ridge on which the glacial moraine that became Long Island was stranded. This means that Plum Island has the same shallow sand cliffs and beached rocks as the North Fork. About two and a half miles long, it is mostly green and wild-looking, so strangers are surprised to see, toward its southwest end, a sprawling, modern factory-type building and some associated structures. The big building is the Animal Disease Lab-

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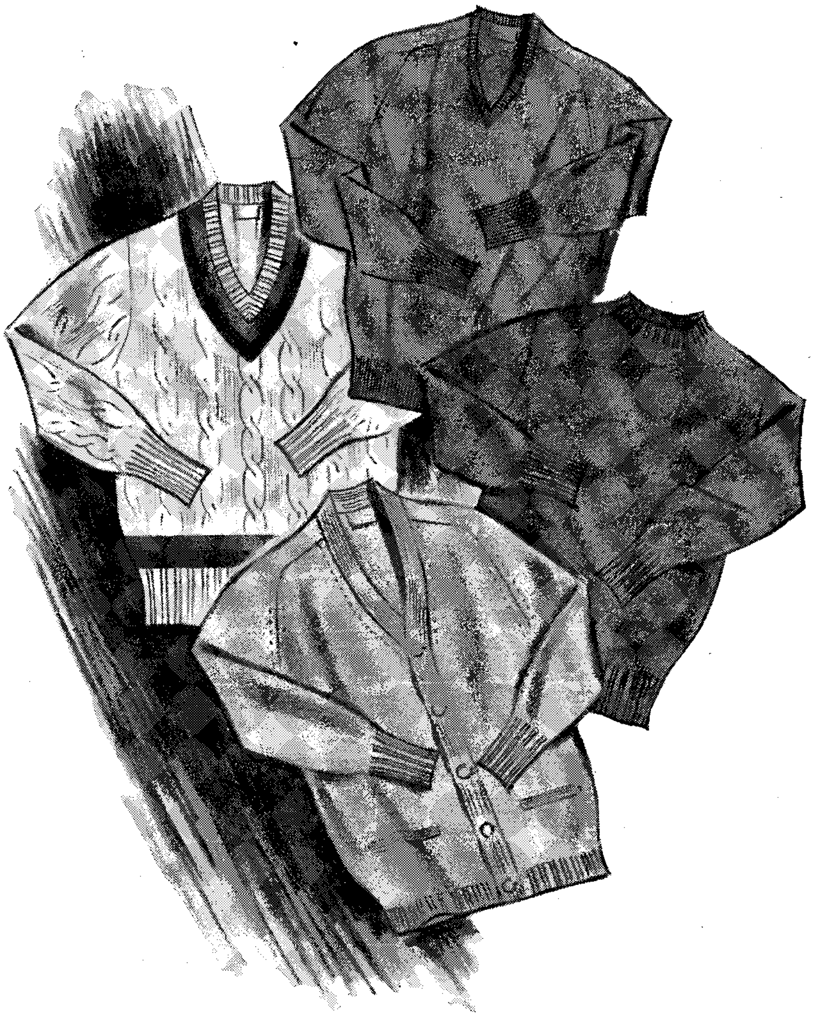

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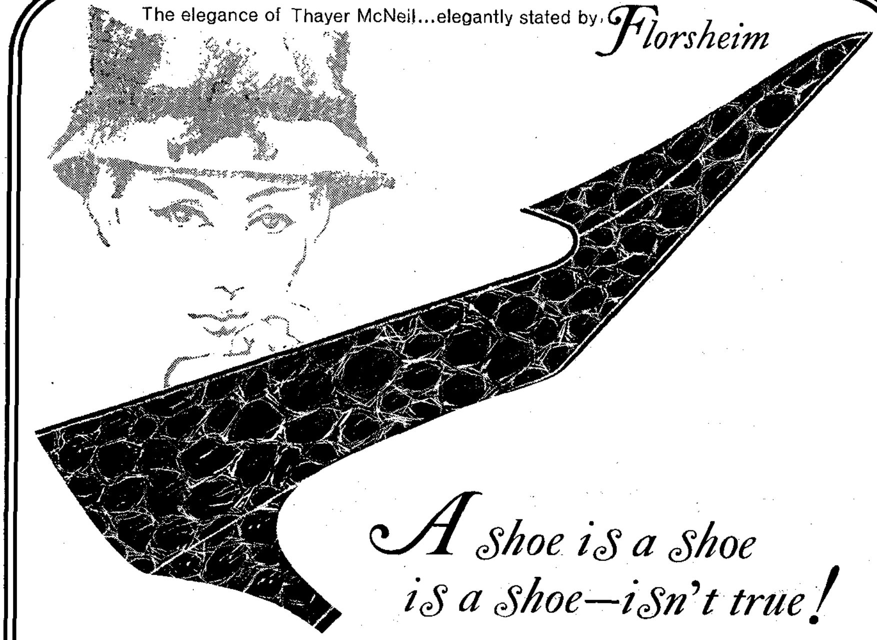

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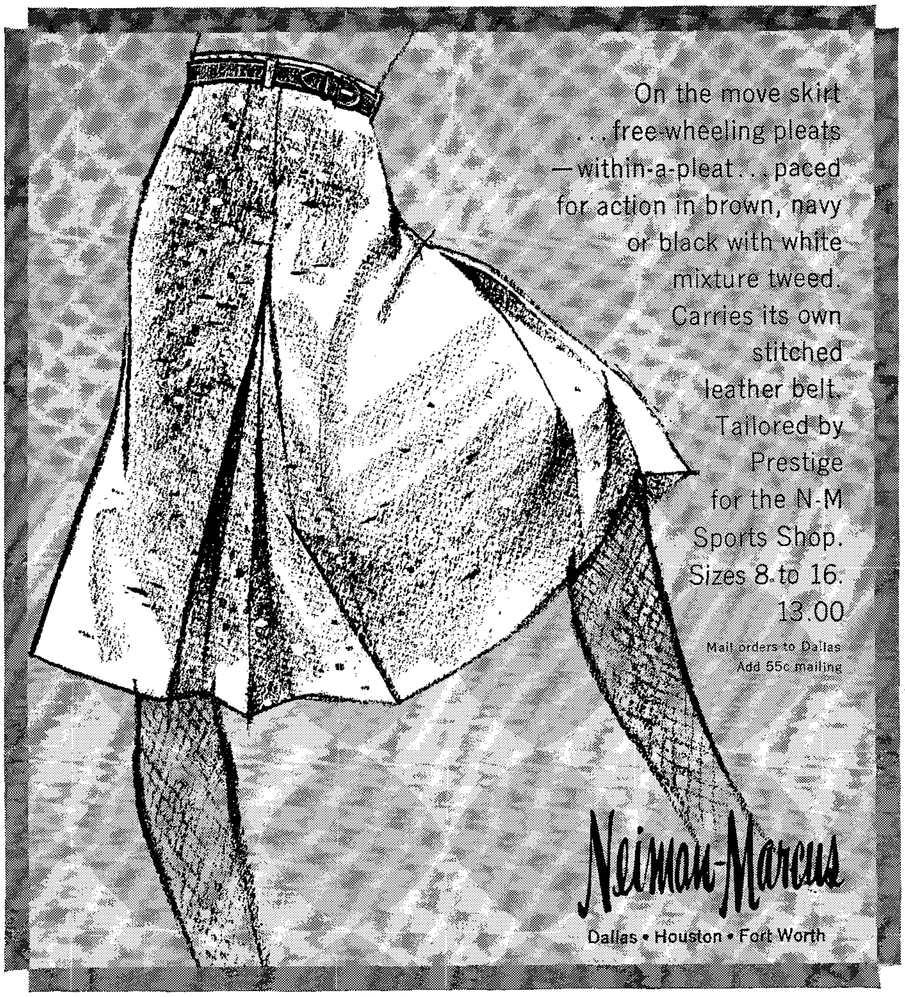

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oratory of the Department of Agriculture—the only place in the United States where foreign animal diseases are studied. Yachtsmen are not permitted to enter Plum Island's nearly landlocked harbor except in real emergencies, though there is no alternative harbor closer than Niantic Bay, in Connecticut, eight miles to the north. The scene all around us constituted an almost perfect example of the many facets of modern society exhibited by Long Island Sound. Next to us was forbidden Plum Island, its up-to-date laboratory building contrasting with its untamed greenery; behind us lay the mournful tip of Long Island, past which a large ferry loaded with cars and people on their way to or from a vacation was making its way from Connecticut; far down the Sound and fast disappearing in the light haze was the silhouette of a westbound freighter; to our left and ahead were some of the prime fishing grounds of the Sound, in which at least a score of private and chartered fishing boats were wallowing about, bristling with rods; through their midst a graceful black yawl was picking her way; and beyond them the long, ominous, cluttered shape of Navy Destroyer 695 was cutting swiftly northeast toward the smudgy profile of New London, on the far horizon.

From the eastern end of Plum Island to the tip of Fishers Island there stretch seven miles of virtually open water, Great Gull Island being only a snippet of land and Little Gull a scrap of rock. Between the latter and the near end of Fishers Island, which is known as Race Point, is a four-mile stretch of water, the deepest section of which, near Fishers Island, is The Race, the major opening between the Sound and the ocean. Back and forth through it, every six hours or so, passes most of that immense surge of water that partly drains and then refills Long Island Sound, lowering and raising its thousand square miles of surface by an average of some six feet, and drawing water out of or shoving it into every harbor, tidal pond, gunk hole, river, and creek all the way to Throgs Neck. This great slosh travels through the Sound in slow motion, made slower in some places by accidents of geography or the flow of rivers, with the result that in certain bays high tide or the time of maximum current flow may be hours later than high tide or maximum current flow at The Race. Normally, the water rushing through The Race reaches a maximum velocity of about four knots, but when the moon is full, and the tides are at their highest and strongest, it can

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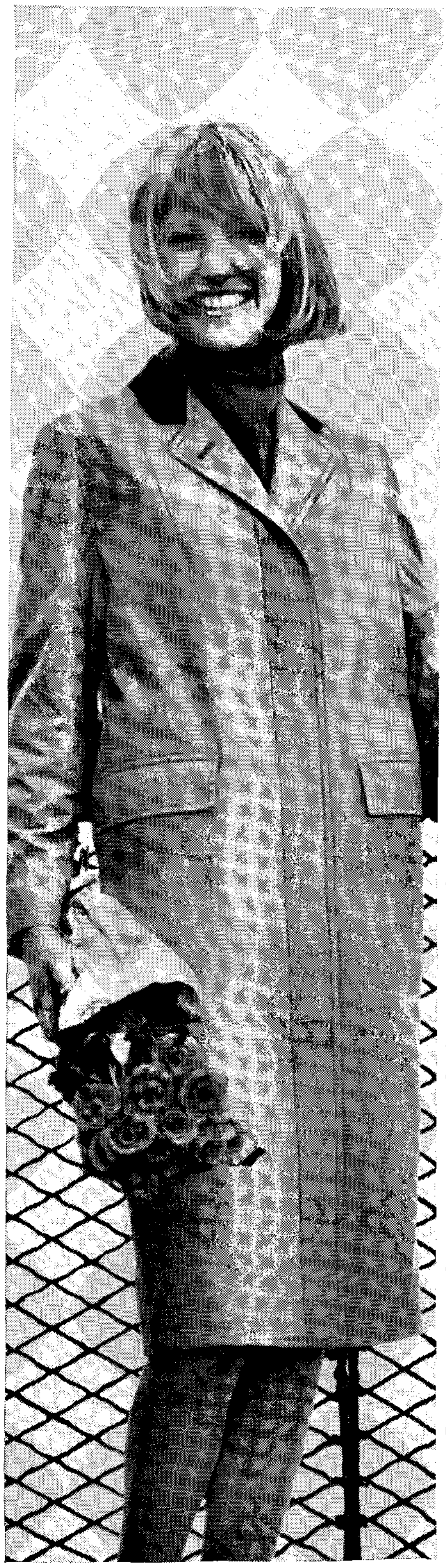
pour through at as much as six knots. Doubtless because of this violent sluicing back and forth, which must have occurred something like sixty million times since the Ice Age ended and the ocean rose to its present level, The Race has washed out to a depth of over three hundred feet in places, or several times the depth of the water anywhere around it for fifty miles.

Despite these extraordinary currents, sailing The Race is not as uncomfortable as sailing through the tide rips of Plum Gut. It does take even more forethought, though. On a hazy or rainy day, for instance, a careless mariner who heads across The Race without consulting the Tidal Current Tables and doing a little dead reckoning may be smoothly and imperceptibly swept sidewise out to sea at a rate of five or six knots while making only three knots forward. By the time he spots Fishers Island through the murky air or rain, he may be out in Block Island Sound, and if he does not have a direction-finding radio on board, he is likely to mistake Fishers Island for the Connecticut-Rhode Island coastline, and may sail blithely on into the open ocean, wasting hours, or perhaps even getting himself caught in the Atlantic during a storm. However, the presence of Race Rock Light, a sixty-seven-foot lighthouse perched on a rock a short distance off the western end of Fishers Island, is designed to prevent just such mistakes; it has a brilliant white-and-red flashing light, and also what the Coast Guard calls a "siren," which utters a periodic cowlike moo that can be heard for a considerable distance.

A self-organized tri-state committee of developers and engineers has recently proposed putting a bridge across the open water of this untamed passage. As the committee envisions it, the bridge would hop off at Orient Point, skip and jump across Plum and the two Gulls, make a mighty vault across The Race to Fishers Island, and then leap from its eastern end over to Watch Hill, on the mainland. It would actually be not so much a bridge as a twenty-four-mile chain of bridges, elevated roadways, causeways, and bits of highway. An impressive conception, no doubt, but, sitting at the wheel of my boat this fine day, with miles of ruffled blue water stretching out in all directions, the wind driving me along in a smooth, rolling motion, the deep, voiceless pouring of the tide beneath me, and the land only a faint gray-green promise on the horizon, I felt totally unsympathetic to the idea of any bridge.

By 1 P.M., we had crossed The Race



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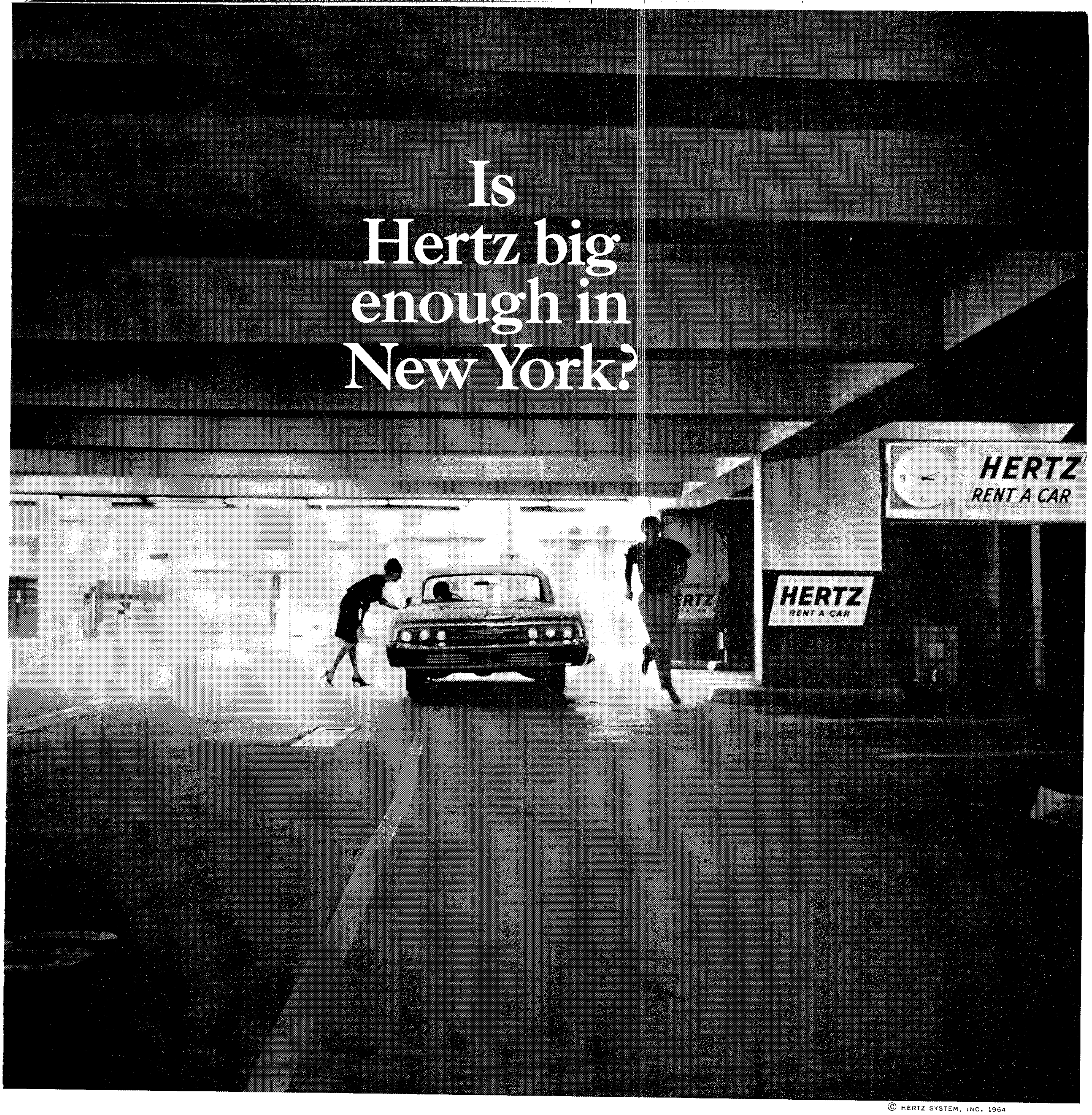

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FRANK GALLANT, NEW YORK 18

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Frank Gallant

and were sailing close to Fishers Island, in a partly sheltered body of water, eight miles long and two miles wide, that is called Fishers Island Sound but, geologically speaking, is the eastern end of Long Island Sound. Its outer boundary, Fishers Island, is a wriggling piece of land, itself eight miles long, that lies roughly parallel to the mainland. (Though it is so near the Connecticut coast, it is officially a part of Suffolk County.) Hilly and tree-covered, and with rocks on its beaches and its many promontories, it has a wildly romantic, legendary look about it, but we, because this was our first day in these waters, were more concerned with the Sound than with the island. Fishers Island Sound, roomy though it seems, is full of shallows, rocks, and islets; here one finds obstacles named North Dumpling and South Dumpling, West Clump, Middle Clump, and East Clump, Intrepid Rock, Flat Hammock, Eel Grass Ground, and the like. Clearly, it is no place for daydreaming sailors, and we paid close attention to the chart and the buoys until, opposite the eastern end of Fishers Island, we made our way between two breakwaters outside Stonington Harbor, on the Connecticut mainland, and dropped sail. We then motored a short distance up the harbor, and by 2:30 P.M. we were in a small marina called the Dodson Boat Yard, where we tied up in a slip assigned us by an attendant on the dock.

Here Merrywend had a change of crew. Al and Geoffrey packed their things, phoned for a cab, and left for New London, where they would catch a train for New York. After they had gone, I spent an hour or so working around the boat, and then luxuriated in a shower in a small building onshore. Toward 5 P.M., one of my two new crew members, an old friend named Mike Lanin, strolled jauntily down the dock, having just arrived from New York by train and cab. Not having cruised before, he seemed to have taken it for granted that Merrywend would be where I had said she would be, and on the right day. Actually, wind and weather being as quixotic as they are, every marina or harbor on Long Island Sound has impatient mariners fidgeting around it for days throughout the summer, waiting for friends whom they are expecting to join but who have been fogged in, turned back by storms, or delayed by motor trouble or lack of wind. The other member of the crew for the rest of the cruise will be a Harvard graduate student named Alan Fuchs, who is due to come down by train

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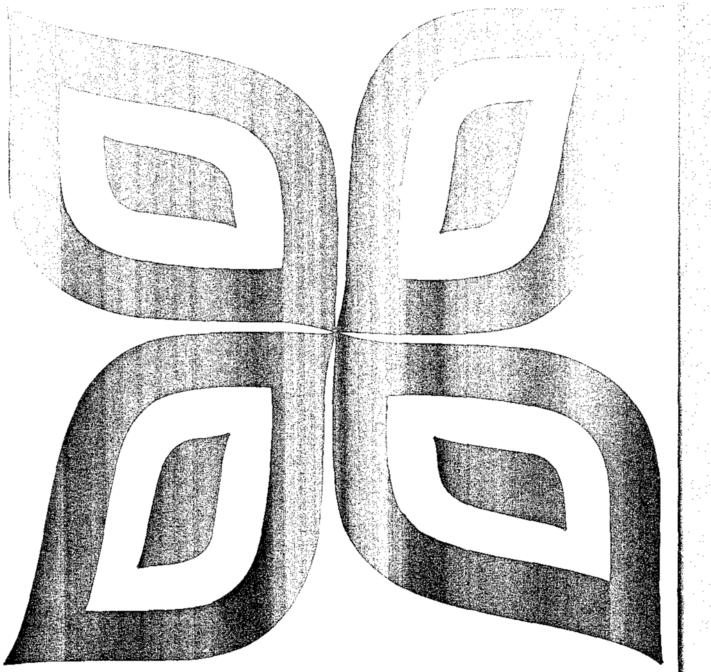

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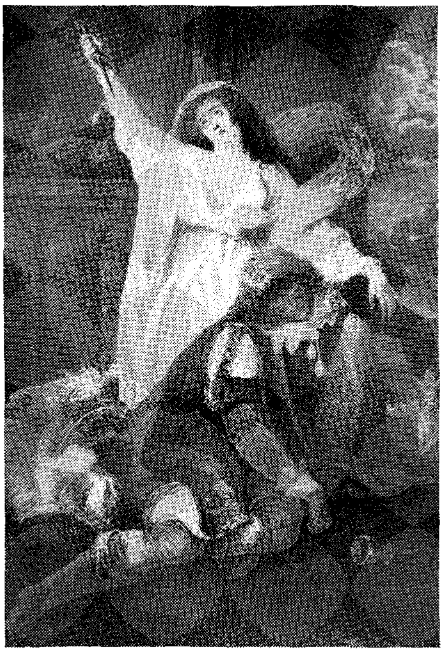

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"Wisely and slow," Friar Laurence vainly counselled the impatient Romeo; "they stumble that run fast."

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After Mike had stowed his things and looked the boat over, we walked around the yard awhile. Dodson's is a modest-sized marina, with thirty-five slips at the docks and forty moorings out in the water. Today, it had a number of powerboats, several large and very sumptuous sailboats, and one huge houseboat, whose most notable features were jalousies, a back porch with garden furniture, and a large, fully furnished living room. On the shore were a ship's store, well-planned shower and toilet facilities, and a boathouse for repair work. This, evidently, was a mariner's marina, and not a country club. The owner, John Dodson, whom we found scrubbing the deck of a modest sloop of his own, proved to be a short, bony man in his early fifties wearing faded dungarees and with a face as spare and weathered as a New England hillside. He looked so much like an old salt that I assumed he had been a boatyard operator all his life, but he told me he had entered the marina business only in 1959. "I used to be a coal-mine operator in eastern Pennsylvania, but my people summered up here for many years, and ever since I was a child I've loved boats," he said. "Running a marina is wonderful—all it takes, during the summer, is fifteen hours of my time per day, seven days a week."

I asked what sort of people used his marina.

"We have real boat-loving people here," he said. "No partying, no showing off, very little living at the dockside. Our people want to get out on the water as soon as they're aboard. About half of them are fine old-line Stonington families, and the others are serious boat-lovers from miles around. There's really nothing to keep them here. No smart shops, no fine restaurants in Stonington; it's just an old fishing port, and a lot of its people are of Portuguese extraction. We seldom get the fancier transients, and if one does stray in, he takes a good look and clears out. We're really quite blessed here."

Bidding the beatified Mr. Dodson goodbye, we walked downtown to a seafood restaurant, where, over chicken lobsters, we discussed plans for the balance of the cruise. First, we decided, we would poke our way eastward for the final couple of miles and put into Little Narragansett Bay, the absolute end of the Sound, and then we would turn westward and work our way slowly along the Connecticut coast. I planned to spend a week covering the

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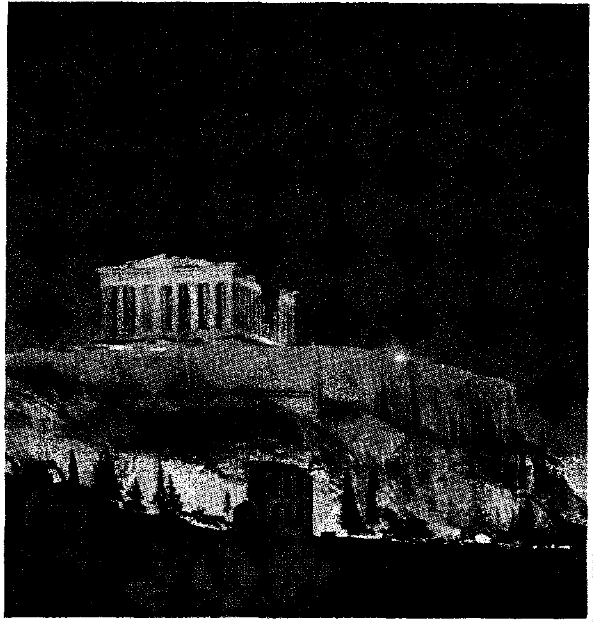

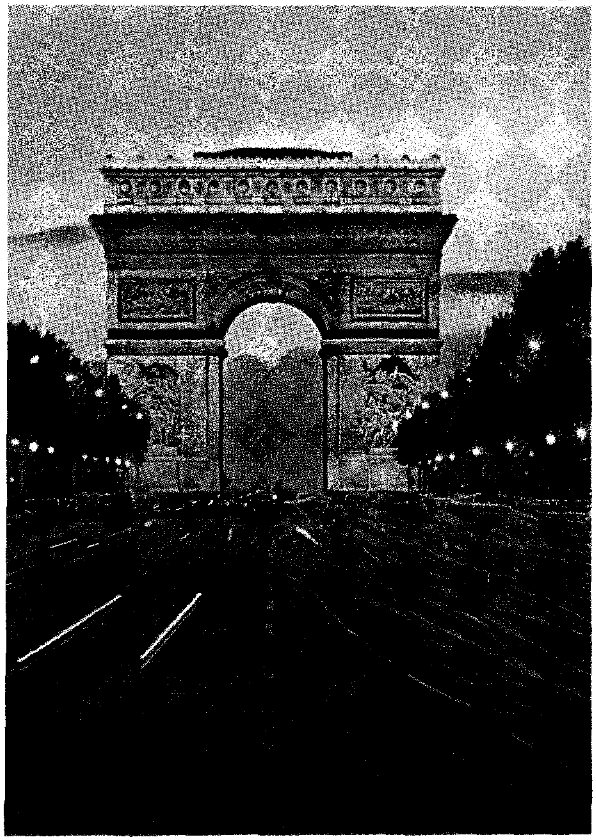

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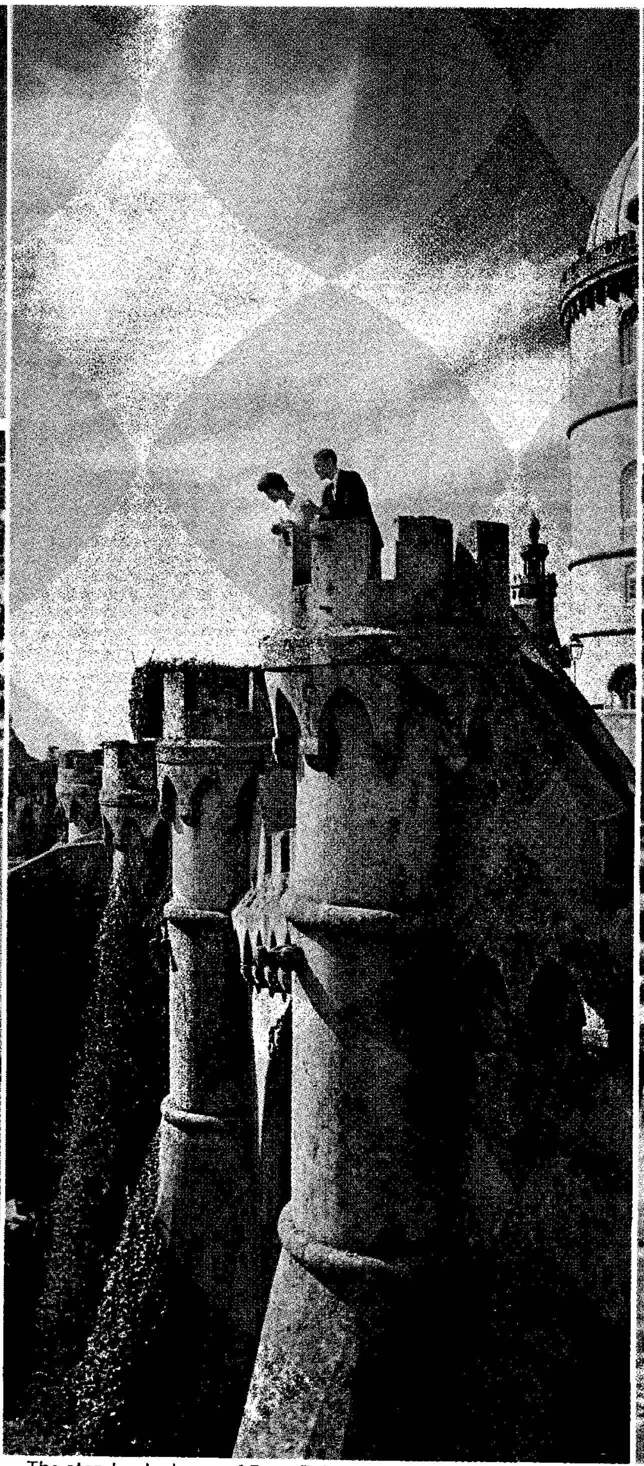
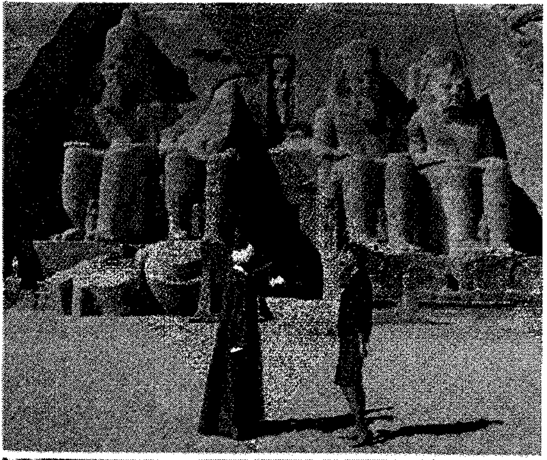
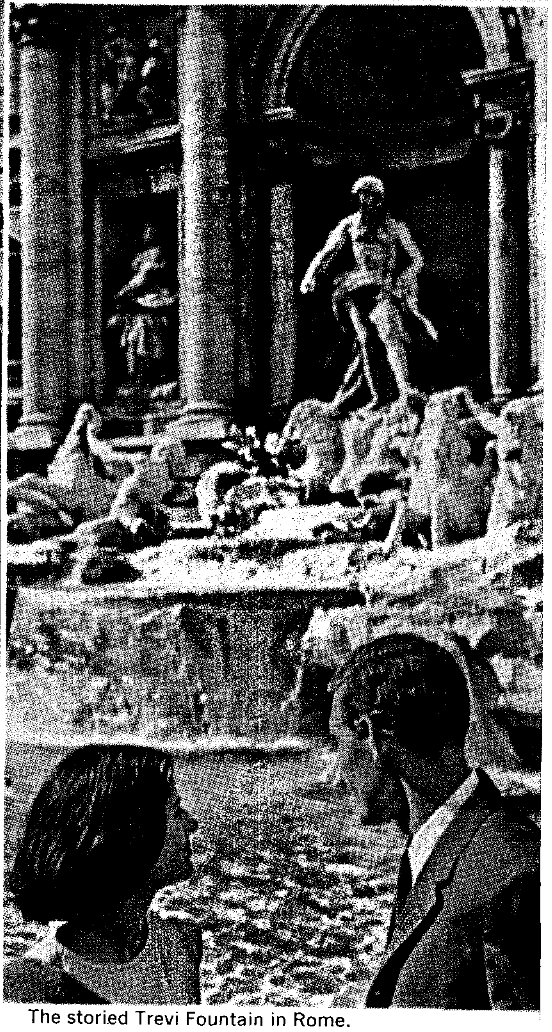


The storybook charm of Pena Palace in Sintra, Portugal.

Pharaohs at the Temple of Abu Simbel, Egypt.





The storied Trevi Fountain in Rome.

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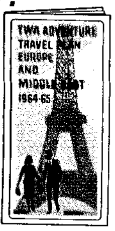

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eighty-five miles between Little Narragansett and Stamford. Ordinarily, one could cruise that distance easily in three days, but there were many things I wanted to see along the way.

I was tired, and turned in early, but my night was not to be peaceful; a steady rain began falling at about 3 A.M., and since we were not at anchor, with the stern free to swing away from the wind, the rain drove down the open companionway into my face. I climbed into the upper bunk, and still I was rained on; finally, struggling up once more from the depths of sleep, I pulled on foul-weather gear, climbed up into the cockpit, and rummaged around in the storage compartments for the two boards that slide into the companionway to seal it shut. Back in my bunk, I found I was unable to get to sleep again, and fell to reviewing the last few years of my life. One is hardly ever as remote from the world as on board a boat tied up in a tiny harbor on the Sound—a situation that contributes most marvellously to perspective, especially at three o'clock of a rainy morning. One is able to see quite accurately all that has been distorted or out of proportion. Everything vexing, alarming, or momentous seems an ephemeral trifle. In the morning, the momentousness of trifles returns.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 18

THIS was a sullen, dripping morning with wet, woolly clouds smothering the land and sea. Every few minutes, Mike or I would go up on deck and peer at the sky, wondering whether it would clear later and give us a decent day. In New York, I am, like most people, only marginally aware of the weather. Before going out of my apartment, I want to know what the temperature is and whether it is raining, but I don't experience weather in any real sense; it is only an interim sensation, a transient state, known briefly between the enduring reality of interiors—living room, subway, stores, offices, the library. On the Sound, the situation is reversed; the sky and the air and the things they contain are the real world, and the interiors of boats and buildings are only burrows that one crawls into for brief periods to comfort oneself. The sailor is forever intensely aware of the sky, immense and enveloping. On the Sound, as on the open sea, one is in, under, and of the sky; one's eyes constantly search its vastness to know whether it means well or ill. When the sky changes, the man under it finds that his mood changes accordingly. Yet the moment he steps

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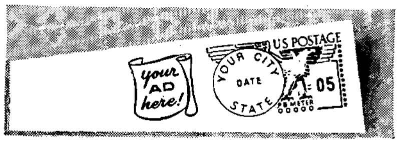

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ashore, he becomes detached. The sky is now a thing apart.

For us, in the Dodson Boat Yard, the sky was still our world, but, this morning, a distinctly unpromising one. On the basis of its looks and the weather report, we decided to wait awhile before putting out, and, with time to kill, we wandered off for a look at Stonington, which had been an important port for the cargo vessels of the eighteenth century and the whalers of the nineteenth. Only tight-lipped Puritans, probably, would ever have chosen to settle upon this stern fingerlike outcropping of sterile granite, yet the town itself has a surprising amount of charm—if more, perhaps, for a visiting antiquarian than for its inhabitants. Even on this dismal morning, we were delighted by the fine old houses, the white churches, the shade trees, and the waterfront, strewn with what almost seemed a set of theatrical props, including fishing boats, casks, nets, lobster traps, and coils of rope.

The rain that had been threatening now arrived. We hurried back to the boat, wet, chilly, and out of sorts—a condition we remedied with a tot of spirits and some hot clam chowder. We then felt so much better that we cast off at noon, wet and windy though it was, and hoisted sail in the harbor. To cover the one tiny remnant of Long Island Sound lying to the east of us, we headed around the breakwater and for a couple of miles followed the nuns and cans marking a channel in that direction. This led us through Little Narragansett Bay, a bleak bit of shallow water with a sandy islet on our right, over which gulls were wheeling and lamenting, and the low green line of the Rhode Island shore on our left. At the far end of the bay, we came upon a small marina, but didn't tie up there, being content to admire just in passing the brown shingle-and-fieldstone mansions and the big yellow hotel on Watch Hill.

This being the very end of the Sound, we felt a little like Amundsen's party when, having reached the South Pole after prolonged efforts, they turned around and got out in a hurry. We swung smartly about and headed down the channel. By the time we were back in the deeper and roomier waters of Fishers Island Sound, the clouds were thinning rapidly, the sun was beginning to break through, and boats of all sorts were appearing everywhere. A number of them were heading southeast, through the passage between Fishers Island and Watch Hill, for the waters of Block Island Sound and the open

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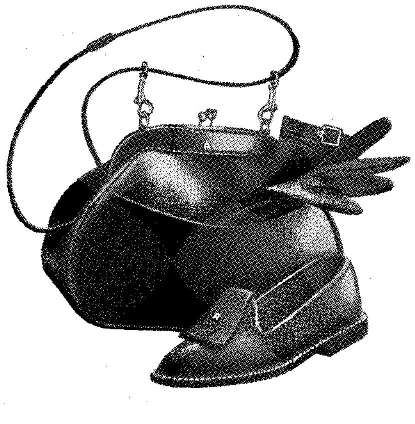

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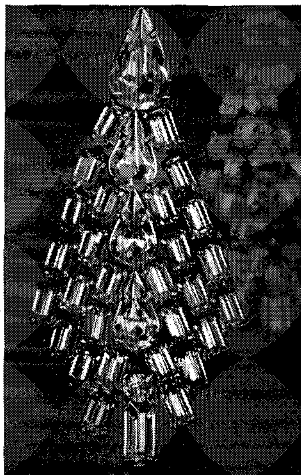

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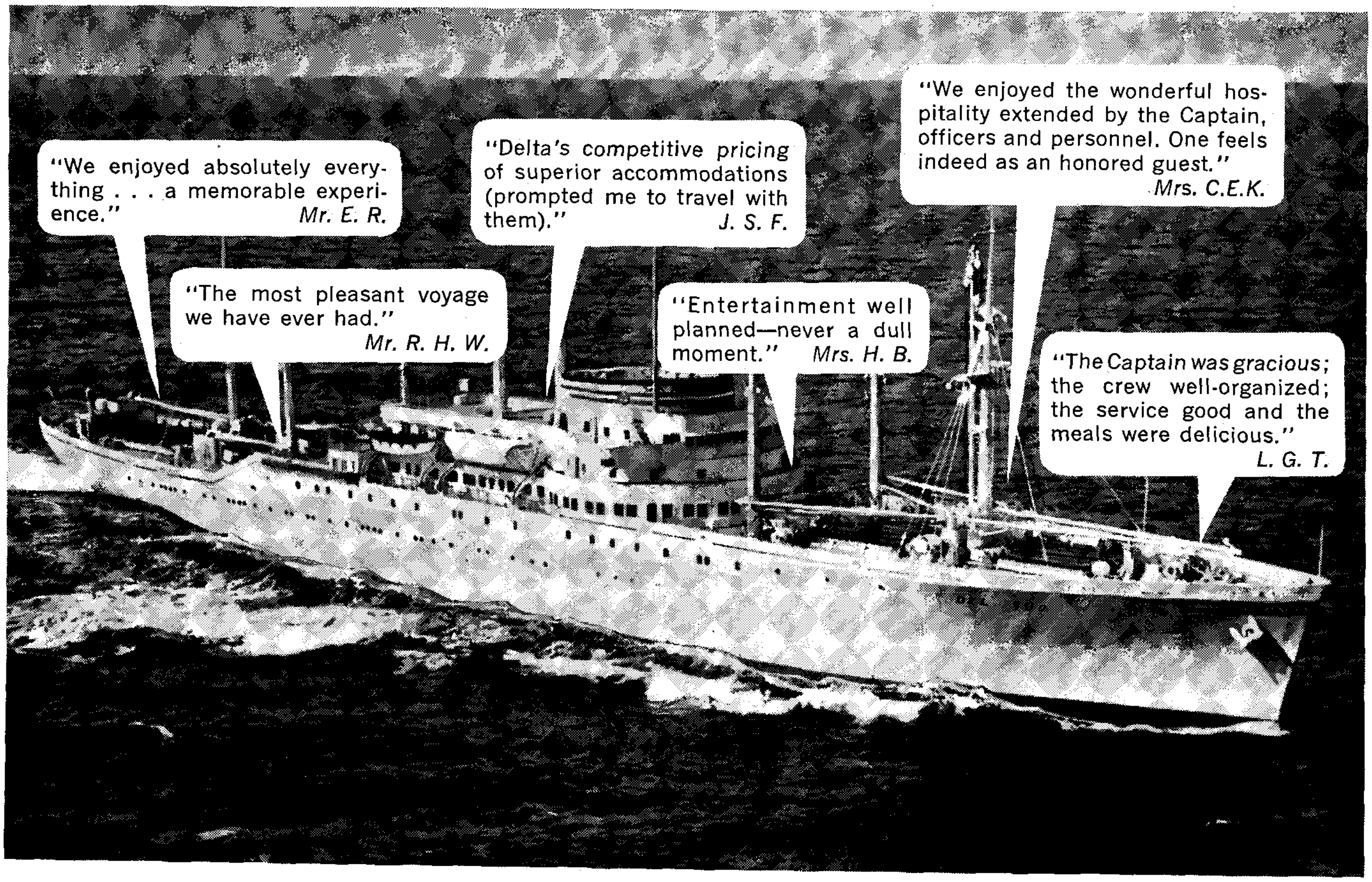
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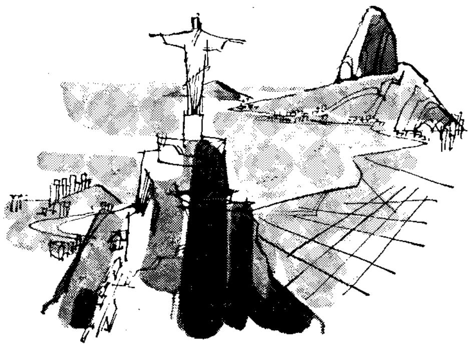

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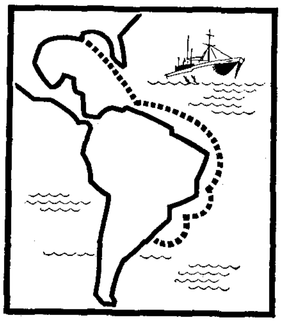

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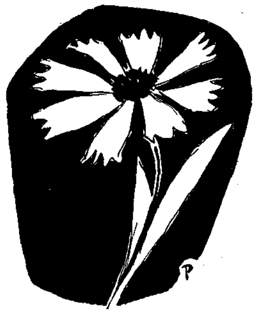
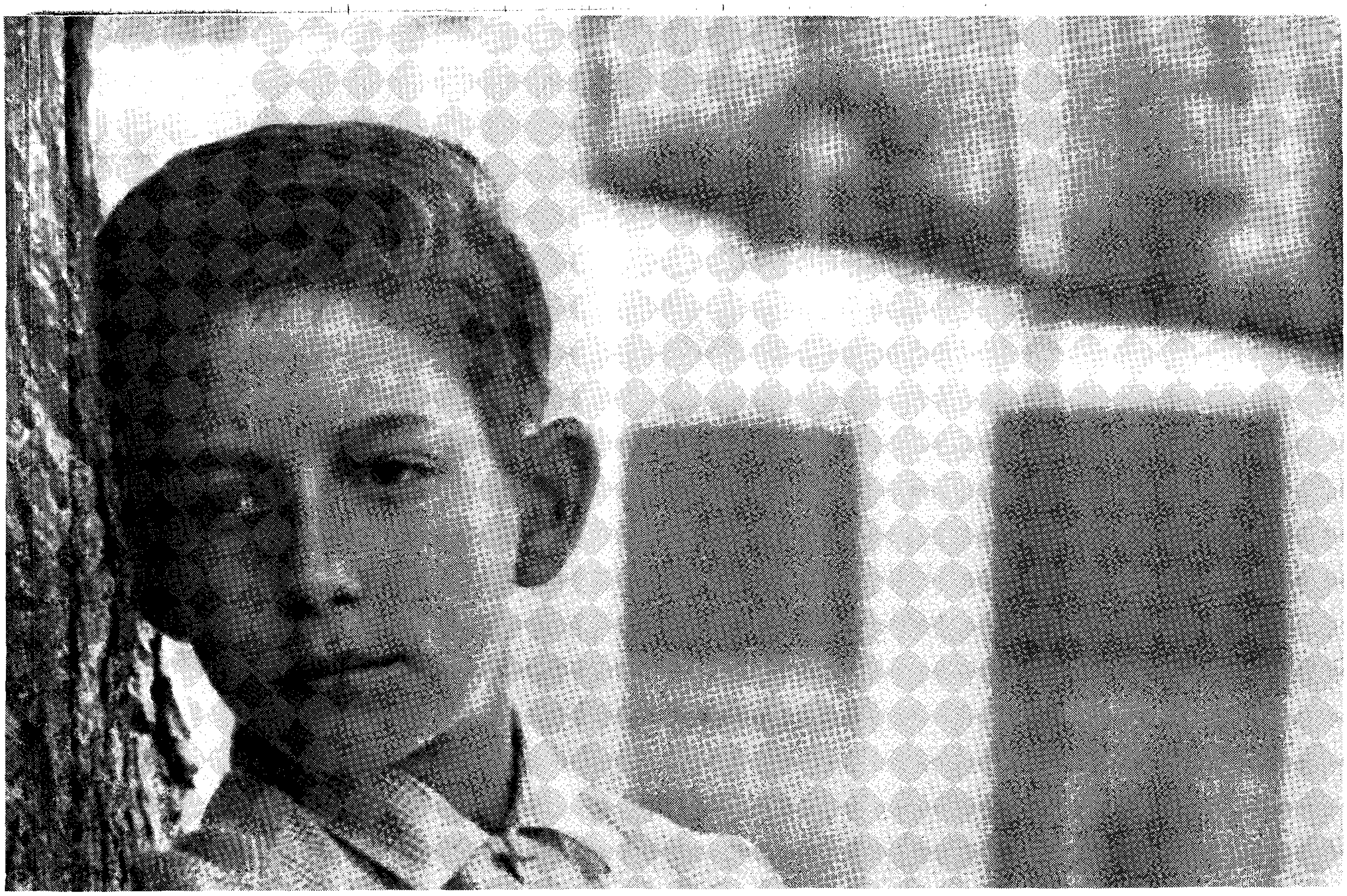
Atlantic. Because we had plenty of time to spare—we were going to spend the night at Mystic Seaport, only a short distance down the coast—we, too, headed out that way, south of Watch Hill and outside the sheltered waters of Long Island Sound.

After an hour or so, we returned once more to Fishers Island Sound, this time via Watch Hill Passage and Napatree Point Ledge, and continued through it toward the mouth of the Mystic River, four miles to the west. Our course took us near the north side of hilly, irregular Fishers Island, which proved to have an untamed, Hebridean look about it; here and there a swath of lawn had been carved out of the trees, and on it stood some vast mansion or, once, a turreted castle, giving the island a fairy-tale quality. Halfway down Fishers Island Sound, we turned north into the Mystic River. In the days of sail, the Mystic was a major shipbuilding and shipping center, and though it is nothing of the sort any longer, its broad lower reaches are cluttered with boatyards for pleasure craft and with piers and dockside eating places, while fleets of powerboats and sailboats lie at moorings, and outside the channel are the rotting hulks of old workboats and sunken barges. Since Mystic Seaport lay two and a half miles upstream, we prudently dropped sail and started the motor as the river grew narrower and the channel traffic became heavier. In the old days, of course, the crews of even the largest whalers and coastwise schooners worked their way upstream under sail, but then they had no choice. Just before five o'clock, we passed through an open swing bridge of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad and, a short distance ahead, saw a closed bascule bridge, over which a steady stream of cars was moving along U.S. Route 1. In the brief stretch of river between the two bridges, a dozen powerboats and sailboats were either circling slowly or lying by the wooden seawall and holding on; a sign announced that the bascule bridge would be opened at ten minutes past the hour and again at forty minutes past. We waited ten minutes, and at five-ten the barriers went down, traffic stopped, the bridge slowly floated upward, and all the waiting boats went through.

Rounding a bend a short distance ahead, we came upon a striking sight—a replica of a waterfront of a century or more ago. This was Mystic Seaport—one of those somewhat self-conscious artificial evocations of the past, like Williamsburg and Greenfield Village. I can't help being entranced by them, just as I can't help enjoying a well-reconstructed room of an earlier century in a museum. Lying before us was a panorama of piers and wharves over which towered the masts, yardarms, and weblike ratlines of several square-rigged sailing vessels. The curving, cobbled street along the waterfront was strewn with draymen's carts, hogsheads, anchors, and other contributions to a seaport *mise en scène*, and on the far side of the street were eighteenth- and nineteenth-century houses, sheds, and shops of wood and stone. There was no time to study all this at the moment, however. Instead, we headed for the longest wharf, which projected into the river, and there hailed the bronzed dockmaster and told him we were Merrywend; since dock space is sometimes hard to come by at Mystic Seaport, I had written ahead for a reservation. He promptly waved us into a berth alongside his wharf. Standing beside him, and also waving, was Alan Fuchs, the remaining member of the crew for the rest of the trip. Alan grabbed the line we threw across, and very soon we had tied up, stepped onto the dock, and registered for the night, and were free to look around. To my delight, I found that we were at the same wharf as the Charles W. Morgan, the last wooden whaling ship extant—a fat black hull over a hundred feet long, from which rose three giant masts, with three huge yardarms on each, and a great, mystifying web of rigging that made cats' cradles in the air high over the deck.



A while later, when we had got Alan's things stowed aboard, we walked along the waterfront to a shower room reserved for visiting yachtsmen; crowds of landlubbers were also walking along it, and they gawked at us as though we ourselves were from another century. When we had cleaned up and put on fresh clothes, we took a cab to a restaurant a few miles away, and by the time we got back, the daytime tourists had all left; the only people, aside from guards, who ever inhabit Mystic Seaport at night are a few score visiting yachtsmen like us. Mystic Seaport, though it has been put together with loving verisimilitude, is a synthetic village and has no residents. Each house, shop, and artifact in it is authentic, but



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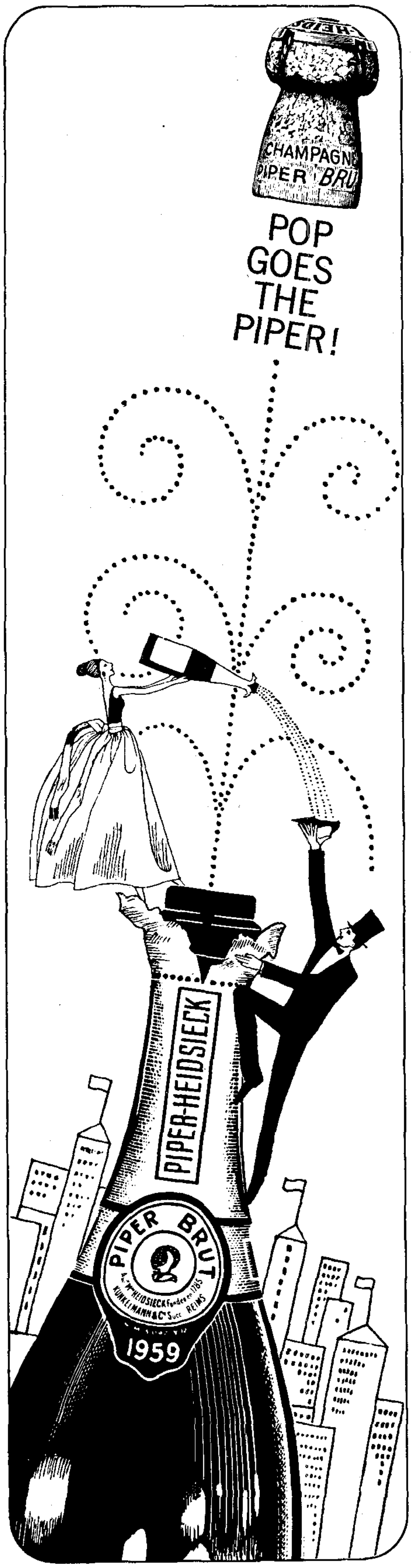

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practically everything has been brought here from somewhere else, to occupy a place assigned it by a street plan that is the imaginative work of contemporaries. In essence, Mystic Seaport is an outdoor museum. As such, it is unique, being the only museum to which people can come in their own boats—and a fair number of the cruising boats one sees in eastern Long Island Sound on any given day during the summer either are heading for or have just left Mystic Seaport. There is space enough at the wharves of Mystic Seaport for about forty-five pleasure boats, and twice that number can be accommodated by the device of rafting, or tying a second boat alongside one that is made fast to the dock. Between April and October, approximately three thousand boats, bringing approximately ten thousand visitors, come to Mystic Seaport, some from distant points. This is only a tiny fraction of the total attendance—in 1962, for instance, 304,000 people visited the place, all except the ten thousand making the trip by land—but the yachtsmen add more to the nautical flavor of the scene than their numbers might suggest. For their part, they have the heady privilege of owning the village overnight, when the day people are shooed out and the gates are locked. So it was with us. When we returned from dinner, we wandered around the streets by the light of electrified whale-oil lamps, feeling not quite firmly anchored in our own century, and it wasn't until we arrived at our own little boat that we came back to the present. We were all tired, so we tumbled quickly into our bunks.

MONDAY, AUGUST 19

BY 6 A.M., I was up and dressed and walking down Seaport Street, along the waterfront. The dawn was clear, but, mid-August or not, the temperature was in the fifties. Mist drifted over the river, the cobblestones under my feet were slippery, and the small houses and shops were half hidden by a light ground fog. All this, plus the fact that no one else seemed to be up, wonderfully heightened the illusion of the place. It was an ideal time to wander around the town, looking at the things men had used and lived by: the little wooden cases full of type in the printshop; the scores of long-handled iron adzes, chisels, and other tools in the shop of A. W. Burrows, Shipwright; the compasses, nets, lanterns, and other gear in a window under the sign "Ship Chandlery—N. F. Fish, Prop." Later in the day, all these places

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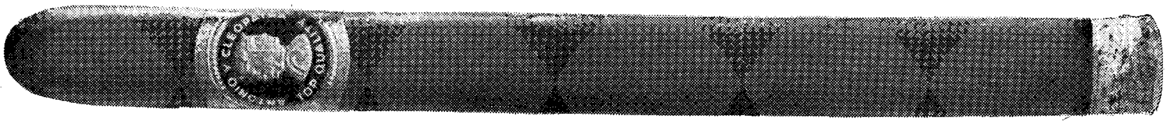

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would be occupied. About forty elderly people from the nearby town of Mystic work for the Seaport, putting on mid-nineteenth-century costume each day and playing their parts in the various shops and houses. This kind of thing is entertaining, in a Disneyland sort of way, but I preferred the misty solitude of the early morning.

But what *is* Mystic Seaport? Not a restoration, certainly, or even a duplication, since the town never existed as such. It occupies a twenty-seven-acre tract, part of which was for many years the site of the George Greenman & Bros. Shipyard, and only two or three buildings in the present town stood here prior to 1929. At that time, three local history buffs—a doctor, a lawyer, and a businessman—got the idea of creating Mystic Seaport by hunting down and assembling specimens of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century New England boats, artifacts, and seaport architecture. Forming a nonprofit corporation called the Marine Historical Association, they started raising money, soliciting gifts of property, and putting things together, and since then many more items have been added.

Mike, Alan, and I spent the morning sightseeing in Mystic Seaport, along with the flocks of visitors who poured in through the gates from nine o'clock on. After lunch, we cast off and proceeded under power down to the highway bridge, just in time to be let through. The afternoon was benign and sunny, with a mild, steady wind that was ideal for training a couple of new hands. (I had given Mike some, but not enough, instruction the previous day, and Alan had had none, his only sailing experience being on tiny catboats on the Charles River, in Cambridge.) We spent the next few hours in and around Fishers Island Sound; I lay back on a pile of cockpit cushions, beer can in hand, and gave orders while Mike and Alan learned how to sail the boat first close-hauled, then on a beam reach, and finally running, and practiced coming about, jibbing, and heaving to.

By five o'clock, we had put in a good afternoon's work, so we headed inside the Dumplings, by way of a marked channel, for West Harbor, on Fishers Island. This is a pocket of water three-quarters of a mile wide tucked into the low green hills at the western end of the island. There was a small marina, at which forty or fifty powerboats were tied up, but we chose to drop anchor amid a couple of dozen boats moored out in the water. Hardly anywhere in the Sound—not even at the Seawanha-

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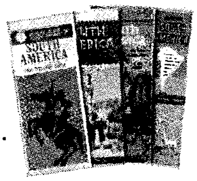

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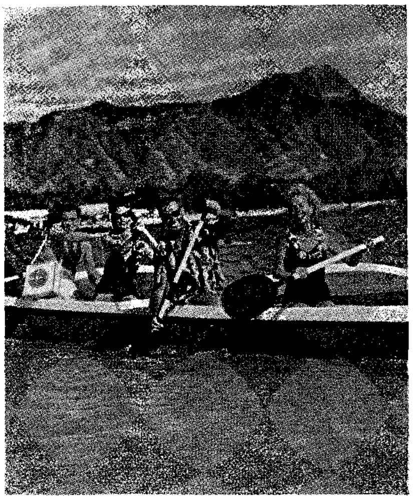

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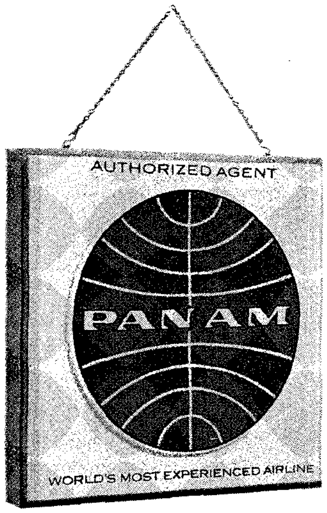

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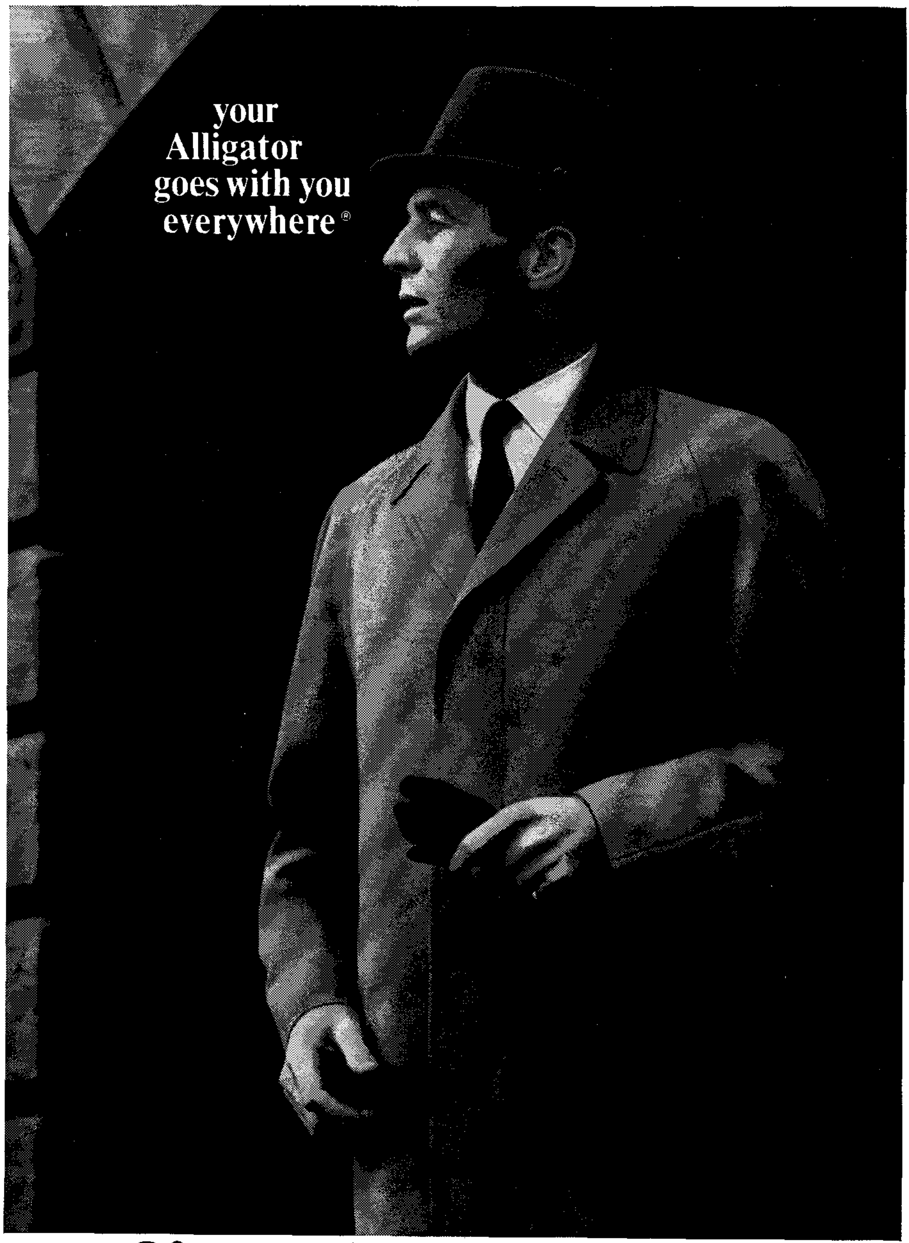
FIRST ON THE ATLANTIC . . . FIRST ON THE PACIFIC . . . FIRST IN LATIN AMERICA . . . FIRST 'ROUND THE WORLD ka-Corinthian Yacht Club, in Oyster Bay—does one see a more impressive or cosmopolitan group of sailboats than here; poor Merrywend was dwarfed and shamed by the company she was keeping. The home ports of the other visitors ranged from New York to Seattle, and the finest of the lot was a huge, sleek white ketch with towering masts, scrupulously gleaming metalwork, mirrorlike varnish on her cabin, and a maze of lines and special gear whose uses we could only guess at. Her name was Barlovento II, and as soon as we were safely anchored, I went below and looked her up in our invaluable *Lloyd's Register of American Yachts;* her owner proved to be Pierre du Pont and her designer the famous Philip Rhodes, and she was listed as nearly seventy-two feet in length and eighteen feet in beam. Side by side with her were three other sailboats, nearly as magnificent: Maruffa, a sixty-seven-foot yawl owned by John Graham, of Seattle; Enchanta, a sixty-six-foot yawl owned by Richard Stiegler, of Greens Farms, Connecticut; and Seaflower, a fifty-five-foot ketch owned by Steven M. Castle, of Stonington.

Once we had taken in all this splendor, we concluded that there must be something special about Fishers Island—something neither shown on the charts nor explained in Duncan and Blanchard's "A Cruising Guide to the New England Coast," which has been our handbook on this trip. Hoping to find out what it might be, we washed, dressed, rowed ashore in the dinghy (a neighboring boat had told us that the marina's launch stopped running at 7 P.M.), and made our way down a winding road, past scattered houses and then through a schoolyard, to the Pequot Inn. (Why "Pequot" I cannot figure out; my reading, perhaps imperfect, leads me to believe that the Pequot Indians lived on the mainland, rather than on Fishers Island, and that the civilized Englishmen and Colonials, plus some friendly Indians, burned six or seven hundred of them alive in their stockade near Mystic in 1637.) This pleasant old hostelry, which has a garden, a cocktail lounge, and a restaurant, was quite deserted except for a waitress, a bartender, and a lady pianist, who was offering a mélange of Broadway show tunes and sentimental lieder such as "Nur Wer die Sehnsucht Kennt." Since things were so quiet this evening, the waitress, a pleasant little woman, was willing enough to chat. Fishers Island, she told us, had only about six hundred year-round residents, practically all of whom lived in Fishers Island



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Village, where we now were. Most of the adults were suppliers, contractors, or servants of the wealthy owners of the mansions we had seen elsewhere on the island. Yachts from all over would sometimes arrive by the dozen in West Harbor on summer weekends, but their crews never went any farther ashore than the village. Occasionally, the Pequot Inn would be jam-packed with them, plus a few people from the mainland and some newcomers who have built small houses on the western end of the island. By and large, however, Fishers Island, despite its closeness to so many major eastern cities, had not become a summer resort. Instead, it had remained primarily the private preserve of du Ponts, Roosevelts, Firestones, and Lorillards, who owned the baronial estates making up most of the island. We enjoyed our dinner, and then rowed back to the boat in our humble dinghy.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 20

At 2 A.M., a violent boom of thunder awoke me. The wind was flinging handfuls of rattling rain at the cabin roof, and Merrywend was rocking up and down and swinging slowly from one side of her anchor line to the other. I peered out at the few lights on land for a while, checking our position, and looked for the faint night-lights tied on the forestays of the boats anchored near us. Despite the fury of the wind, we seemed to be holding our place—largely, no doubt, because the bottom of West Harbor is satisfactorily muddy. Mariners on Long Island Sound get to know the consistency of the bottom of each of their favorite anchorages; indeed, such information is often indicated on the charts and in the "Cruising Guide." Muddy bottoms are the safest, for they hold a dug-in anchor firmly; hauling it up in the morning, though, is likely to be a backbreaking job and a filthy one, since the anchor brings great gobs of sticky black mud up onto the deck with it. Sandy bottoms yield a clean anchor in the morning but do not offer as sure a hold against the yanking and straining that the anchor line undergoes when a powerful wind is blowing. Pebble or gravel bottoms, which are to be found in a few places, are a real hazard. The anchor can pull out of such material again and again, perhaps digging in by itself afterward, each time, only to pull out once more, and thus in the course of a night a boat can slowly and gently work its way across a bay. The members of its crew may sleep peacefully until they suddenly fall out of their bunks because

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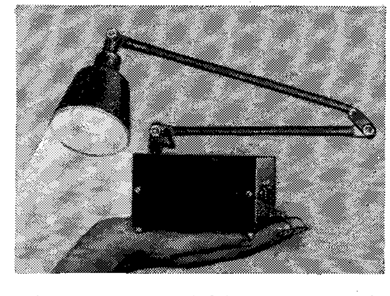

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their boat has landed on a mud bank and rolled over with the ebbing tide—or, worse yet, they may be awakened by the horrifying crunch of the hull upon rocks and the sound of the sea flooding into the bilge.

As I climbed back into my bunk, lightning flashed directly overhead and a great clap of thunder shook our cabin. In the morning, a steady rain was falling. We were not eager to get wet, but after consulting the Tidal Current Tables we realized that unless we passed The Race before noon, we would be sailing westward quite near it at a time when the ebb current, outward bound, was rising toward four knots. Against that, even with a favoring wind, we would hardly be able to make good our westward course for Old Saybrook, at the mouth of the Connecticut River, but instead would be swept sidewise out of the Sound, winding up on the wrong side of Plum Island. We therefore reluctantly broke out the foul-weather gear after breakfast and emerged into the rain with an air of stern resolution. Actually, I think we all rather looked forward to being forced to get wet; most of the pleasure-boat mariners I have met enjoy minor discomforts like being wet or cold. They resist them, complain about them, and yet somehow like them when they happen. However, while we were still hauling up our mud-heavy anchor and hoisting the mainsail the rain diminished to a heavy mist, and within fifteen minutes even this had ended, though the leaden clouds never cleared away and the air remained soupy.

In a light but steady wind, we sailed close-hauled, passing between the Dumplings, on our right, and Fishers Island, on our left. Soon we could vaguely see Race Rock Light and hear its throaty siren. Ahead lay the whole length of Long Island Sound, the Connecticut shore green and indented, the Long Island shore straight and barren—or so I was able to imagine them from the previous days of observation. Today, the air, muffled by clouds and smeary with humidity, made each shoreline only a dark blur along the horizon. Quite near us on our right we could see the broad harbor mouth of the Thames River, and with the binoculars we could make out the smokestacks and buildings of Groton, on its east bank. As we were looking at these, Mike spotted a submarine a mile or two ahead of us, rising to the surface and heading in toward the Thames. It looked like one of the new nuclear models to us. The Sound, which is so many things to so many people, is to

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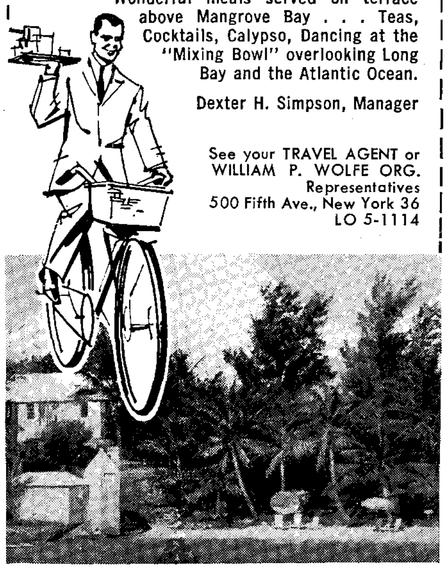

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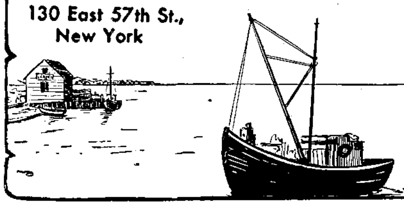

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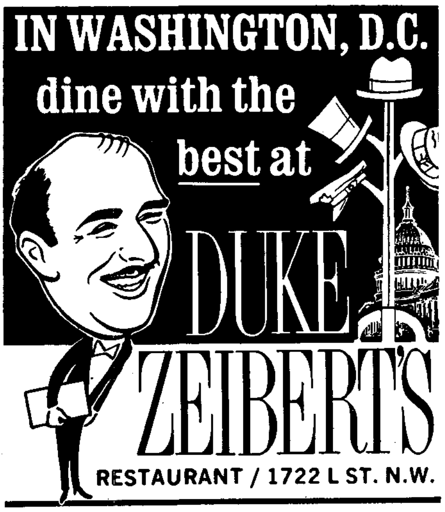

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submariners a test-and-training area. Nuclear submarines are built and launched in Groton, at the Electric Boat Division of the General Dynamics Corporation, and perform some of their initial test runs in the waters of the Sound between Niantic Bay and Plum Island; for deeper and more extended tests they go out through The Race into Block Island Sound and the Atlantic. Submariners in training at the New London naval base, across the Thames River from Groton, also use the eastern end of the Sound for some of their practice cruises, and the Coast and Geodetic Survey charts show their operating areas, outlining them in purple or red, and warning mariners to "*proceed with caution*" there and to stay away from naval target vessels flying large red flags. Under an often innocent-looking surface, the waters of the Sound hide a variety of hazards; besides submarines, there are undersea telephone cables that can foul one's anchor, sunken wrecks, shoals, rocks, fish traps, and rocky or hard bottoms where one cannot safely anchor. All these except the fish traps are shown on the more detailed charts, though.

The wind had died away almost to a dead calm, the water was gelatinous and slimy, and we could now see only about half a mile in any direction. Before long, we encountered an example of a bizarre phenomenon that sometimes occurs on the Sound under such conditions. The sailboat mariner, drifting along slowly, hears the far-off thrum of some unseen powerboat a mile or more away; then the sound recedes into the distance and is forgotten. Five or ten minutes later, a long, undulant line appears on the water some hundreds of yards off and rolls slowly toward him, eventually reaching him and rocking his boat about for a moment or two. This is the wake of the powerboat, and such a wake can travel a surprisingly long way over calm water without being dissipated.

Because the weather was dispiriting and the boat all but inert until we started up our motor, the sixteen miles from West Harbor to the mouth of the Connecticut River seemed a great distance. Actually, we reached the entrance to the river before 4 P.M. The mouth of the Connecticut is quite broad, but there are a couple of large areas of submerged delta there, which would make it quite tricky except that at the western side of it there is a dredged and marked channel. This is both wide and deep, being designed to handle the commercial traffic that

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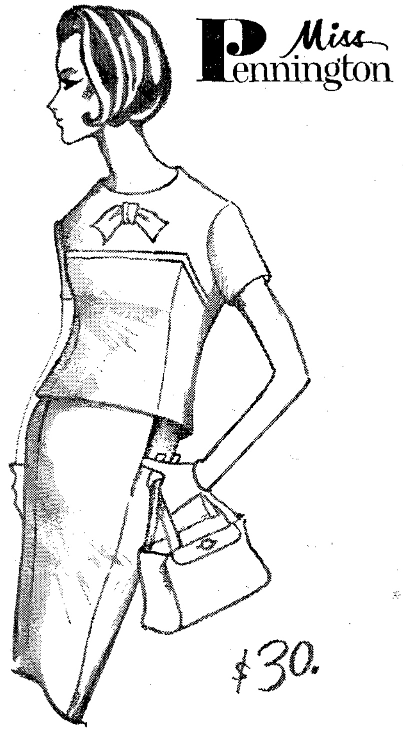

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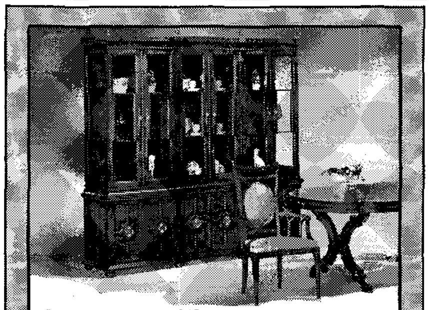

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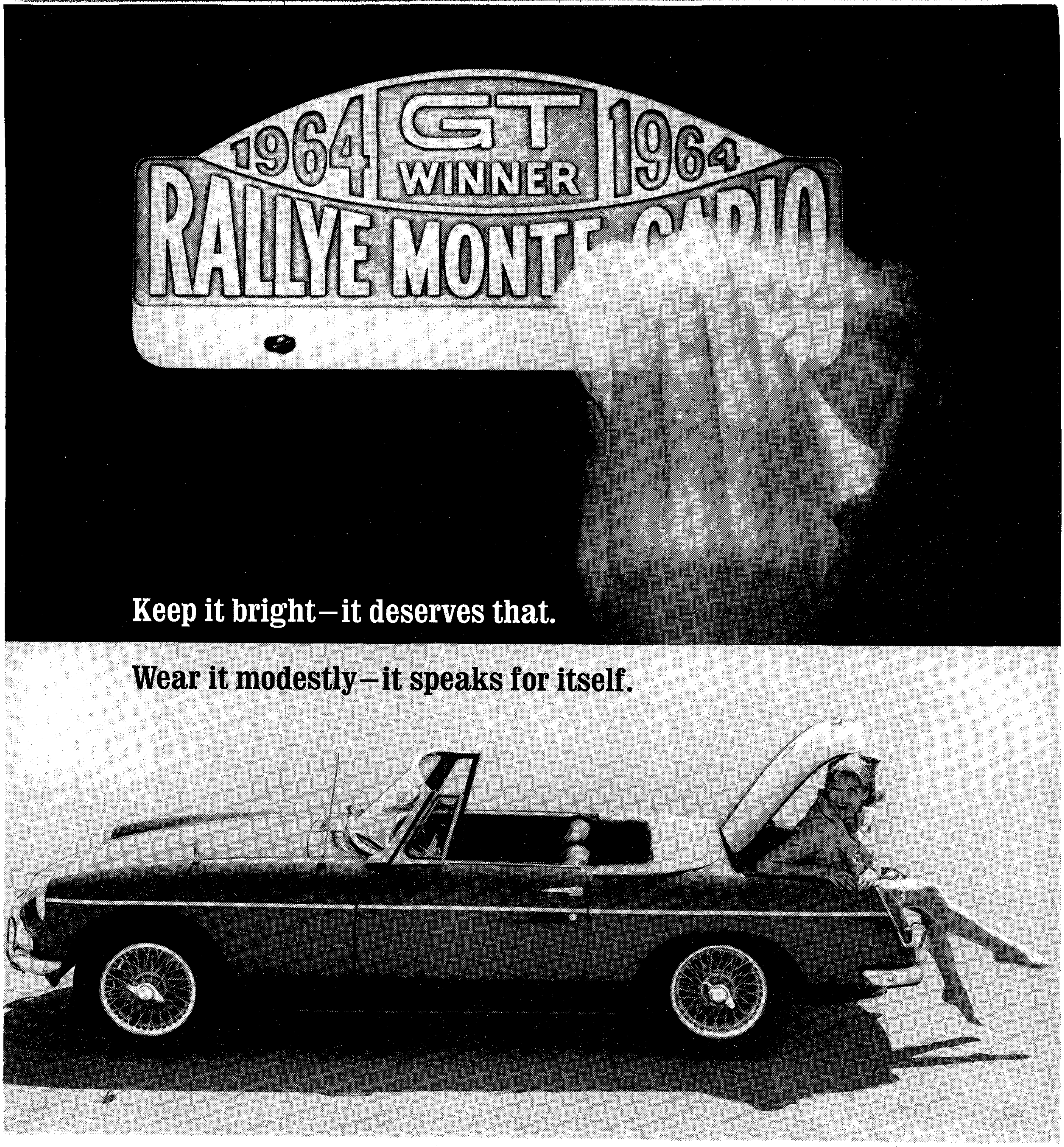
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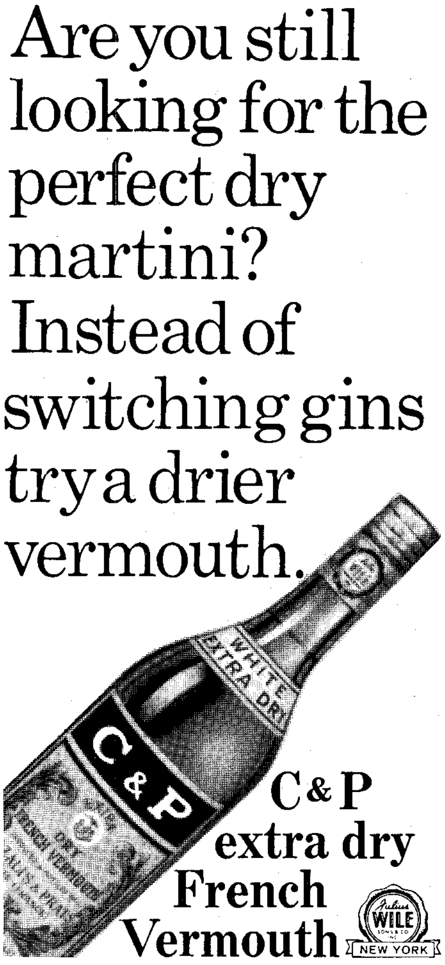
goes forty miles up the river to Hartford. Twin breakwaters outline the channel, and a fifty-eight-foot lighthouse on one of them monotonously utters a long, deep hoot somewhat like that of an ocean liner. Up the channel we proceeded, into the broad lower reaches of the river. A heavily loaded tanker pushed swiftly past us on its way to the interior of Connecticut, its deep wake rolling us about insanely. Half a dozen such tankers come here from the western end of the Sound every day, bringing central Connecticut most of its fuel oil and gasoline.

Some miles up the river are several places that are favorites with cruising yachtsmen, including the mint-condition eighteenth-century town of Essex and the isolated primitive inlet called Hamburg Cove. I had visited both in previous years, and while I had enjoyed them, this time I wanted to investigate the marina called Terra Mar, at Old Saybrook, just a mile inside the breakwaters. I had been told that it outdid even the Club Capri, in Port Washington, though I found this hard to believe. We now saw Terra Mar ahead of us on the west bank; its presence was attested by a large red neon sign and a neighboring modern-style hotel, all balconies and brightly enamelled wall panels. A long wooden breakwater sheltered the marina from the flow of the river and the wakes of the tankers; a wide opening in the breakwater gave us access to the docks.

Until we had completed the ticklish job of maneuvering Merrywend, with her feeble single screw, into a narrow slip, to which the dockmaster assigned us, and had set out mooring lines fore and aft, we had no time to look about and see what kind of place we were in. At last, though, we were free to punch open three cans of cold beer and sit back to take stock of our surroundings. Terra Mar seemed much smaller than the Club Capri—we presently found out that it had only seventy-seven slips, to Port Washington's two hundred-odd—but in some ways it was even plushier and even less nautical. The multicolored hotel was not a neighboring property but a part of the marina complex, though it was separately owned; it catered to those cruising transients who preferred land-based bedrooms to their own cabin-cruiser staterooms, and to those permanent clients of Terra Mar who invited groups of friends down to sit on the boat for a weekend, or even go out for a short ride, but had no place to put them up. On the shore near the dock area were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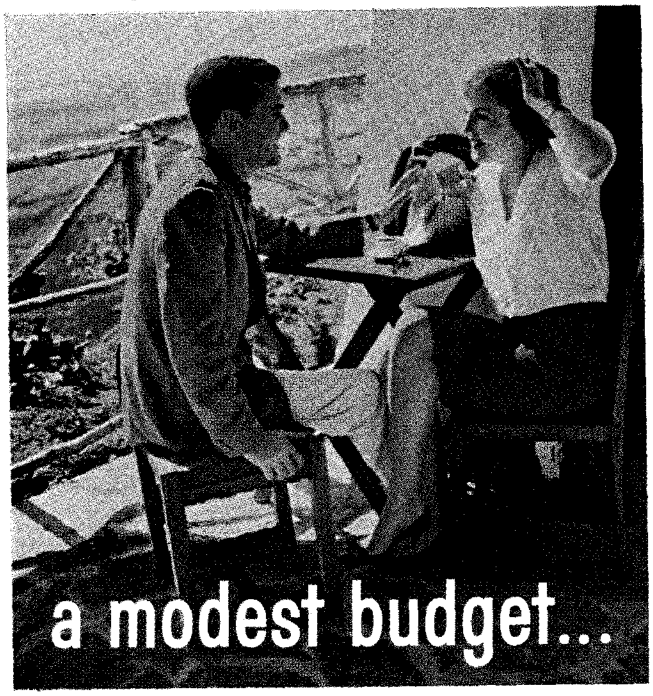
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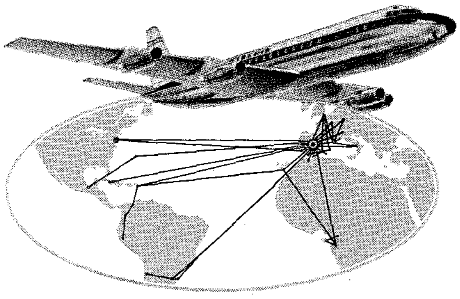

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*We English.

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HAIG & HAIG
SCOTCH WHISKY

not one but three swimming pools—one for children to wade in, one for divers, and one for swimmers. There was also, of course, a good deal of poolside space for those who chose neither to wade nor dive nor swim but, rather, to play canasta and lie in the sun. On the docks, a couple of women in high heels clip-clopped along on their way to the cocktail lounge and restaurant, leaving behind on their boats a couple of maids, one of them looking after two children and the other putting leashes on a brace of poodles preparatory to taking them for a walk onshore. Dogs are so much a part of the boating scene at Terra Mar that the marina's printed rules and regulations, handed out to every slip-owner and transient, specify that the animals must be kept under control at all times, and add politely but firmly, "Should the size or temperament of your dog disturb the peace of others, the management reserves the right to cancel dockage."

I got into conversation with a marina employee, who, in answer to a question from me about how much actual sailing these people did, said, "Frankly, most of our people aren't sailors at all. A boat is a summer place to them, and a possession to be proud of. They *play* boat, they don't go boating. When they want to feel nautical, they flip the switch to turn on the electric bilge pump, or run up their motors for a few minutes."

After dinner in the restaurant—which, far from making any pretense of being a mariners' eating place, had red-jacketed waiters, deep carpeting, and fancy chandeliers—we took a last walk around the docks in the dark. On one boat, a non-stop cocktail party was in progress; on another, dinner for six was being served by a maid in white; and elsewhere card games were under way, families were watching television, and children in pajamas were resisting the idea of bed.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21

THE plan this day was to make an easy twenty-mile straight run along the shore to the Thimbles, a cluster of tiny islands lying off the village of Stony Creek, eight miles east of New Haven, though in doing so we would be passing right by at least three of my favorite places for spending the night: Duck Island Roads, a lonely offshore anchorage created by two long rock breakwaters; Clinton Harbor, an old New England town with a quiet and pleasant marina; and Guilford, another old New England town, with some particularly handsome eighteenth-cen-

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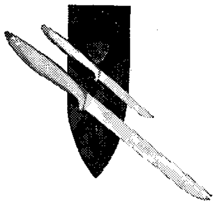

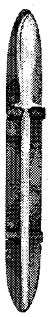

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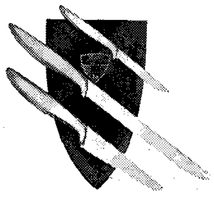

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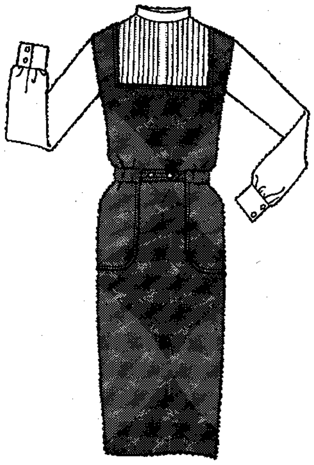

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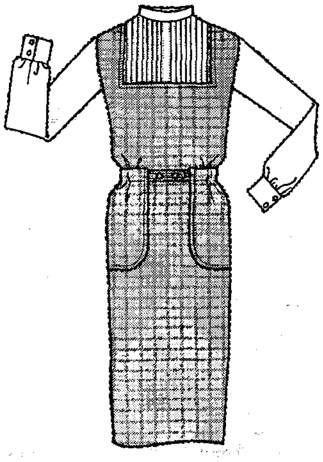

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tury saltbox houses. The Connecticut shore offers the admirer of Colonial towns a rich selection—at the moment, that is, for they may soon disappear under a flood of shopping centers, drive-in movies, and modern office buildings—and the visitor gets a better view of the towns when he comes by boat than when he drives, simply because a mariner ashore is a pedestrian, and proceeds at a leisurely pace as he goes about seeking supplies and services, while the average motorist rushes in, pulls up near some famous building or other, stares at it through the car window, and then rushes back to the highway. We had already spent some time in old towns, however, so right now I was more interested in the Thimbles, which had been strongly recommended to me by the owner of Merrywend. Twenty miles is not much, and, on a good day, ought to be no more than a four- or five-hour sail, but the current would help us only until 12:30 P.M., and by 1:30 P.M. would be a distinct hindrance, so an early start was in order. Unfortunately, the morning was foggy and we could see no farther than the nearest channel marker in the river. We therefore followed a procedure that is followed all summer long by innumerable mariners, not to mention sun worshippers and fishermen: we looked up at the sky every ten minutes and announced with conviction that the fog would burn off inside an hour. This time estimate is usually incorrect, but since fog always does burn off sooner or later, the prophet can see his prediction justified eventually if only he makes it often enough. Today, as it happened, the fog did burn off early; the blue began appearing directly overhead before 10 A.M., and a few minutes later, having paid our bill, we moved into the river under power and hoisted sail.

Outside the breakwaters, the visibility was fair, and we set course for the Thimbles, on a starboard tack. A light but steady wind from the north made us glide as evenly over the smooth water as if we were on a pond. It was a day of changeless, trancelike sailing, suspending us in a warm, thoughtless lethargy. The light wind was so steady and we had trimmed the sails to so nice a balance of pressures upon the boat that we could let the wheel alone for a whole minute at a time. The heat of the sun, combined with the haze, which made the details of the shore vaporous and unimportant, and the absence of other boats on the water, caused the day to slip by in a dream. In our half-asleep state, the pastel scenes and the

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DESIGNED BY NEUMA AGINS

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

names came and went, blended and overlapped. There were tree-clothed promontories venturing out into the sea from the rolling green countryside—Cornfield Point, Sachem Head. There were gently concave bays between the points, each with its strip of pale beach, its scattered mansions, and its little cluster of summer cottages—Westbrook Harbor, Duck Island Roads, Clinton Harbor, Joshua Cove. There were islands, some of them mere craggy peaks awash, some of them long sandspits covered with pale-green salt grass, and some of them more substantial and boasting houses, bushes, and wind-twisted trees. There were towns, half guessed at in the golden haze from a glimpse of roof, a water tower, a wisp of smoke, or a church spire—Westbrook, Clinton, Madison, East River, Guilford. And there was an almost unbroken string of summer communities on the water's edge, their roofs and windows glinting now and again in the sun. Only occasionally did we see things on the water itself—a faraway, ghostly-looking tanker, a small open boat into which three men were silently and doggedly hauling up lobster traps by hand, a soundless sailboat or two, a distantly throbbing powerboat.

At last, there appeared, rising out of the water ahead and seeming to float upon it, a little flotilla of green blobs, which, as we drew closer, turned out to be trees growing on slabs of white granitic rock. These slabs were the Thimbles—a tiny archipelago resulting from the partial drowning by the Sound of several folded ridges of granite. The islets lie mostly in three closely spaced rows running northeast to southwest, the northeasternmost being less than a mile offshore. How many there are in all is not certain. The Chamber of Commerce of Branford, the town with jurisdiction over the island, speaks of thirty islands, or about as many as a detailed chart gives names to, taking no account of scores of minor rocks; their names range from the straightforward Outer Thimble to the more flavorful Dogfish Island, East Stooping Bush Island, and, loveliest of all, Cut-in-Two Island. We could look down an avenue of water perhaps two hundred yards wide between two rows of larger islands. In here, between Money Island and West Crib, the "Cruising Guide" promised a pleasant and sheltered place to anchor. We dropped our Genoa, glided in slowly on the mainsail alone, rounded into the wind between Money Island and West Crib, and there dropped the mainsail and let go the anchor. Despite the fact that

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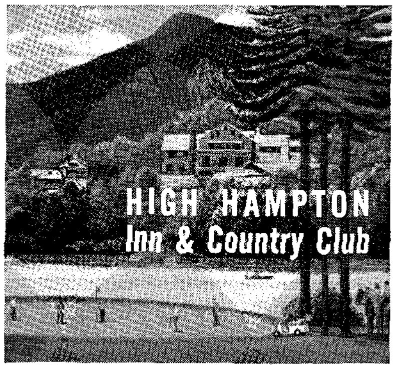

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a friend and the "Cruising Guide" had told us to come here, we felt as though we had discovered the Thimbles; not another boat was to be seen at the moment, though on weekends, I'd been told, a score or more might anchor here overnight. All around us, nearby and far off, lay islands, some mere granite outcroppings and others covered with trees and shrubs. Most of them were untamed-looking, even when a house or two had managed to find a toehold upon them, but the one nearest to us—Money Island, about a hundred yards to the southeast—had homely little wooden houses practically cheek by jowl all along the shoreline overlooking our anchorage. In this idyllic setting, even those houses had a kind of pert winsomeness, perched defiantly and illogically, as they were, on a great slab of rock topped with trees.

Toward sundown, the weather being warm and sunny, and the water around us clear and flowing, we got into bathing suits and went over the side. While we were in the water, it occurred to me that we might swim over to Money Island and try wading ashore. The Thimbles are private property, and yachtsmen are not welcomed when they try to tie up there, but I felt that swimmers might get a kinder reception. So we swam across, crawled cautiously up sloping rocks covered with tiny barnacles, and walked across a border of rough grass toward the row of houses. Mike, who had attended an all-night party on Money Island when he was an undergraduate at Yale, asked a man painting a wooden walkway where the McCammond house was. The painter didn't know, but an elderly couple, having overheard us, popped out of a nearby house and began to chat with us about the McCammonds, who had sold their house years ago.

The couple introduced themselves as Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Coley, and seemed very willing to describe life on the Thimbles. Mr. Coley, a dignified, clean-featured man who looked like a retired banker but actually used to be a brass-factory foreman in Waterbury, Connecticut, took us on a leisurely tour of the island, walking with the aid of a cane. "We've got thirty houses—more than any other island in the Thimbles," he said. "We run the island like a private club, through an association of property owners. The island belonged to the government until a fellow named Colonel Dickerson bought it, more than seventy-five years ago, and cut it up into lots. Wasn't much of anything here then except a few fishing shacks. Most of the houses and improvements have gone up since I started coming here, fifty years ago. We're still very much an island; we don't have electricity, and most of us use kerosene lamps for our light and compressed gas for our stoves and refrigerators. We get our drinking water from just one well—that's it over there, in that little open area. It's thirty feet deep. Where the fresh water comes from I don't know. You'd think the rain that falls on this rock would run right off, but I guess a lot filters down through the crevices into some kind of soil below. We have cisterns to catch rainwater off our roofs for washing, and most of us use little one-cylinder gasoline engines to pump seawater up for our toilets. Over there is one of our two telephone booths. Several people have private lines now, but the rest of us rely on the booths. There's a button-and-buzzer system, so whoever answers the phone can signal around the island for the party that's wanted. See that funny-looking gray house? That's the McCammond place you were asking about. It used to be a dance hall long ago. A boat from New Haven used to bring people out on Sundays, and they'd have a gay time. But then the island gradually became a family place. We prefer it that way."

While Mr. Coley talked, I had been noticing the ingenious way in which people had tailored their houses to the rugged granite. The porch of the McCammond house was typical. It had been fitted around an upthrust finger of rock, the floor running up to the rock and surrounding it, so that the rock became a porch ornament. Elsewhere, houses were perched on sloping slabs of granite, or cantilevered out from them, or molded to the shape of the rock backing them. Couples sat on some of the porches, children raced up and down between the houses, and in one backyard a group of people were standing around a charcoal fire drinking cocktails.

I asked how the Money Islanders got their food and other supplies.

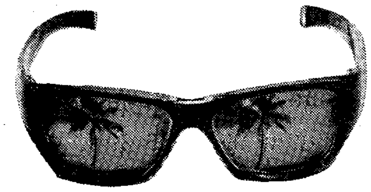
"A launch runs out from Stony Creek every hour between 7 A.M. and 9 P.M. for a dollar the round trip, and its four-o'clock run is what we call the grocery boat," Mr. Coley said. "If we phone the Stony Creek grocery store in the morning, they'll put our order on the four-o'clock boat and it'll be dropped off for us at the dock."

By now, we had completed our tour

(Advertisement)

CHA-CHA-CHA, SANGAREE & DUTY FREE

Trinidad/Puerto Rico/The Virgin Islands



by Peter Griffith

These three islands are as different from each other as they are from home. Puerto Rico blends old-world Spanish charm with modern comfort in a most unusual way. Trinidad brings East and West together to produce a polyglot culture like no other on earth. St. Thomas is a combination of playground and happy bargain-hunting ground that's truly unique. And each has a glamorous Hilton Hotel waiting to serve you in the grand manner. Air-conditioned comfort. Tasteful, modern decor. Excellent local and international cuisine.

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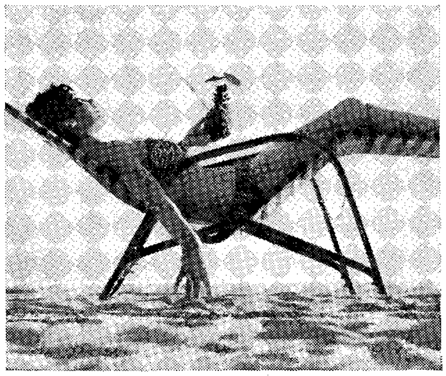

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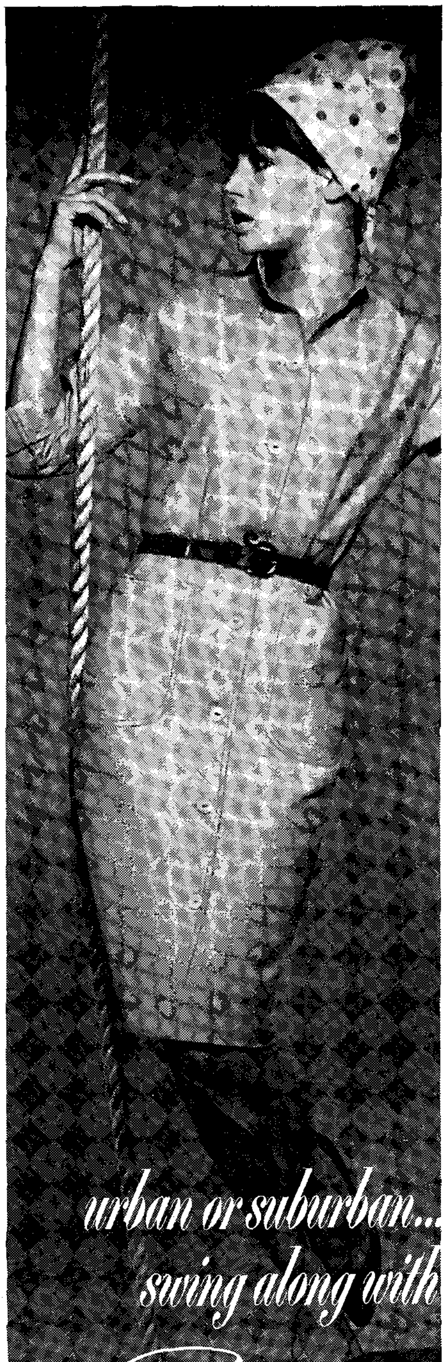

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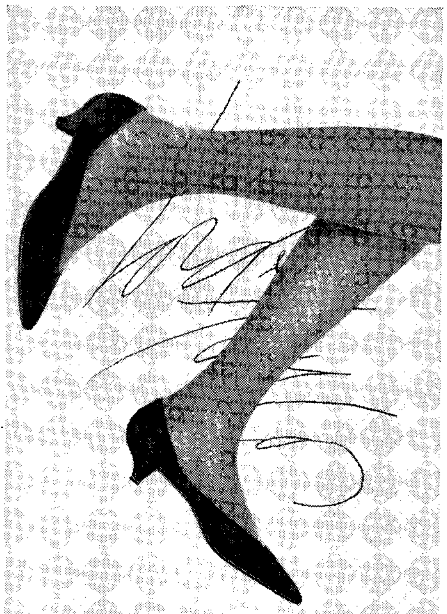
of the island, which is only a sixth of a mile long, and had returned to the Coleys' house, where we found Mrs. Coley sitting on the porch. I asked her about the housekeeping problems of island life, and she escorted Mike and me inside and showed us the cistern, the pumps, and other facilities of which her husband had spoken. I inquired whether the house was warm enough in winter, and she told me that Money Island is inhabited only during the summer. "Everybody is off by late fall," she said. "That's when the launch stops running. And you couldn't live out here in winter even if you had your own boat. The well freezes, and these houses aren't winterized, and the Sound sometimes gets so full of ice between here and the shore that you can't use a boat."

When we returned to Merrywend, I had to get to work, because it was my night to cook. I served a round of drinks, with crackers and cheese spreads, and then Scotch broth, an entrée of canned boiled ham with Dijon mustard, French-sliced beans, potato salad, the remains of a bottle of Bardolino Bolla we opened last week (it seemed none the worse for having been sloshed around through several storms), and oatmeal cookies and coffee. We ate in the twilight and finished almost in the dark, with the black water lapping gently at our hull, and the islands now remote and invisible except for a scattering of yellow lights in house windows. Growing drowsy, we leaned back on the cockpit cushions, turned on the radio, and listened to a Brandenburg Concerto. I could scarcely remember a pleasanter evening.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 22

AT 6:30 A.M., there was nothing outside the porthole by my bunk except a cottony whiteness. I stood up in the companionway and looked out the hatch; we seemed to be floating alone in the universe, in the center of a small patch of water that blended into gray-white nothingness twenty yards away. After straining my eyes for a while, I finally saw—or thought I saw—the shadowy silhouette of a sloop that had anchored near us late yesterday afternoon, and, in another direction, several oyster stakes I had noticed on our way in. But fifteen minutes later the fog had thickened, as it sometimes does at dawn, and the sloop and the oyster stakes were gone; Merrywend was now lost in a gray, clammy limbo. A motor throbbed somewhere and came closer, running very slowly. It dropped



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Unfortunately, a sordid few have their own peculiar notions of what it is to get more out of life the Land-Rover way.*

Since these unwholesome activities are more newsy than family trips to the back country, beachbuggying, and an honest job of work, the papers have been chock-full of high and low crimes involving our apparently indispensable 4-wheel drive vehicle.

So much so that we feel we must make our stand clear, and also point out how we are doing our bit to fight lawlessness wherever it appears in the world. Let us start with this example from Southeast Asia:

(1) FIGHTS OPIUM SMUGGLERS

This report of the Land-Rover's deploying on the side of law and order has been relayed to us by Joel Fort, M.D., consultant to the World Health Organization on narcotics matters.

Dr. Fort, after a recent survey trip through Thailand, reports that the police use the Land-Rover to pursue opium smugglers. Their choice of our machine for this laudable assignment is doubtless prompted by the Land-Rover's awesome reputation among lawmen, being used by the police of 37 countries.

Another reason may be that it's the only way they have a prayer of catching the opium smugglers, 10 out of 10 of whom prefer Land-Rovers in their ill-advised work.

"Prefer" is not an apt word here, since it suggests an alternative. For your opium smuggler there is no alternative; the Land-Rover alone is rugged and adaptable enough to make it through the mountains from Burma, Laos, and China to market.

So it boils down to: "Set a Land-Rover to catch a Land-Rover." For those of you interested in specifications, the vehicles of both the hunters and the hunted are Model 88's with the canvas tops removed.

Guns Fore or Aft

The chief point of difference seems to be that, whereas the opium version has its machine gun tripod (not a catalogue accessory) mounted aft to discourage tag-a-longs, the police model has *its* tripod mounted forward and elevated enough to clear the windscreen should a quick burst be necessary.

This conjures up images of Our Product being blasted by shot no matter who is on top; an unhappy prospect for a firm that abhors forced obsolescence, profitable though it may be.

To forestall harsh correspondence we should like to clear up one thing:

When somebody comes into our showroom in, say, Bangkok, we have no way of telling how he stands on decency. One of the most furtive looking customers one could ever hope to meet turned out to be a vicar. Also, Land-Rover prospects rarely sport Opium Running Association badges on their blazers.

Supposing a man introduces himself as a planter from up country, and says he wants to mount a tripod so his little boy can whang away at vermin with his air gun? Were we to refuse to take his money graciously we'd be letting ourselves in for a very nasty court action.

We hope this satisfies everyone.

(2) AGAINST BOBBY SHOCKING

We are distressed by the following misguided solution to the parking problem:

Murky accounts from the British press tell of an over-zealous Londoner who rigs a heavily charged electric fence around his Land-Rover, ostensibly to protect it from thieves.

However, police seeking to affix parking tickets have been laid out flat. Unfortunately there is no law against it, so the poor fellows have no recourse.

While your Land-Rover is capacious enough to conveniently accommodate such a unit, we urge moderation.

(3) DEPLORES WAGE SNATCH

It was with dismay that we recently learned that the Land-Rover was not the only one of our stable in use by the underworld. Still, the following account from the London Daily Telegraph is not devoid of a certain curious charm.

Under the headlines, "Three Hurt in Wage Snatch", and, "Four-foot Eight-inch Cleaner Was Escort for £890," the story goes:

"A five man gang who rammed a wages car and snatched £890 at South Tottenham, yesterday, attacked two women GPO employees and a man who were in the car.

"The gang were waiting in a gray Rover car as the wages vehicle, a hired car with driver, approached the junction of Heysham Road and Seven Sisters Road.

"Wildly With Coshes"

"The bandits opened the vehicle. They forced open the hired car doors and struck out wildly with coshes at the people inside before escaping by car."

The report goes on to state that the man who had been detailed to act as escort for the money was 4 ft. 8 in. high. In his statement he said, "I was not able to do anything as I was sitting in the back of the car and the money was in the front..."

"Asked why a bigger man was not sent to guard the money a Post Office spokesman said: 'I can't comment on our security arrangements'."

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*Last year's Great Train Robbery alone netted £2,500,000 ($7,000,000).

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down to idling speed and I could hear voices; then it revved up a bit and moved, unseen, across our stern. The time was 7 A.M., and I concluded that the launch was running on schedule. I felt considerable admiration for the man at the wheel, who on a morning like this could find his way among the islands by compass and timing.

For anyone else, of course, it would have been idiocy to move a boat around in such weather, so after breakfast we waited as patiently as we could for the fog to burn off. It began to thin a little toward 9 A.M.; the light brightened, and we could faintly see the outlines of the islands on either side of us. Although the visibility was only a few hundred feet, we decided we could safely hoist anchor and leave; the passage out from between the islands and through the nearby rocks was well marked, and I could navigate buoy-to-buoy until we reached open water. Thus far on the trip, I had had no need to do any of this kind of navigating, so today presented an opportunity, of sorts. Navigating buoy-to-buoy is not a complex procedure, but it does call for close attention. Starting at any known buoy, the navigator consults the chart, finds the distance and the proper compass course to the next buoy, and gives the heading to the helmsman—provided, that is, that the wind will allow the boat to sail that way. If not, it may be necessary to make a series of short tacks, plotting them out on the chart to see where the boat is getting to. Judging the speed through the water from experience, and making due allowance for the effect of the current at the moment, the navigator predicts when the next buoy should appear out of the fog ahead. When it does, and is definitely identified by color, shape, and number, he is ready to name the heading for another buoy.

At 9:20 A.M., we hoisted anchor and motored slowly down the channel between the islands, on a course of 233° magnetic. About six hundred yards beyond Horse Island, Can 5 appeared thirty or forty yards off our starboard side, as we had expected, and we thereupon altered course ten degrees to the left to avoid a reef lying between Can 5 and Nun 4, as yet unseen. In a little while, both Nun 4 and Can 3, beyond it, were dimly but reassuringly visible; there was a safe passage between them, and we turned to 280° magnetic and went through it, meanwhile hoisting sail and killing the motor. The wind was light, and we estimated our speed under sail at two to three knots; with just a mile to go to Can 1, at Gang-

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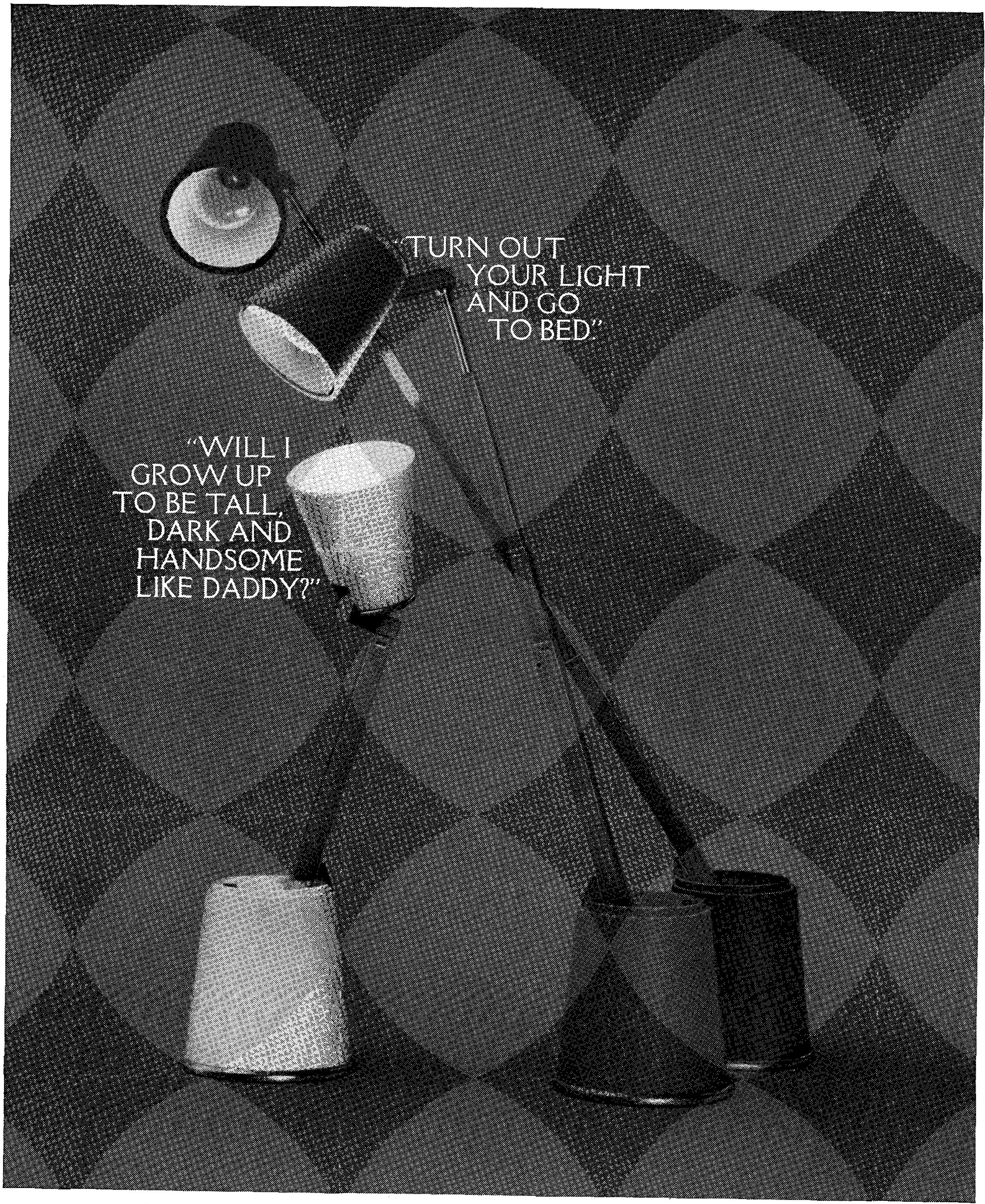

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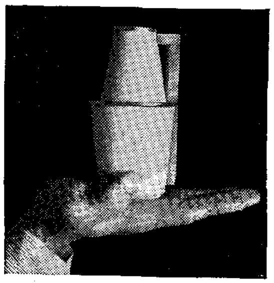

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way Rock, we expected to be upon it in about twenty minutes, and to see it dead ahead in fifteen. It most gratifyingly appeared right on schedule, and we swung left at once to 228°, which would take us to Branford Reef lighthouse, a mile and a third away. The fog was now dissolving rapidly, though, and when we were still half a mile from the lighthouse we were able to see it. Because our distance from the shore was more than a mile, we felt that it would be quite safe not to travel the full distance to the lighthouse, and, instead, we took up a westward heading that would keep us outside all obstructions and bring us to the mouth of New Haven Harbor in about an hour.

New Haven is the busiest commercial port on Long Island Sound, and has been since the early eighteen-hundreds, when many of its ships cleared for such distant places as China and the South Seas. It is usually shunned by yachtsmen, but I wanted to see what it was like. The tapering harbor is a mile and a half wide at its mouth and three miles deep, and is protected by three stone breakwaters lying well out in the Sound. A broad channel, dredged deep enough for large cargo ships, runs through the breakwaters and up the middle of the harbor to the city. We rounded Morgan Point, on the eastern side of the harbor mouth, at 11 A.M. and started up the harbor proper. Out here near the Sound, all we could see on the shoreline was a public beach, an amusement park, and some private houses, but soon enough there began to appear, along both sides, the grimy, busy world of industry. Well up in the harbor, the east side was a forest of cranes and a sooty jumble of freighters, coal piles, conveyors, smokestacks, and gas tanks, while the west side consisted of railroad yards, factories, and tall office buildings. The prevailing haze and our distance from the shore made everything seem quite removed and otherworldly, but then, gradually, we became aware of the city in a new way: we heard it. Across the water and all around us there was now the sound of the city's breathing—a deep, pervasive roar, oceanic and yet mechanical, that was a blending of the noises of trains and trucks and buses, machinery and cars, factories and waterfront cranes. Together, they produced a continuous grinding, humming *sostenuto* note—a sound that one is hardly ever conscious of when one is actually in a city.

Having had a close enough look at urban life for the moment, we came about and tacked down the channel. We felt a sense of escape as the muffled

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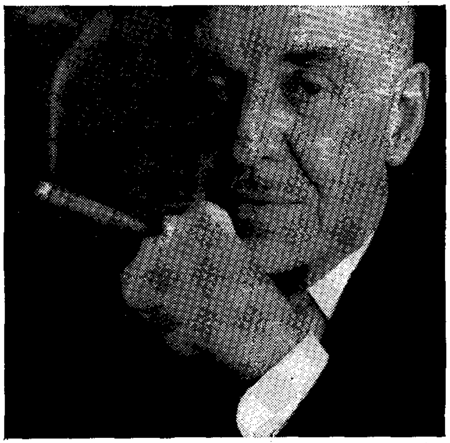

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din and the stained air receded astern, yet outside the harbor mouth things were not altogether pleasant this day; the air had become increasingly hazy and humid, and the wind was failing. We were indolent and grouchy, and the gulls lined up on the long, bleak breakwaters seemed to share our feelings; instead of flying or gliding, they sat unmoving and stared mindlessly out to sea. Drifting along in the lightest of winds, we fell into a half sleep, until after about three hours we passed Nun 12, off Pond Point, and could see the deep semicircle of Milford Harbor a mile and a half ahead. On the horizon far to our left was a row of ballooning bright-colored spinnakers, so we knew a race was in progress, and as we drew closer to Milford Harbor, the spinnakers rapidly grew larger; they were on 210s—sleek thirty-foot day-sailers—that were returning to Milford Yacht Club, just inside the mouth of the Wepawaug River, at the inner end of the harbor. This being our destination, too, we dropped sail and started up the motor, to let the racing boats troop in before us, still flying their gaily colored spinnakers. When they were all safely inside, we followed them, and were assigned by the dockmaster to a fore-and-aft mooring tucked in close to scores of other pleasure craft and only a dozen yards from a channel in which power cruisers, fishing boats, tugs, and oyster boats were plowing to and fro.

When I first visited Milford by boat, ten years ago, it seemed wonderfully unchanged from older days, and the people at the simple, unpretentious yacht club struck me as unusually friendly and easygoing. The river was pleasantly but not densely cluttered with pleasure boats and oyster dredges; squadrons of brown ducks paddled around, complaining vociferously; a little beach in front of the yacht club was always dotted with children; and bustling about importantly was a denim-clad, red-faced hulk of a man, known to all seasoned Long Island Sound mariners as Captain Bradley, who served both club members and transients as an unofficial nautical factotum and could fix nearly anything in a matter of minutes. Today, Milford's charm has worn a bit thin. There are too many boats, the water is consequently rather foul, Captain Bradley is on the outs with the yacht club, and since the opening of the Connecticut Turnpike the village has begun to turn into just another bedroom town, serving New Haven to the east and Bridgeport to the west. Even so, Mike and Alan and I found it a pleasant place to

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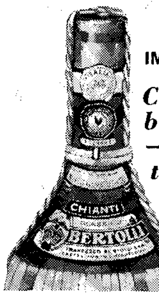

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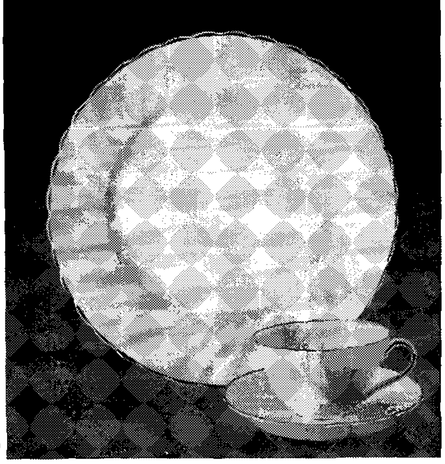

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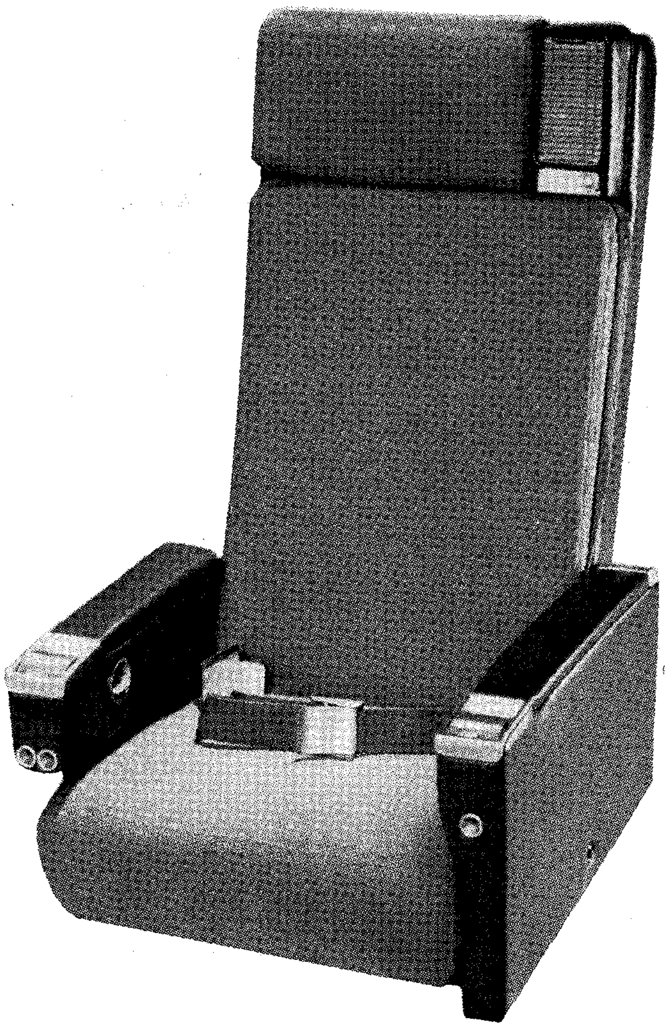

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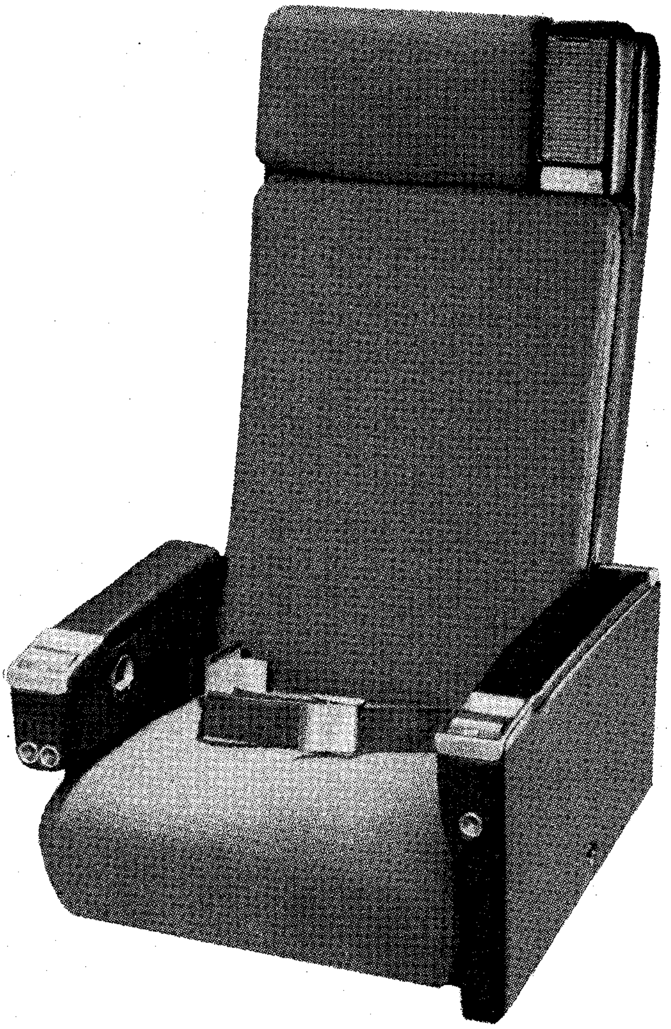

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be, but I wonder how long it will keep this quality.

We showered in a bathhouse onshore, phoned for a taxi, and had dinner in town. (We had expected to eat at the club, but tonight they were having a special buffet dinner for the crews of the 210s.) After dinner, Mike and Alan went down to the beach and slumped into a couple of deck chairs, and I headed for the club to see what I could see. A couple of hundred sunburned extroverts in sports clothes were eating and talking at a great rate. I asked to meet one of the club's officers, and was soon having coffee with its Vice-Commodore, Thurston B. Sumner. He explained that the race I had seen this afternoon included representatives of every fleet of 210s entering the national championships—eighteen in all—and that they would be racing again in the morning. Most of the crewmen in this class were young adults, he said, but the Milford Yacht Club had fleets of five other classes of boats—Blue Jays, Lightnings, Thistles, Stars, and Fireflies—which youngsters could manage. "We're probably the most active sailing club in the Sound," he went on. "As you can see, we don't go in much for the fancier side of yacht-club life. This is essentially a racing and family club. I guess that's one of the reasons transients have always considered us friendly rather than snobbish. Only trouble is, nowadays it's got so we just can't handle them all, especially when we have a regatta of our own going on. It's got so that boats that used to moor in here without any difficulty are having to anchor outside in the harbor, in the lee of Charles Island. That isn't any too comfortable in an easterly wind, and the launch can't go way out there for them, but what can we do? Sometimes I wonder what's going to happen to the whole business of boating on the Sound. Things are changing fast, and at the present rate we simply won't be able to be hospitable to visitors. Boating will go the way motoring did, and that will be a sad thing to see."

On this dismal note, we finished our coffee, and said good night. I collected my crew outside, and rowed with them back to Merrywend through masses of raucously indignant ducks.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 23

AT Milford, the Sound is still seventeen miles wide, but west of there it begins to constrict, and its shoreline becomes ever more densely populated. Since we were now less than thirty miles from Stamford, we would have only one more night on the boat, and

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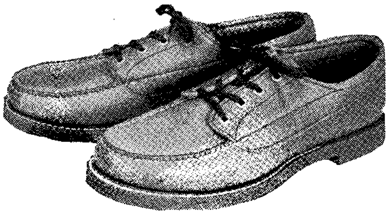
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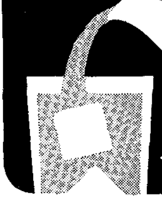
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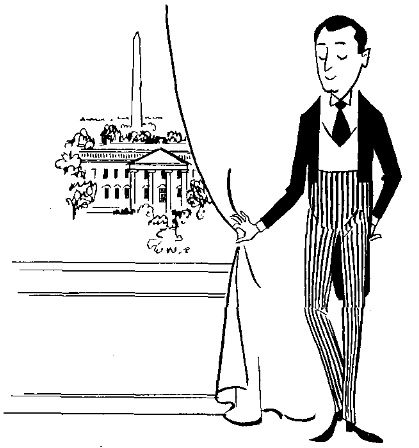
we wanted to make the most of our last chance to anchor out and savor the sense of solitude and remoteness now so nearly unobtainable at this end of the Sound. After studying both the charts and the "Cruising Guide," we decided to try anchoring near Sheffield Island, one of a group of islands lying just south of Norwalk.

This morning, the eastern part of the United States, including Milford, was still covered by a mass of warm, humid southern air. When I awoke, it lay motionless and almost viscid, and fog cloaked the river and harbor. There was nothing to be done until it lifted, and when it did, about ten o'clock, there was no wind at all, so we started the motor, and eased away from the mooring. The cheerful young men and women coming out to their moored 210s were faced with the prospect of paddling two miles to the bell outside Milford Harbor where the race would begin, and on our way out we picked up a towline and hauled a string of six of them along with us; two other boats using power towed the remainder. When they dropped off at the bell, they hoisted sail and, miraculously, were able to glide around, wringing movement out of the faintest of breezes. Soon it came up a little stronger, and then we, too, hoisted sail and began moving slowly along.

We proceeded southwest, and before long we could see the breakwater outside the mouth of the Housatonic River and, near it, the lighthouse on Stratford Point. Looking north across the marshes on the eastern side of the Housatonic, we could also see the upper part of the Shakespeare Theatre, two and a half miles away, its teak planking and great frontal diadem unmistakable even through this morning's milky air. Over the past few years, I have arrived by boat three times for performances at the Stratford Shakespeare Theatre, and have concluded that this is the most agreeable way imaginable to go to a show. One sails from someplace an easy day's journey away, such as Price Bend, at Huntington Harbor, leaving at 9 A.M., say, and spending the morning and early afternoon crossing the Sound on a long diagonal. Then, if all has gone well, one drops anchor near the breakwater outside the Housatonic and has a good swim, perhaps using saltwater soap first on deck to turn the swim into a bath. Then into clean sports clothes, and upstream using power. (This river has a current that can reach two and a half knots.) Beyond the Bridgeport municipal airport and the Sikorsky helicopter plant, the



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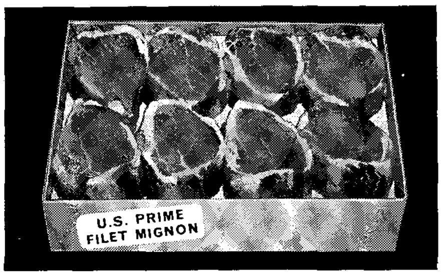

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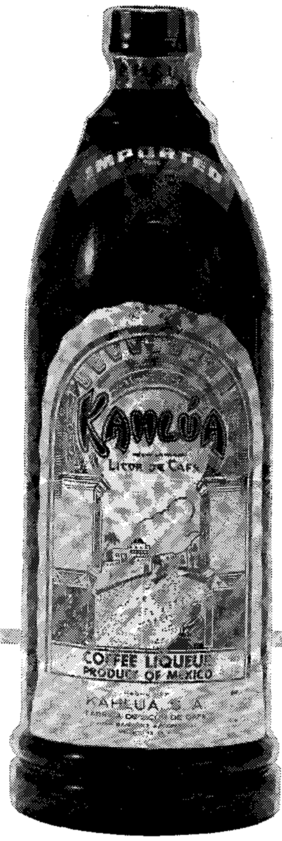

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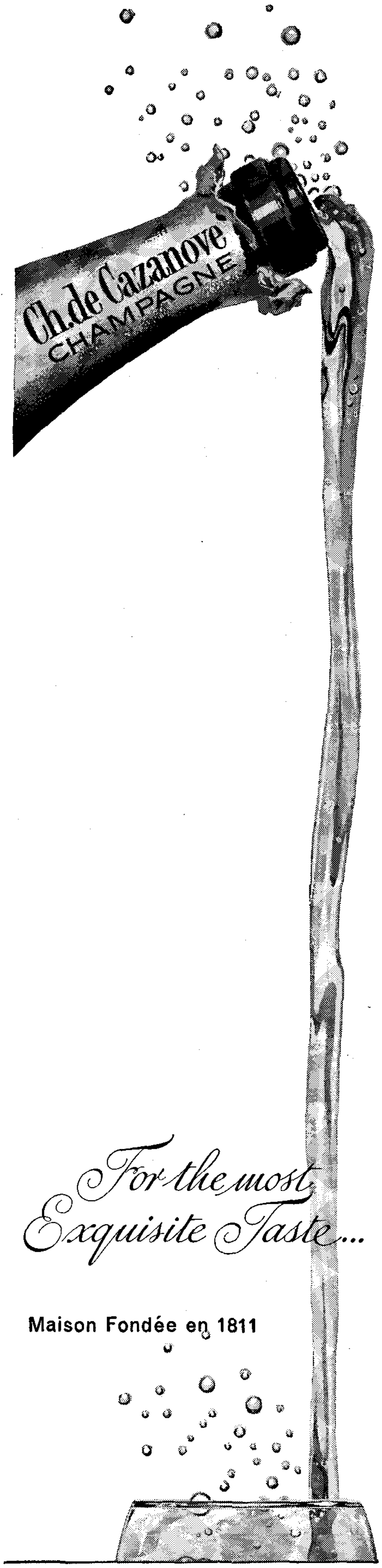
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river curves around to the right and the theatre looms up, handsomely archaic-looking, on the west bank. Just near it on the river are the dock and small white clubhouse of the Housatonic Boat Club, which has very little room for transients but is willing to lend them moorings of members who are out on extended cruises. There are also two boatyards a bit farther upstream, where one can moor if the Boat Club is full. One arrives at the theatre feeling infinitely superior to the landlubbers coming in by car from New York.

Half a mile beyond Stratford Point, the wind failed completely, leaving us motionless on a dead-calm sea. For a time, we tried to wait patiently, like good sailors, for the wind to return, but we sweltered in the sticky heat, and we were tormented by flies that came swarming over the water to join us, so presently we started up the motor and plowed ahead, the breeze of our movement cooling us off and carrying away some of our unwanted guests. Later on, we dropped and furled the sails, and we made no further effort to use them today. Our course took us past the looming smoky ugliness of Bridgeport, the spacious and handsome estates around Black Rock Harbor, the closely packed hip-roofed clapboard houses of Pine Creek Point, and, finally, the waterfront mansions near Southport, whose church spires we could see a short way inland.

Then the Norwalk Islands appeared ahead, green and low-lying, and scattered more widely than the Thimbles. The Norwalk Islands—there are sixteen of them, not counting mere rocks—are strung out in a line some five miles long and more or less parallel to the irregular shoreline about half a mile out. The broad sheet of water between the islands and the mainland is, like so many other harbor areas in the Sound, both tempting and treacherous; much of it is only a foot or two deep at low tide, and the parts that are deeper than that are liberally sprinkled with rocks and sandbars just barely covered at middle or high tide. Any stranger entering these waters in the days before charts either was in trouble almost at once or had to proceed at dead slow, taking soundings constantly. Accordingly, the Norwalk Islands were a rallying point during the Revolutionary War for Continental whaleboat crews, who were at home in their waters, and who made forays out into the Sound now and again to attack British boats, which could not easily pursue them when they retreated to their fastness. Despite the shallow

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and hazardous character of Cockenoe Island Harbor and Sheffield Island Harbor, as the stretch of water between the islands and the mainland is called, there is an excellently marked channel leading through it, most of which is as straight as Fifth Avenue. Midway along the channel, in fact, there is the best landmark for twenty miles along the Connecticut coast—a tremendous smokestack towering over a large, modern-style blue-green power plant, which provides electricity for Norwalk, South Norwalk, and adjacent areas. The channel serves not only pleasure boats but the power plant, and even before we had got fairly into it, a large, dark tug named M. & J. Tracy chugged past us towing a heavily loaded coal barge up to the plant's unloading area, where a crane proceeded to bite off great mouthfuls of its coal and spit them out in a black heap on the shore. Watching our chart closely, we made our way between various lighthouses and buoys in a winding part of the channel. This took us past Cockenoe Island and Goose Island, the former a rather bleak piece of grass-covered flatland and the latter a mere sandspit. The other islands looked a little more appealing; from the channel, we could not make out all the details of their terrain, but we could tell that some were grassy hillocks with a few trees strewn around, while others were larger and were occupied by wooden houses, some landscaping, cabañas, and umbrellas. The channel itself was not very busy this afternoon, but in the shallow waters outside it small powerboats were zipping around, and a few daysailers were trying to make some headway, despite the lack of wind. To our right loomed the massive power plant, which had lights gleaming from some of its windows and a plume of brownish smoke rising almost straight upward from its stack. Ahead of us and to our left, at the far end of the channel, lay Sheffield Island, overgrown and apparently uninhabited, and with fairly deep and reasonably sheltered water on its north side, which, we felt, would be far enough from the channel, with its power station, and also from the mainland to give us the illusion of remoteness we sought. We dropped anchor near Sheffield Island at 4:30 P.M., revelling in our aloneness. We were alone only in a relative sense, though, for there was an immense ketch anchored half a mile farther along the shore of the island, and a power cruiser a quarter mile away in the other direction.

The evening turned into a kind of

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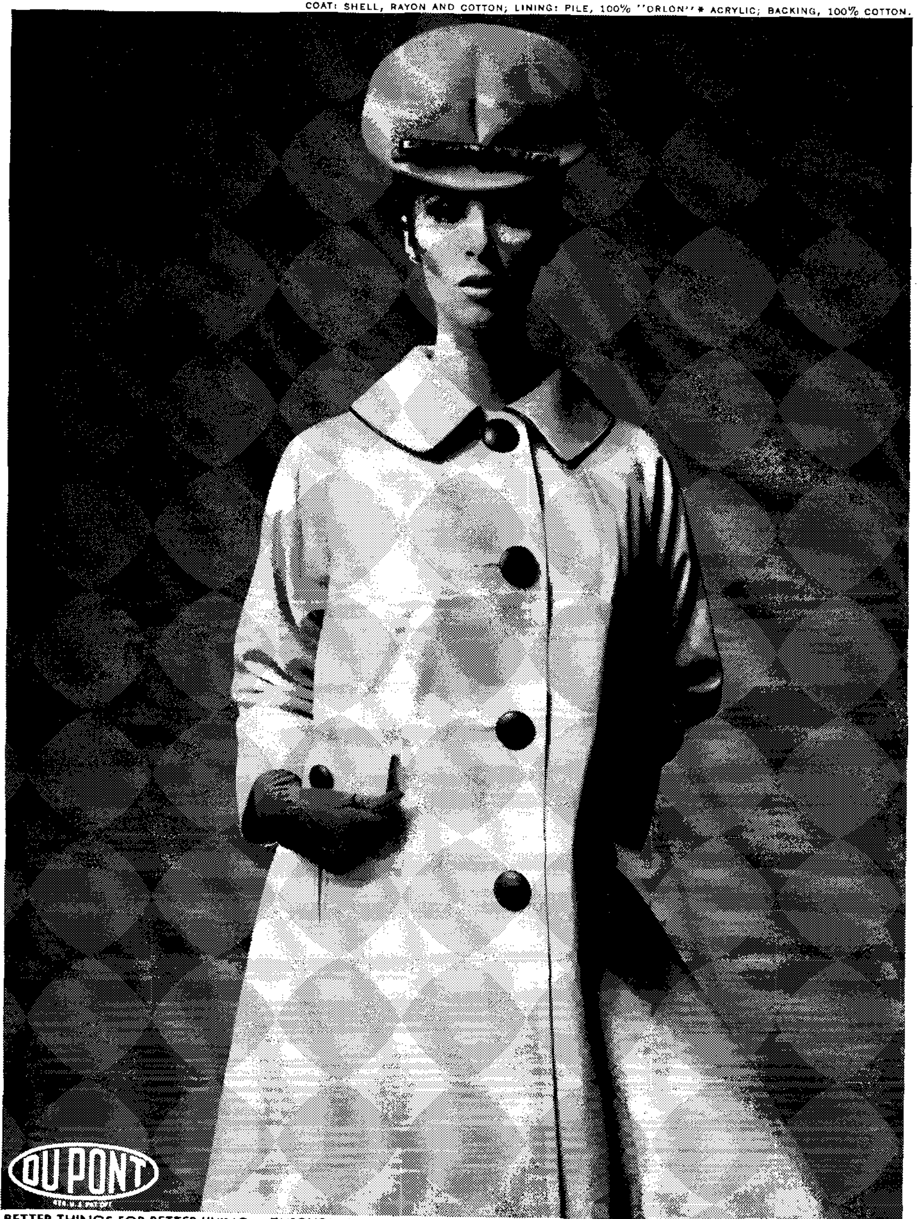

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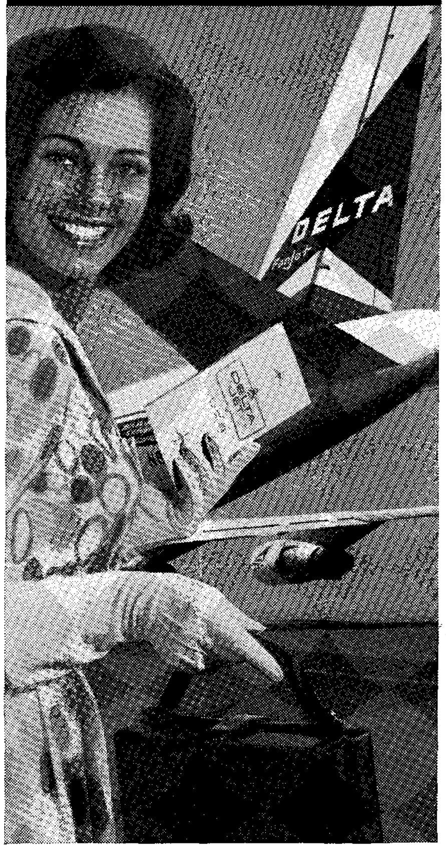

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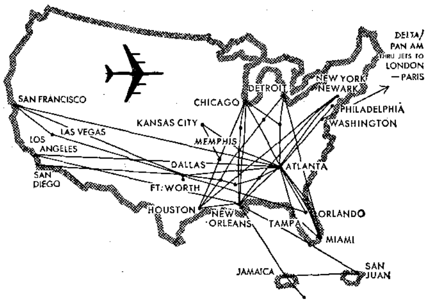
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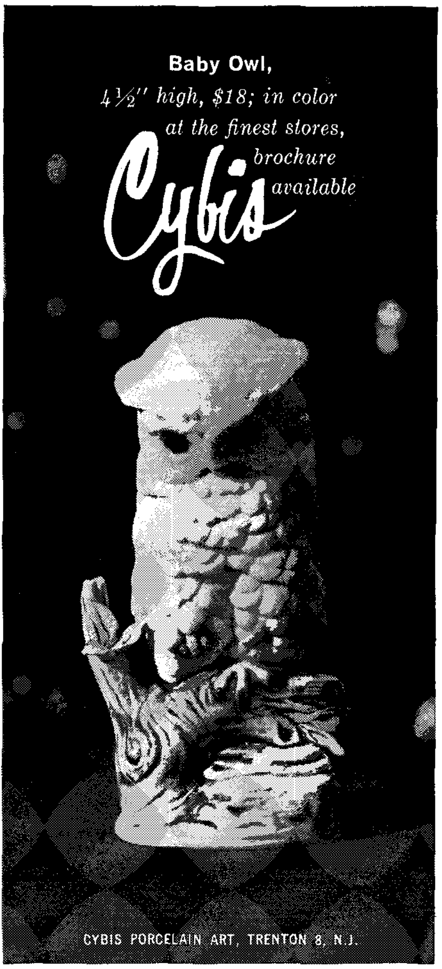
farewell performance, in which we tried to recapitulate the best things we had done on board during the week; we swam, shaved with hot water, and put on clean clothes for our own pleasure, and then we drank Martinis, grew warmly philosophic about life, work, and pleasure, and speculated idly about the nearby islands—especially tiny Tavern Island, just across the channel from us, on which we could make out a Tudor mansion, formal stairways, and dozens of statues along stone balustrades and upon a lawn. At length, after an excellent dinner, we turned in.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24

THIS was the last day of my circumnavigation (if one can be said to circumnavigate a body of water) of Long Island Sound. Another weekend was starting, but the day was one to delight only the hardier variety of sailor. At 7 A.M., the sky was dull gray with swollen clouds, and a crisp, chilly wind was blowing from the west and beginning to vex the surface of the water. Stamford Yacht Haven, our home base and terminus, was only eight and a half miles away, and I had thought we might spend some time poking into interesting places en route. We might have anchored for lunch in Ziegler Cove, a diminutive inlet between Hay Island and Great Island, near Noroton, that is surrounded on nearly all sides by rocks, seawalls, trees, and glimpses of flowing lawns and fine houses. We might have seen the nuns at the Convent of the Sacred Heart on Long Neck Point leaping nimbly about their tennis court in full habit—a sight that had cheered me in the past. We might have sailed up the channel into Westcott Cove, on the eastern side of Shippan Point, to see from offshore the beaches of Stamford where I had been swimming day after day all through the early part of this summer. But such marine tourism calls for a gentle, sun-drenched day. Today was made for fast open-water sailing, and since we'd had no wind at all yesterday, the chance for one last fling was really quite welcome. After hoisting sail and getting our anchor aboard at 9:30 A.M., we tacked close-hauled past the tip of Sheffield Island and a shoal extending beyond it; then we turned south, passing close by Greens Ledge Light and starting a straight, fast reach across the Sound—a seven-mile straight leg to Eatons Neck and past it into Huntington Bay, where I had been eleven days ago. There we would come about and head diagonally back across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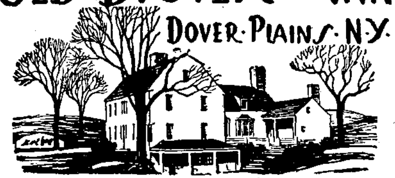

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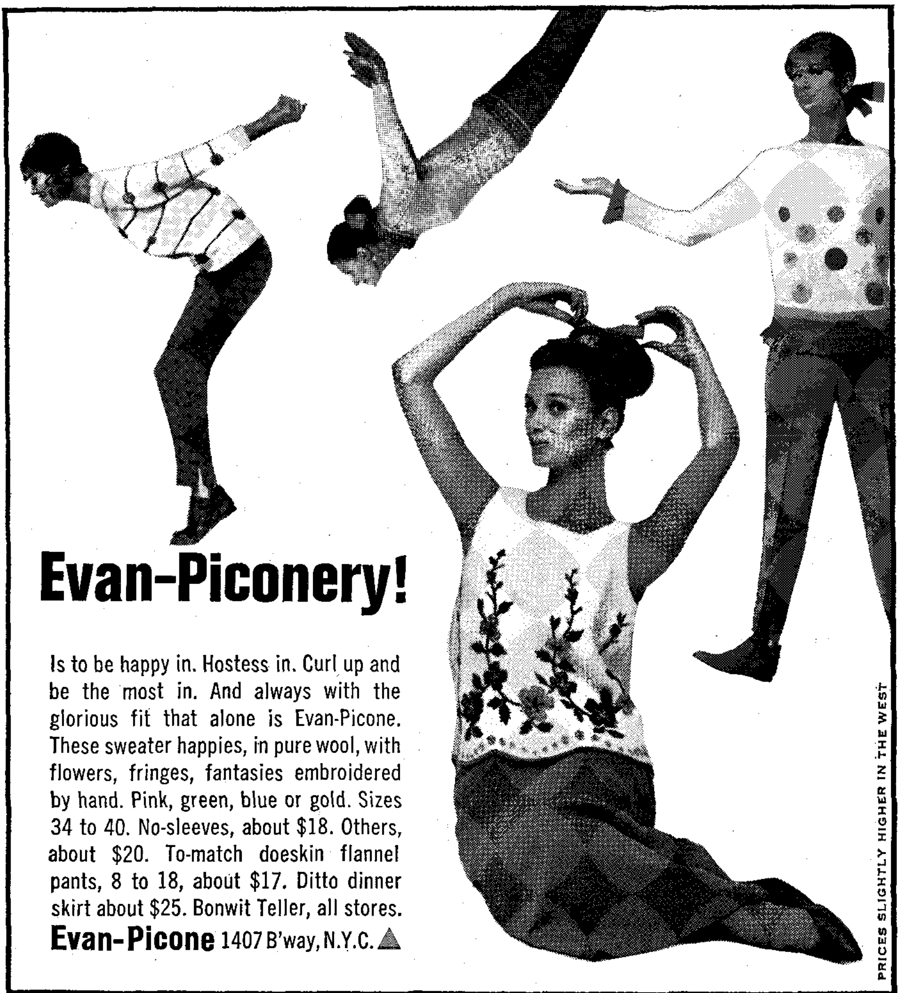
the Sound toward Stamford Harbor and home.

The air was full of a faint drizzle that cut visibility to a mile or so, but the wind was strong and steady, and we raced along, heeled over handsomely and every so often kicking up a sheet of spray from the choppy waves. Bundled up in sweaters and foul-weather gear, we felt both comfortable and a trifle adventurous, and considered it a marvellous day. All up and down the Sound, we reflected, would-be sunbathers and swimmers were chafing indoors, peering out the window every few minutes and snarling at the children underfoot, while weekend guests strained to pretend that they were having a fine time despite the weather. Though we were actually close to the Sound's boating center of gravity, we seemed alone this morning. There had been a few fishing boats huddled near the lighthouse, but out in the middle of the Sound, at ten-thirty on an August Saturday morning, there was no one at all to be seen until a large shape appeared off our port bow. This turned out to be the tug Aquidneck doggedly shoving a huge, square dredging barge in the direction of New York. We made our landfall at 11 A.M., when we detected, ahead and slightly to the left, the faint shape of a hilly point of land; through the binoculars we could see on it the buildings of the Eatons Neck Coast Guard Station. To the right of it, in Huntington Bay, a few hardy souls were now venturing out in sailboats and powerboats. In another fifteen minutes, we were racing down the bay among them, having skimmed clear across the Sound in an hour and a quarter.

Near Price Bend, we came about and took up a north-northwest heading for Stamford. On this course, we were sailing closer to the wind, and therefore heeling still more. Merrywend is a "stiff" boat—one that does not heel over much from the pressure of the wind in her sails—but this particular morning we took delight in sailing her hard and sheeted in close, so as to get her rail under and make foaming green water rush along the leeward deck amidships. Having been on board for days, we were at ease with even this much heeling, and enjoyed our sense of mastery over wind and water, which is one of the special pleasures men can get from Long Island Sound, and one of the reasons they cherish it. This crossing took longer, but it was even more exhilarating than the first one. Spray lashed us and ran down our faces, and we laughed and took turns walking forward—hanging onto shrouds and stays



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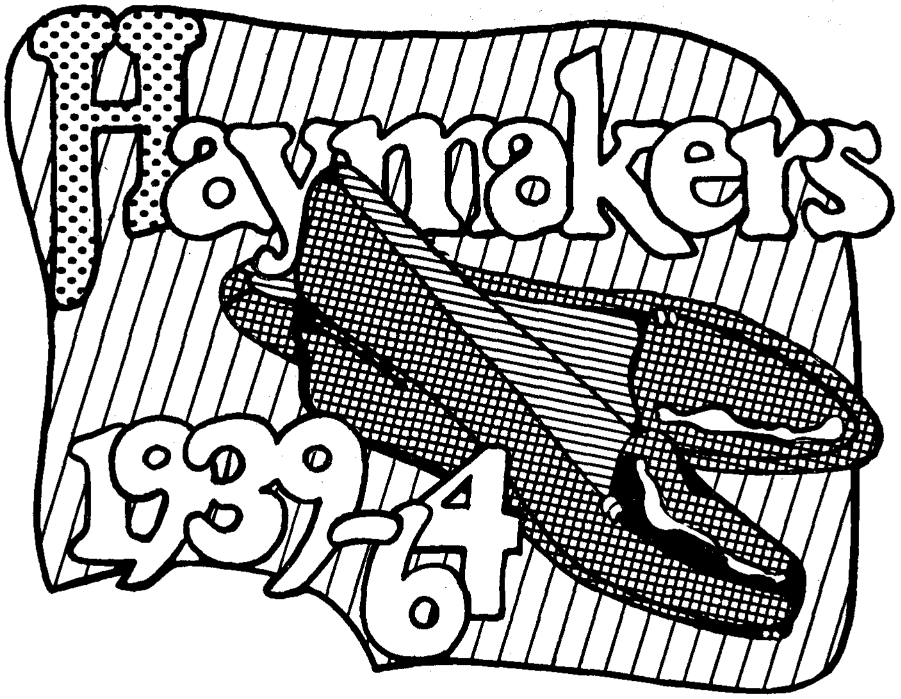

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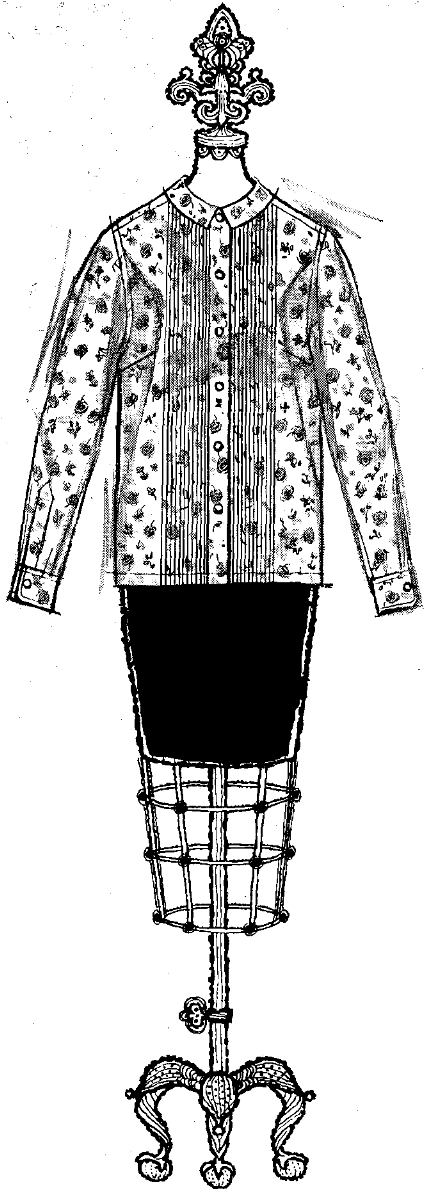

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all the time—to stand on the bow and feel the powerful lunge and soar of the boat.

Toward 1 P.M., as the Stamford lighthouse and twin breakwaters became visible about a mile ahead, an ugly slate-blue squall line appeared in the west and moved toward us rapidly. My trip had been unusual in that I had not yet been caught by a storm except at anchor; in other summers I had sailed through a number of storms during a one- or two-week cruise. Sailing through a storm on the Sound is an exciting experience. The wind picks up in a matter of minutes, and almost at once the sea starts to heave and surge, whereupon the boat, pounding up and down, seems to lose much of her ability to move forward; moreover, the rudder becomes slow to respond, and one has to crank the wheel far around one way and then the other to keep her headed properly. Sheets of water leap up and smack onto the deck and into the cockpit, lightning splits the sky, and thunder shatters the air. Then, finally, the rain slashes down violently, and in an instant visibility is reduced to a hundred feet or so; the helmsman steers by compass, unsure of where he is on the chart but too busy keeping the boat from broaching even to look. With luck, no barges or rocks loom up dead ahead in the thick curtain of rain, and in fifteen or twenty minutes the rain abruptly slacks off, the wind drops, the visibility picks up to a quarter or half mile, and one realizes all at once that one will come through alive and undamaged. Then, after perhaps half an hour more, the mass of clouds is gone and the sun appears, the wet clothes come off, the shivering stops, the boat slides easily over the gentling sea, and all on board agree that it has been marvellous.

We were not to get a full measure of delight today, however. The center of the storm passed us about a mile to the south, and we got only its fringe. Even so, the lee rail was continuously under water, the boat was thumping against the tumbling waves, and a light rain was stinging our eyes. We boiled on through the opening between the breakwaters, and were in Stamford Harbor. Immediately, the water was smooth, and even the wind quickly moderated. As we sailed farther up the harbor and into the lee of the land, everything became mild and gentle; we could appreciate as land-bound human beings never do the real import of the word "harbor." And by the time we had dropped sail and started up the motor, the sun was breaking through,

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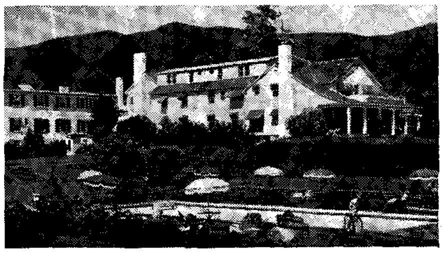

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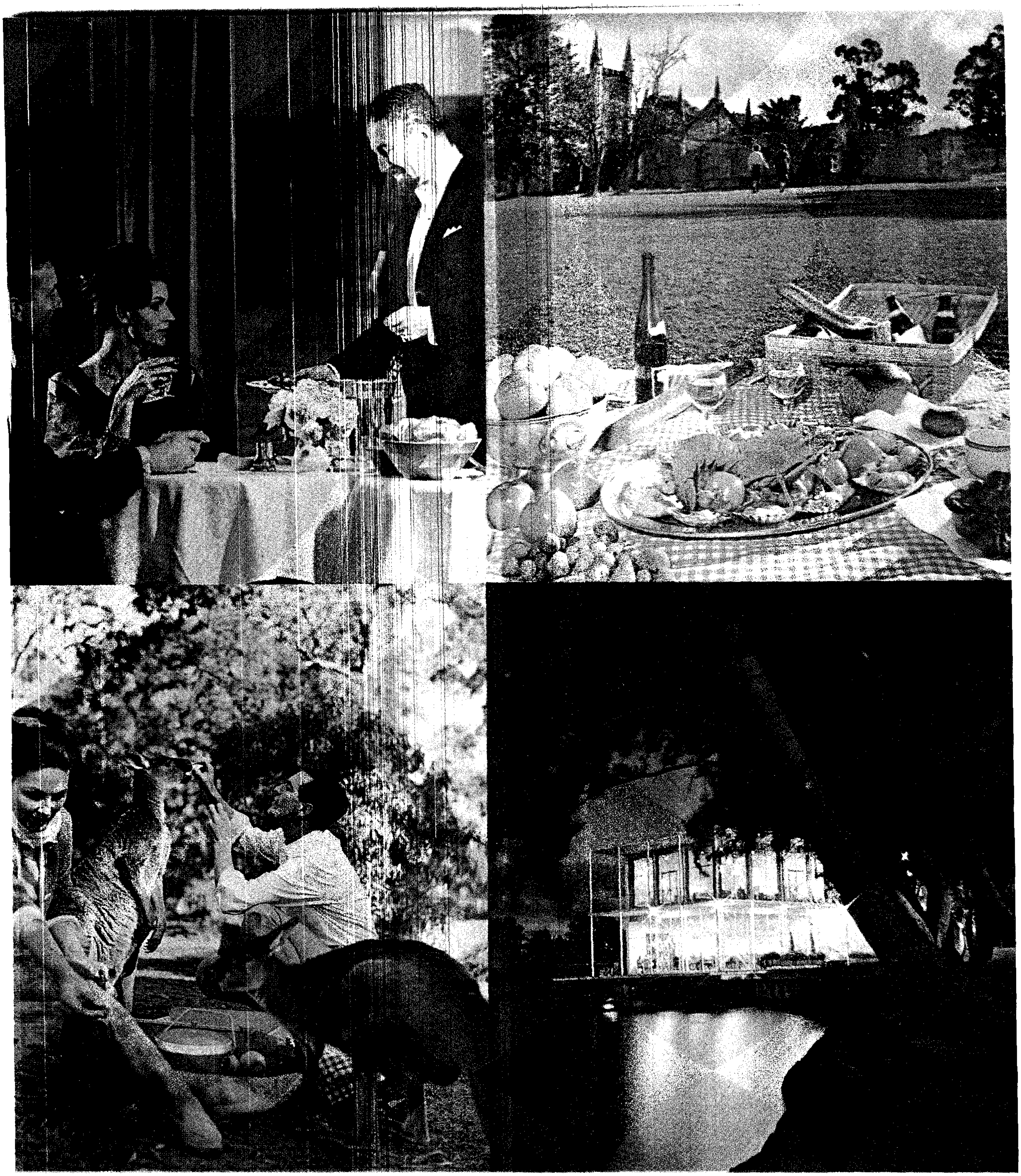

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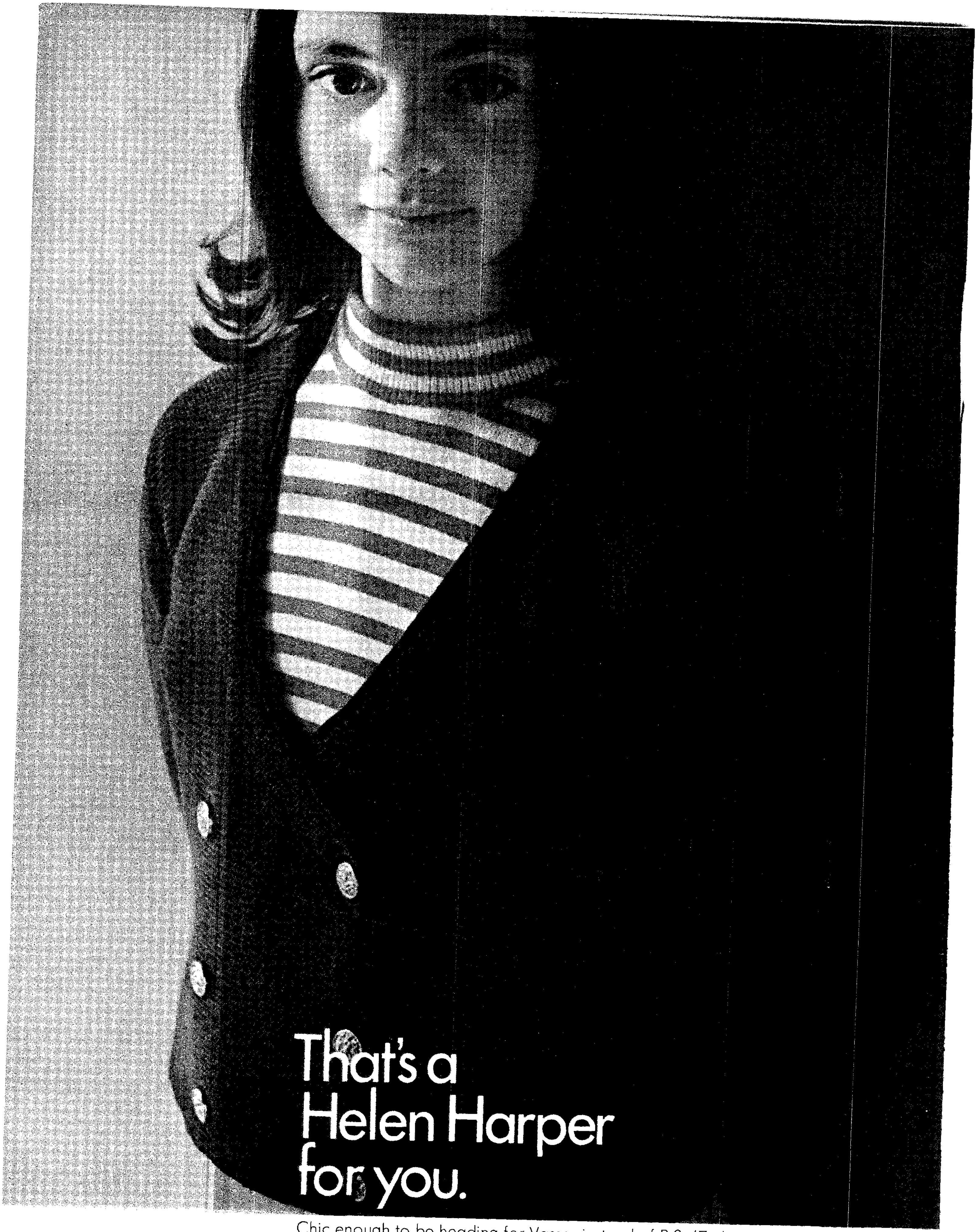
You'll have a picnic in Sydney. Feast your eyes and your palate at a restaurant with a harbor view. Tasty tip: try Sydney Rock oysters. But be prepared to lose your respect for any other oyster in the world. You'll have a picnic in Port Arthur. This historic spot on the cragged Tasman peninsula 60 miles from Hobart was once a penal colony. Now you can spread a lavish Tasmanian lunch where wild roses grow among prison ruins. You'll have a picnic in Healesville. Ever shared a sandwich with a kangaroo? This wildlife sanctuary near Melbourne has everything but cages. You'll have a picnic in Adelaide. Explore this color-filled garden city and sample the full-bodied wines of the nearby Barossa Valley. At night: a glittering restaurant on the Torrens River. Australia is all this—and more. It's the uncommon place, highlight of your exciting destination South Pacific. (Steak is standard breakfast fare. Towns have names like Goondiwindi. And a holiday is declared for a horse race.) For a free copy of "This is Australia" and news on New Zealand, see your travel agent. Or write: Australian Nat'l. Travel Assn., 350 Post St., San Francisco or 636 5th Ave., New York.



Chic enough to be heading for Vassar instead of P.S. 47. A sweater of pure Acrilan, in regulation blazer colors. Navy, red or white. Sizes 7 to 14, about $9. (If she wants the white, don't worry. Acrilan washes by machine.)

Helen Harper for girls Acrilan® acrylic fiber is made by Chemstrand, N.Y. 1, a Division of Monsanto

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adding the ultimate touch of warmth and tranquillity to our sense of being harbored and home.

We chugged up the narrow channel of East Branch and around a breakwater toward Pier 5 in Yacht Haven, where Merrywend is berthed. I slowly eased her into her slip, and Mike and Alan leaped onto the dock with mooring lines and made her fast; it was just 2 P.M. when I cut the motor, and the trip was over. The moment the boat was secure, we realized that we had forgotten to eat lunch during our last ride; we therefore hauled out all the leftover cold cuts, cheese, bread, butter, tomatoes, and cold beer, and ate ravenously, sitting in the sunny cockpit. After lunch, we put the boat in order, scrubbing her inside and out, stowing winch handles and other removable gear below, emptying the icebox, rearranging the charts, and packing our own clothing.

At last, everything was done, and we locked the companionway hatch, shouldered our duffelbags, and stepped off Merrywend onto the dock. We walked along the dock and up to an adjacent parking lot, where we paused to look back once at the graceful white boat, at the blue harbor lying beyond Yacht Haven, and at the Sound beyond that—already another world to us. Our feet were on land, the car door was open, and a different life was reasserting itself. We turned our backs on the water, climbed into the car, and drove away. —MORTON M. HUNT

(*This is the last of a series of articles.*)

•

1. General. Excessive exposure to radiation is harmful to life and can ruin undeveloped film.—*From a circular issued by the Department of the Army.*

Lucky old us! We never take pictures.

•

FASCINATING COTSWOLD STONE RESIDENCE With hall, cloakroom, 4 or 5 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, compact offices. Large garage, converted into coach house.—*Adv. in the Field.*

By one of those diehard Englishmen.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From an advertisement of "Possums, Politicians and People," by Wheeler McMillen, in the Farm Journal*]

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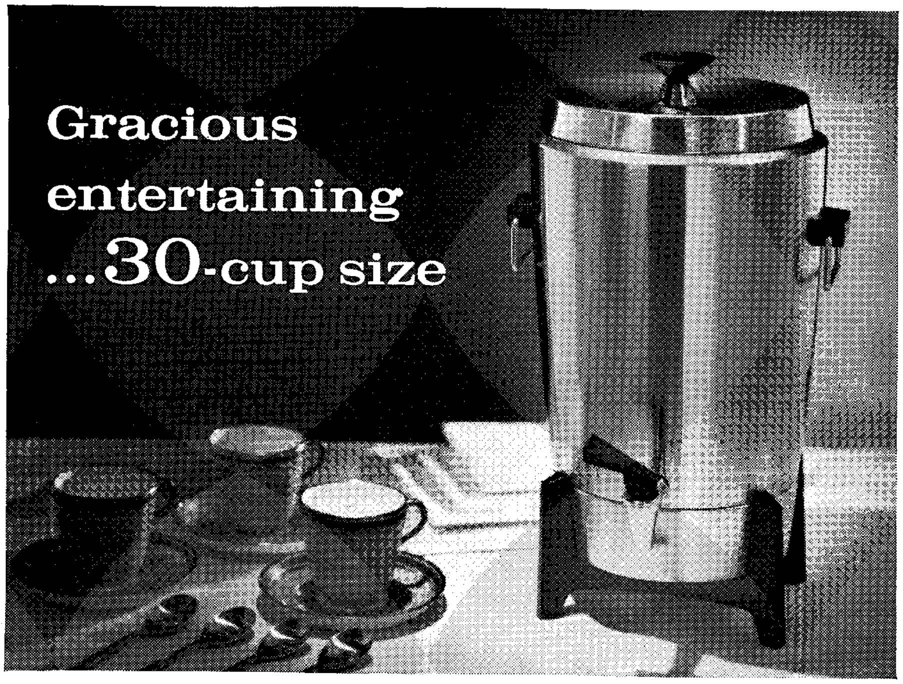

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WILLISTON ACADEMY · CHRISTO ET ECCLESIAE · INCORPORATED 1841

New England's academic row runs along the Connecticut Valley in a stately line—Yale in the south, Dartmouth in the north, with Wesleyan, Amherst, Mt. Holyoke, Smith, Deerfield, Mt. Hermon, Loomis, and other distinguished colleges and academies between. At the center of the row, sharing its independent educational tradition, is Williston Academy in Easthampton, Massachusetts.

A secondary school founded in 1841, Williston's story parallels that of a great many other schools on academic row: beginning as a small institution founded by a far-seeing Yankee philanthropist for local students, it has been enriched and developed through the years by those associated with it into an institution of national reputation, serving students from all over the country and many parts of the world.

In 1841, the school was incorporated, its first building built, three teachers hired and 90 students enrolled. Today, it has a faculty of 46, 30 buildings, 425 students and thousands of graduates all over the world. It is continuing to grow.

Headmaster Phillips Stevens explains his personal credo this way: "We are chosen to help the next generation achieve its potential. No one of us has been forced into this calling, no one of us has to stay with it, there are no locked doors. We are in it because we believe deeply that this is the opportunity in which our strength, our courage, our energies must be used to help youngsters. I believe that the teaching profession is second only in importance, in opportunity and responsibility to the clergy itself."

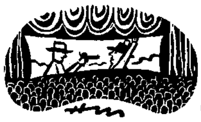
On a question of paramount educational importance today—student morals and behavior—Mr. Stevens has this to say: "I believe we are seriously threatened in our moral standards throughout the world today. We have an increased responsibility to maintain the standard of conduct we know is right—respect for others, decent language, intelligent manners, conversation, conduct, relations with others, all with a point of view of doing our bit for the community."

WILLISTON ACADEMY

Easthampton, Massachusetts

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Betrayed



"A House Is Not a Home" is a trashy movie, and trashy in a way that does conspicuous injustice to the appealing little book on which it's based. This book, which has sold over three million copies in various editions in English and has been translated into French, Italian, German, and Hebrew, is the autobiography of Polly Adler, who may be said to have earned her reputation as the most cultivated and successful madam in New York in the period between 1920 and 1940—a period that the author, with her pronounced literary bent, would perhaps prefer to have summed up in T. S. Eliot's celebrated phrase from "Four Quartets" as "*l'entre deux guerres.*" With a trunkful of yellowing newspaper clippings and, one gathers, a second trunkful of gilt-edged stock certificates, Miss Adler retired to California shortly after the Second World War and, being still comparatively young and ambitious, enrolled in U.C.L.A. for the purpose of acquiring the formal education that her earlier life, otherwise so filled with opportunities, had notably lacked. It appears that she wrote "A House Is Not a Home" as an undergraduate thesis and was then encouraged to publish it by such of her many old friends from the Algonquin set as Robert Benchley, whose advice to her she recalls in the last chapter of the book. She told him that, lacking a college degree, she despaired of ever being able to set down the story of her life in a correct form; here is how Miss Adler remembers Benchley dismissing her fears: " 'Write it the way you've lived it,' said Bench. 'Write it with your heart.' " To me, the quotation fails to give off the authentic Benchleyan, or even Bench, ring, but I've no doubt that the sense of it is accurate enough, and Miss Adler put her heart and pen to paper with stunning effect. Her opening sentence is unmistakably in the great tradition: "I was born in Yanow, a White Russian village near the Polish border, on the Second Sunday before Passover, April 16, 1900." One thinks of Gogol, Turgenev, and Tolstoy, and of how uneasily they must have shifted in their seats in Heaven, realizing that they must someday make room for Polly Adler.

Hard as it may be to believe, the au-

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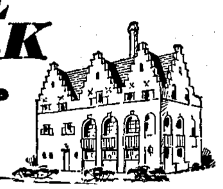
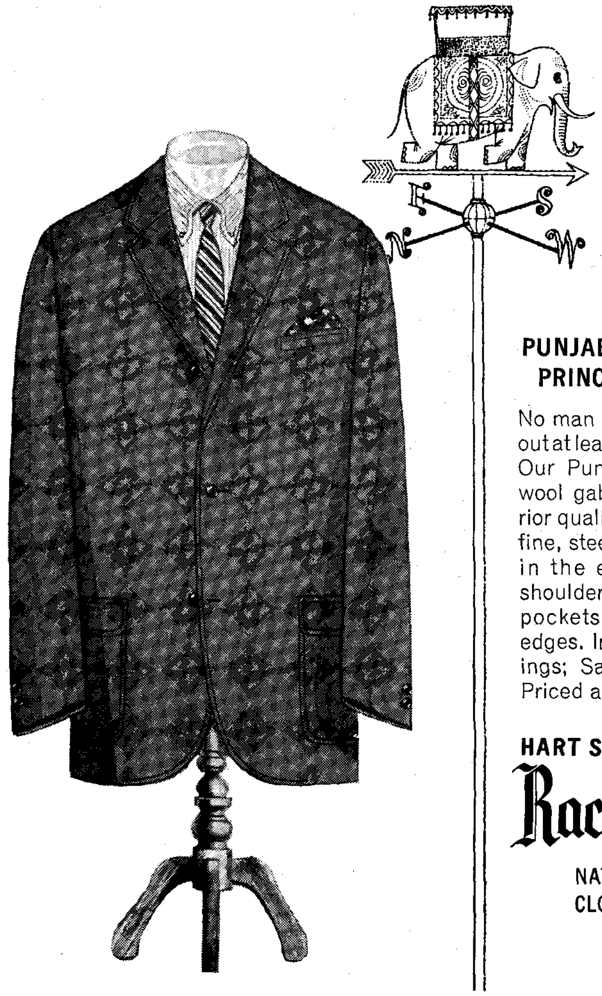


ATLANTIC CITY'S FINEST SEAFOOD
Est. 1912

thors of the screenplay of "A House Is Not a Home" have turned Miss Adler's gold into dross. These Hollywood miscreants, whom I see no reason to protect by anonymity—their names are Russell Rouse and Clarence Greene—have taken a text unself-consciously enriched by references to such adult figures as Stendhal, Lucky Luciano, John Dos Passos, Mad Dog Coll, Henry James, Harold J. Laski, Meyer Slutsky, and Judge Samuel Seabury, and have reduced it to the puerile aesthetic and intellectual level of a novel by Ethel M. Dell or even Victor Appleton. The thoughts expressed by the heroine of the movie might well have sprung from the mind, if not have been uttered by the tongue, of Mary Nestor, Tom Swift's inveterate and possibly senescent fiancée; they have little to do with the strong, witty, and tolerant woman who is able to speak of Al Capone as "a grand host" and who gives precisely the sort of information one had always longed to acquire—we learn, for example, that in her house "breakfast was a hearty meal and always included waffles or hotcakes and sausages, or bacon and eggs." Mr. Rouse and Mr. Greene are consummately maladroit writers, and their problems are not diminished by the possession of tin ears. The dialogue they provide is so unnatural that it almost defies memorizing, but I swear that I heard a crooked upper-class lawyer say, on being introduced to Polly, "I hope that my notoriety does not preclude your hospitality," and on another occasion, describing the loneliness of New Year's Eve in a house of prostitution, Polly herself is made to say, "The one male guest is Father Time, invisible but very much present."

Is my indictment at an end? Not quite. I have to add that Mr. Rouse's direction is in a class with his writing, and that both he and Mr. Greene, who has served as the producer, should be ashamed of themselves for having made only the most negligible effort to capture the look and feel of New York in the twenties and thirties. As Polly Adler, Shelley Winters is continuously embarrassing, and so are all the slip-clad, slipshod girls she has in her charge. Cesar Romero has a few interesting minutes as Lucky Luciano, and Broderick Crawford has a few interesting seconds as a Tammany big shot, but Robert Taylor is unable to make much of his cardboard role as a rising bootlegger, and Ralph Taeger, as Miss Adler's one true love, displays a boyish charm that makes one's flesh crawl. The picture lasts ninety-five minutes, which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* DACRON is the Reg. T.M. of DuPont

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serendipity 3

is short by contemporary standards. I thank somebody for that.

"DRAGON SKY" is one of those ever-so-pretty pseudo-documentaries in which a story is applied like découpage to an altogether inappropriate setting and cast of characters. Marcel Camus, who won our respect with "Black Orpheus," here takes his camera to steamy, sea-green Cambodia and, not content with what might have happened out there, invents a preposterous tale of star-crossed lovers, true to neither East nor West. It's almost a wickedness to make beauty absurd.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

Of what can a man be certain in an uncertain world where ruthless ideologies keep millions of human beings in servitude? What can one believe when public servants betray their trust, and greed and self-seeking seem to hold sway?

You can believe in the verities as long as the laughter of little children rings in the air and a Grandfather walks the street with a little toddler hanging to a finger, and as long as love and affection rule a home. There is a foundation of belief as long as the miracle of resurrection comes each spring and lilac buds open beside kitchen doors. You know the verities still prevail when you stand on a hillside in spring and watch the green tide rolling over fields and hillsides. For it has been written that the generations come and go, but the earth goeth on forever. And as long as clear notes ring from church bells and float by on an overhead breeze, we know that some day, somehow, the Golden Rule will guide the actions of men.

We know that beauty has a place. A vase of flowers, a beautiful painting, great music—all strike a responsive chord. And to those who are discriminating, the color combination of foods is an integral part of gracious living. The next recipe was devised by Blanche. It is a delicious combination and appealingly colorful. We call it:

BLANCHE'S FRUIT RING MOLD

—*The Epicure.*

We can't eat with those bells making such a racket.

•

MUNICH — (AP) — The two million members of the German Automobile Club are being told in a pamphlet: "Don't smoke, drink or kiss while driving. You can do them all better at home."

Moscow has significantly refrained from suggesting a summit meeting for Premier Nikita S. Khrushchev, presumably for the same reasons.

—*Miami Herald.*

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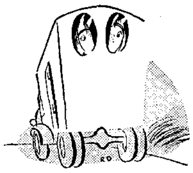
THE RACE TRACK

A Hopeful for Wheatley



OFFHAND, I don't remember an easier winner of the Hopeful Stakes than Bold Lad, who rolled some seven lengths or so ahead of Native Charger at Saratoga Springs last Saturday, with Time Tested, Turn to Reason, and O'Hara strung out behind them. Certainly there has never been as fast a Hopeful, for the six and a half furlongs was run in 1:15⅗, which clipped two-fifths of a second off the track record, set in the race four years ago by Hail to Reason. A field of only five starters in the Hopeful might seem to be a record, too, but it wasn't; three came out against Whirlaway in 1940, and even so it wasn't a merry romp for Mister Longtail, as his aficionados delighted in calling him, because he had to go all out to beat Attention by a length. In the race last weekend, Time Tested, Bold Lad's stablemate, took the lead quickly and set a breakneck pace for about three furlongs, to dispose of any early opposition, and then Bold Lad moved up (Ussery on Time Tested and Baeza on Bold Lad deserve full marks for smooth teamwork), and that was that. It was Bold Lad's sixth victory—four of them stakes—in eight starts. Incidentally, the Wheatley Stable, which owns him, has over the years won most of the important events on the Eastern tracks, but this was the first time it had won the Hopeful. No doubt Bill Winfrey, who has kept Bold Lad in faultless condition, will send him out for the Futurity at Aqueduct on September 26th.

ONLY last week, I suggested in these notes that Candalita was one of the better two-year-old fillies. To back me up, the other afternoon she won the Spinaway, the big prize of the Saratoga meeting for racers of her age and sex. Leading all the way in high gear, she passed the post the winner by a length over Marshua, who beat Queen Empress by a head for second money. Admiring, Grinand Bearit, and Boater were never in the picture. Perhaps Darby Dan Farm, which owns Candalita, has another Primonetta in her.

The closing days at the Spa were enhanced by the return of Kelso, who

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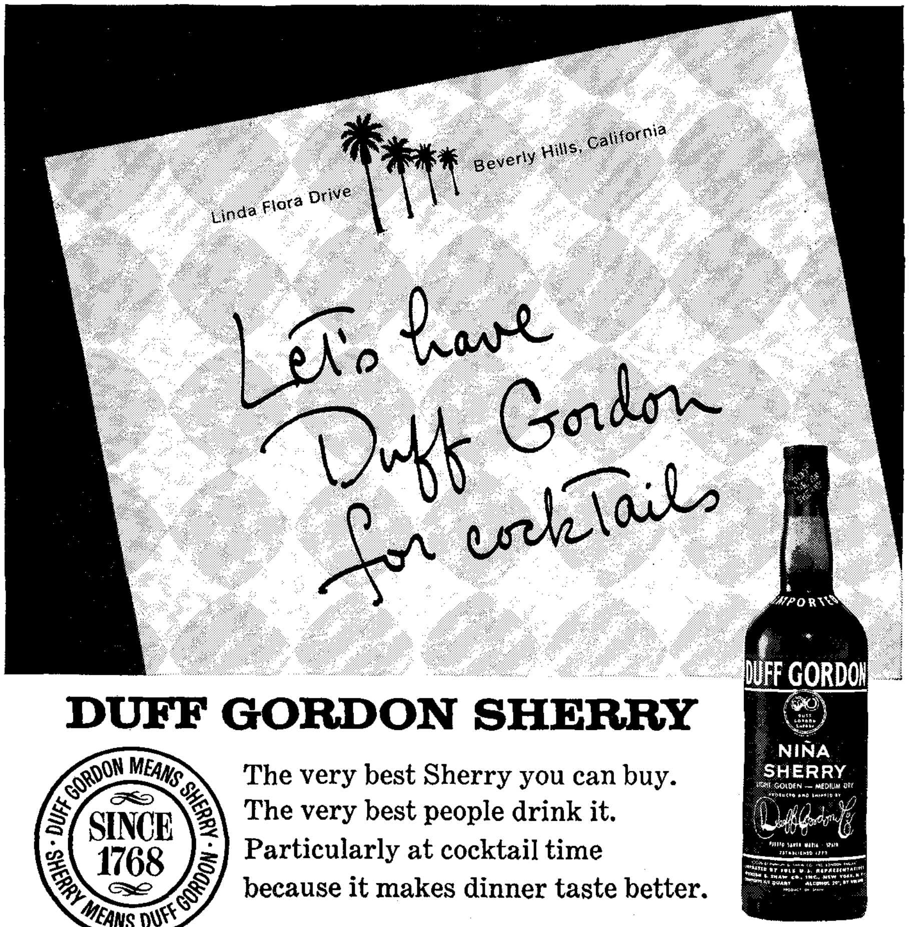
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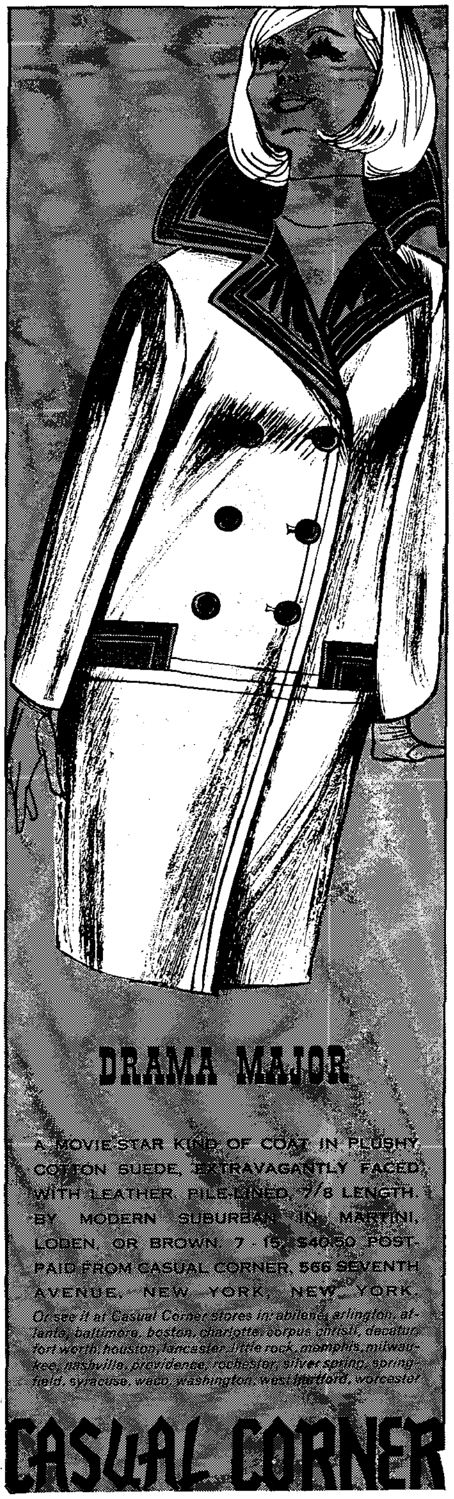

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had been resting since he finished down the course in the Brooklyn Handicap at Aqueduct in July. He came out in one of those little numbers for three-year-olds and upward who haven't won three times in umpteen months—the kind of race that usually brings out a collection of animals of whose form the less said the better. Kelso was eligible for this one because he had won only once in six tries this season, and he got in at 118 pounds, which is the lightest weight he has carried since 1962. The race was on the grass, over which he has never been at his best, so there were seven other starters. Well, Kelso fooled them. Following the pace of a 16–1 chance named Knightsboro for three-quarters of the mile and a furlong, he went on to win in the remarkable time of 1:46⅘—seconds faster than horses run the distance on the main track at Saratoga, or, for that matter, at Aqueduct. The performance equalled the American record for nine furlongs over a turf course, but it is only fair to point out that, owing to the long dry spell up there, the footing was as hard as macadam. (The following afternoon, the record for a mile and five furlongs on the grass was lowered by more than a second.) Anyhow, Kelso had a grand tuning-up gallop for the Aqueduct Stakes at the Big A on Labor Day, in which he will meet, among others, Gun Bow.

As one of Roman Brother's ardent admirers last year—and more temperate admirers this season—I found his victory in the American Derby at Chicago's Arlington Park last weekend pleasing, though hardly surprising. He figured to be best of the ten three-year-olds who went to the post. From all accounts, he began slowly, as he usually does, and finished fast through the stretch to beat Lt. Stevens by a length. Close By was third, five lengths behind. I expect that Roman Brother's next appearance will be in the New Hampshire Sweepstakes at Rockingham Park a week from Saturday.

—Audax Minor

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*From a release sent out by the Kitchens of Sara Lee*]

CORRECTION CORRECTION CORRECTION

On the release dated August 19, 1964, concerning German Chocolate Cake, please delete the word "crunchy" in the description of the icing in the photo caption. Our icing is not crunchy, although it is quite delicious.

Harper's *magazine*
SEPTEMBER

The Making of a Writer
PART I
by JEAN-PAUL SARTRE

France's most brilliant and controversial intellectual recreates the joy and despair of his strange family life, and illuminates the process of writing. The first of Harper's two articles adapted from *The Words,* Sartre's long awaited autobiography.

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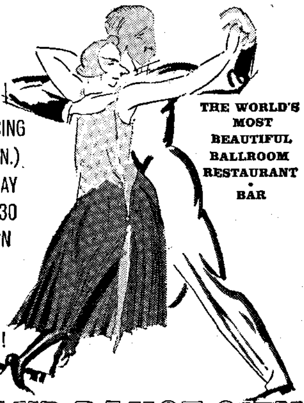

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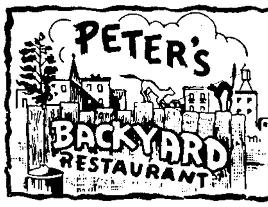

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The village house is in tranquil silence, the people are sleeping after an hard working-day. Suddenly all awoke. A thief! All are springing from their place and a dramatical persecution is in developing.

Components of the play are: A bord, two dices, and several figures, one representing the thief, and the others the persecutors.

Each rolls the dices in turn. The one who scores the highest number becomes the thief. The play begins. The thief as also the persecutors advance each time in accordance to the number of points shown by the dices. The thief has an advantage, of rolling the dices twice before his persecutors.

As to the persecutors—the ollowing generalities will be in existence: (when reaching the respective squares).

No. 7 The thief penetrates through the window and throws over on his way a flower top.
The player must return to No. 4.

No. 19 The inhabitans of the house awoke by the noise.
The player has the privilege to roll the dices once more.

No. 23 The boy also appears, anxious to see what happened.
He loses the next turn.

No. 27 Armed with various defensive instruments, they continue in searching and persecution after the thief.
The player reaches No. 29.

No. 30 The excited owner of the house stumbles and falls.
As punishment returns the player to No. 28.

No. 33 The one who reaches this square (the thief or one of the persecutors)—wins the play.

No. 39 They succeed in discovering the instruments of the thief and the stolen things.
The player advances to No. 42.

No. 49 In spite of the pedantic search the thief was not found, and now they are seating and contemplating: where is the thief?
The player loses he next turn.

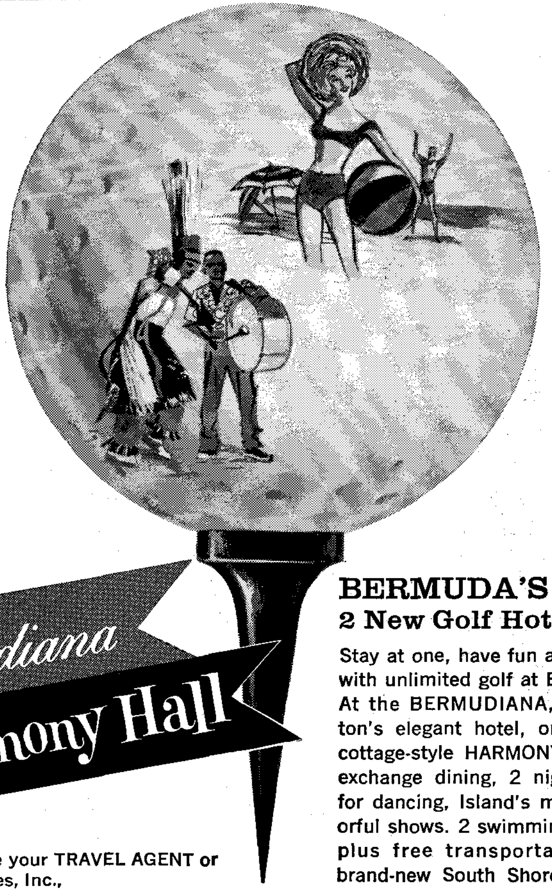
No. 54 The persecutor hides and looks after the thief.
He loses his next turn.

No. 60 He is successful in cutting the way in front of the thief.
Is awarded by advancing to No. 63.

No. 67 The persecutor meets a new hindrance—a wall in front of him, and loses the next turn.
The one who reaches first No. 70 is the winner.
If one of the persecutors reaches a square occupied by the thief, he is the winner.
If the thief reaches a square occupied by one of the persecutors, returns the persecutor 3 squares back.
All the generalities mentioned above (except No. 33 and 70) don't obligate the thief.

—*Leaflet accompanying a game sold in Israel.*

It's best to play it in total darkness.



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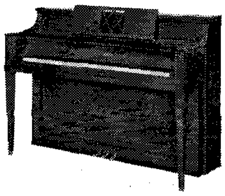

LETTER FROM ATLANTIC CITY

CALIFORNIA
NEW YORK

AUGUST 28

ON Monday and Tuesday, the President watched television and was, like thousands in the vast studio audience here, and like millions of other Americans, bored. On Wednesday, he did what no other set owner in the country could do: he burst into the studio, ordered most of the cast off the set, and improvised an entirely new show—based on an original idea by Lyndon Johnson, directed by Lyndon Johnson, and starring Lyndon Johnson. Lyndon Johnson had, of course, written, directed, and produced the early scenes that he, as a viewer, had found so tedious. He had also fussed for months over the set design, the lighting, the general décor of the studio, and the seating arrangements for the live audience. It was not for lack of craftsmanship on his part that the show was less than gripping. Everyone agrees that he is a superb craftsman (some people deliver the compliment with the back of the left hand), and that he knows all the uses of tension and conflict. He had his reasons, though, for not wanting to exploit them in this particular production. He had hoped to get by on suspense alone. Would it turn out to be the nice gardener? The rich uncle? The obsequious butler? The malevolent son-in-law? The gentle family doctor? His problem, a familiar one since the dawn of dramaturgy, was that if he broke the suspense before the final scene, he would have an anticlimax on his hands. This was dramatically intolerable—and especially so since the plan was that the last scene was to be entirely his—but to detain the viewers with numbing soliloquies was equally intolerable, and it was expecting far too much of them to suppose that they, like the Democratic politicians standing in agitated clusters beside the boardwalk Pokerino parlors and frozen-custard stands, would endure all this merely to satisfy their curiosity as to whether it would, in the end, be Senator Humphrey or Senator McCarthy or Senator Mansfield, or perhaps some college president or soldier or corporation executive. To most of the delegates here, the wait for the President's decision was almost unbearable; to some, indeed—and particularly to those who thought that Senator Humphrey's claim on the Vice-Presidential nomination was very nearly as undeniable as Lyndon Johnson's on the Presidential nomination—the President's delay in announcing his choice seemed close to inhuman. But the country as a whole, the President knew, could not share the Convention's mood; not many people would put up with hours of stupefying television on the chance that Roger Mudd would break in with a hot tip on the Vice-Presidency.

And so on Wednesday morning the President rewrote the script. He created new elements of suspense by floating new rumors about the Vice-Presidency and about his own plans. He added new sound effects; the clatter of helicopters and the boom of jets drowned out "Hello, Lyndon" and "Happy Days Are Here Again"—pleasant, even stirring airs, but a bit trying after two days. He merged the last scene with the penultimate one, the climax with the anticlimax, so that the last two days were one noisy, colorful, varied, and quite rousing act—short on tension, barren (after Wednesday afternoon) of suspense, but fast-paced and full of action, an extravaganza with bits of business drawn from "Hellzapoppin" and from the only other major American drama that has had Atlantic City for a setting, Thornton Wilder's "The Skin of Our Teeth." He even managed to outwit the only people over whom he had had, up to then, no control—the camera crews and the men in the "anchor booths," who had been trying to liven things up by drawing attention away from the scheduled proceedings and fixing it on sideshows (mostly of a character distasteful to the President) in and around Convention Hall. His very presence in the hall made this sort of thing an act of rudeness, even of lèse-majesté. Moreover, his presence made it electronically impossible—or, at any rate, electronically unpatriotic—to distract attention from the main show, because the Secret Service men said that the proper functioning of their own communications system in the hall required the silencing of the contraptions carried about by the television reporters on the floor and elsewhere in the building. The contraptions were silenced, and the viewing audience, along with most of the people in the hall, was kept unaware of, for example, the fact that throughout the entire final evening six Freedom Democrats from Mississippi stood in a circle, with heads bowed, lips tight, and hands locked in the center, in the spot from which most of the seats for Mississippi Democrats had been removed. (Around them was another circle—of men, all white and presumably Convention officials of some sort, who had locked arms to prevent other Freedom Democrats or sympathizers from enlarging the inner circle.) Thus was television brought under control and made to show what the President thought it proper to show.

The President did not necessarily relish every part of the production of the last two days. He could not have begrudged Robert Kennedy or the memory of John F. Kennedy the wild, sustained applause that broke out when the Attorney General appeared on the podium. He knew that it was inevitable, and he almost certainly felt that it was desirable, for although he yearns for total mastery of the Democratic Party and for a freedom of initiative as nearly complete as such freedom can ever be, he wants not only to defeat Barry Goldwater in November but to crush him, and in this endeavor he will get what help he can (and it will probably be immense) from running as John F. Kennedy's chosen heir and as the Attorney General's friend and patron. Even before the Convention, he had arranged things so that the Kennedy demonstration could do him no conceivable harm—and, in fact, by being juxtaposed with an ovation for him, would augment the strength of the Johnson-Humphrey ticket of 1964 with that of the Kennedy-Johnson ticket of 1960. Senator Humphrey, drawing on Ralph Waldo Emerson's division of mankind into the "party of hope" and the "party of memory," was willing to let Goldwater and Miller run on the memory ticket. The President, who wants everything, would like to be the candidate of both Emersonian parties, and can be counted upon to find places on his own ticket for John F. Kennedy, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Harry S. Truman, and, if he can manage it, Dwight D. Eisenhower. Nevertheless, the Kennedy demonstration must have had its galling aspects. Delegates and journalists sat up until this morning's early hours trying to decide whether it was essentially a gesture of affection and sympathy for the Robert Kennedy whose largest hopes had been dashed by the President, or whether it was a kind of memorial service for the late President. It was probably both—though if it was a tribute to a fallen leader as well as a salute to a living one, it often seemed, with its noise and its strident, festive colors and its general gaiety, as macabre a ceremony of its kind as one could imagine. Whatever it was, one of its meanings for Lyndon Johnson was that his mastery of the Party is not quite complete and probably never will be. The Party continues to be afflicted with a mild case of polycentrism. The divisions—if one puts aside what appears to be the total disaffection of some Southern organizations—are not comparable in seriousness to those in the Republican Party this year, but there are, it seemed clear last night, Democratic centers of power outside the White House.

And these follow, in a rather curious way, the lines of division in the Republican Party. The Democratic "Eastern Establishment" resists the Johnson authority as the Republican "Eastern Establishment" resists that of Goldwater. Robert Kennedy is not the Kenneth Keating of the Democrats, and it seems unlikely that he will ever either wish or feel compelled to play the game as Keating plans to play it, but the two New York senatorial candidates have, in their relationship to the national leaders of their party, some important things in common. Both are building independent organizations. Both are trying to keep old traditions and viewpoints alive and viable. Both are allied,

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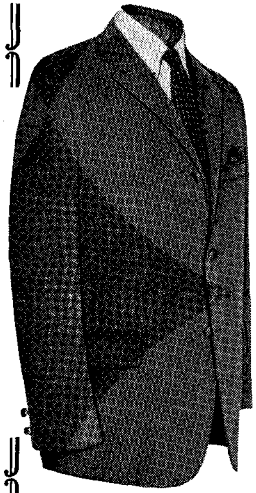

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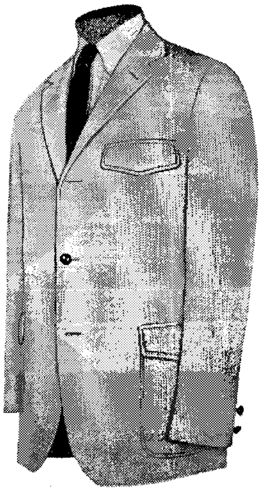

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in national politics, with young and powerful governors who came into power under the aegis of national leaders who have passed from the national scene. These governors (Republicans like Rockefeller, of New York, and Scranton, of Pennsylvania; Democrats like Peabody, of Massachusetts, and Breathitt, of Kentucky) at present owe nothing—or, in the case of the Democrats, almost nothing—to Goldwater or Johnson and will make what use they can of this political solvency for as long as they feel that it is to their advantage. And the Eastern Democrats, like the Eastern Republicans, have some powerful allies in the Far West, most notably in California and Oregon. Pierre Salinger, fortunately for him, will not be running against Senator Kuchel, but the incumbent Democratic and Republican Senators from California have in common, vis-à-vis the candidates for President that their parties have chosen, about what Kennedy and Keating have in common.

The difference between Goldwater's problem and Johnson's is the difference between open rebellion in the here and now and a mild possibility of resistance at some time in the future—in today's perspective of time, a future that, to Johnson, should seem distant and quite manageable. Unlike Goldwater, Johnson has been busy all year doing what he could to make sure that the possible will not become the probable. He did not go so far as to attempt to patch things up by accepting Robert Kennedy as his candidate for the Vice-Presidency. That would never have worked anyway; it would merely have displayed the division at the highest level of government, where it would undoubtedly have widened. And it would almost inevitably have produced, at some point during this Convention, a demonstration for Hubert Humphrey as fervent as last night's Kennedy demonstration and politically far more divisive. Humphrey has at least as large and loyal a following as the Attorney General's, and there would have been no ambiguity in the kind of display that these admirers would have put on if their man had been passed over. But Johnson did not pass over Hubert Humphrey for a Democratic William Miller (he would have had to go far outside the ranks of the leading aspirants to find a really comparable figure), and he thus put the ticket beyond criticism by Party regulars of almost every sort. It will be a long while before it will be possible to make any informed conjectures as to what he would have done about the Vice-Presidency if he could have ig-

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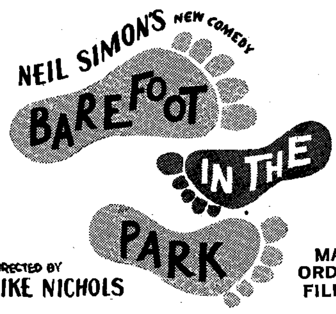

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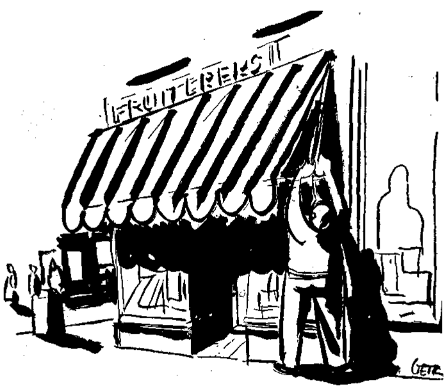
nored the "consensus" to which he defers almost unfailingly—and hurriedly, too, when the inevitable is about to come to pass. He would probably have preferred a man with a smaller following, a quieter voice, fewer ideological commitments, and a bit less energy. His doubts about Humphrey must have revolved about mornings in the years ahead when, if the electorate vindicates his confidence on November 3rd, he might pick up the paper to discover that the Vice-President of the United States had proposed an entirely new system for handling international disputes or devised some sweeping revisions in the structure of the national economy. And the doubts could have revolved not only about the possibility that Humphrey would actually do this sort of thing but also about the likelihood that if Humphrey accepted the restraints of the office—as, of course, he would, insofar as it would be humanly possible for him to do so—he would be a most unhappy man, and thus troublesome in some other, at present unforeseeable ways.

By selecting Humphrey and by accepting the Credentials Committee's stern settlement of the disputes over the Alabama and Mississippi delegations, the President deprived those who retain some power to resist him of any politically defensible reasons for using it. All his potential rivals must be allied belligerents in 1964. There will be no Democratic "unity" or "summit" meetings of the sort the Republicans held in Hershey, Pennsylvania, a few weeks ago, for "unity" has been achieved everywhere but in the Deep South, where it could have been bought only at an altogether prohibitive price, and a Democratic "summit" is in continuous and almost plenary session in Lyndon Johnson's head. At the beginning of this week, it was by no means clear that things were going to turn out this way. His unwillingness to break the suspense over the Vice-Presidency was read by many as an expression of determination to name someone other than Humphrey. In the civil-rights plank of



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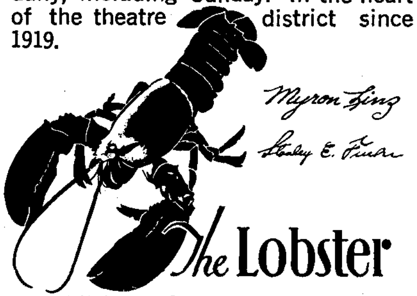

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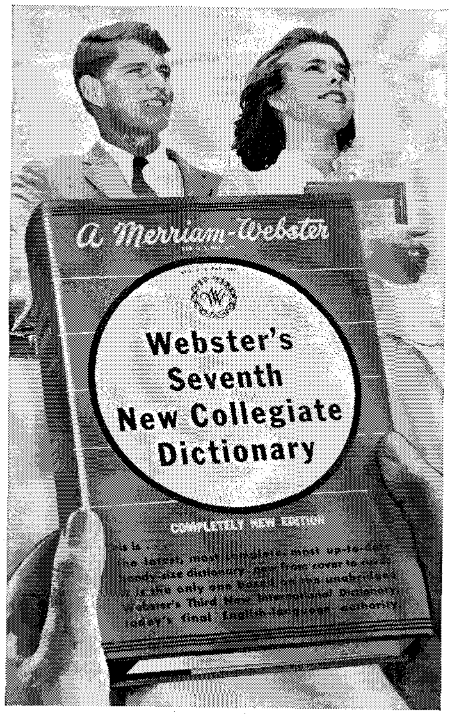

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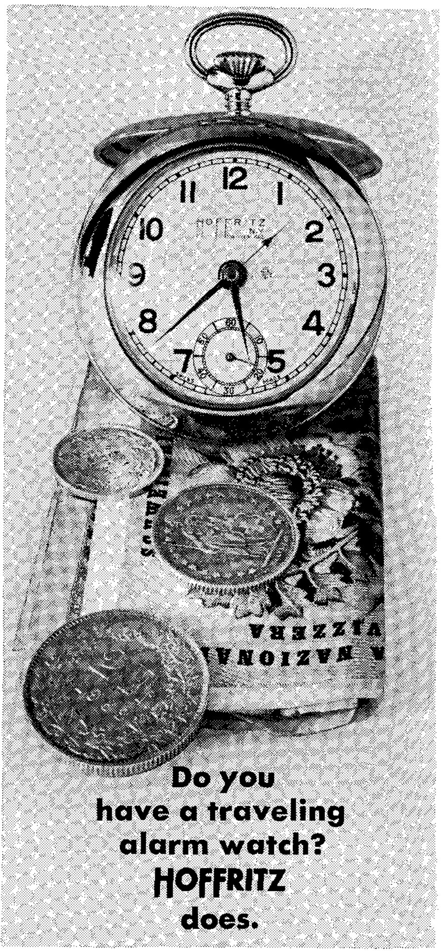
the Party platform, he seemed to want to go no further than the Republicans had gone, and, in fact, he did not go quite as far. The plank Senator Goldwater has accepted is, if anything, stronger than President Johnson's. (It urges, as the Democratic one does not, "improvements of civil-rights statutes.") The President was reported—quite erroneously, it developed—to oppose naming the Ku Klux Klan and the John Birch Society in the section on "extremism." And he still seemed to think it possible to make some deal that would avoid alienating either Martin Luther King, Jr., or Bull Connor, the master of hounds during last year's troubles in Birmingham. Some Eastern Democrats persuaded themselves that the President had discovered a new "consensus"—one that was partly reflected in and partly created by the Republicans' nomination of Goldwater. He planned, they feared, to run on all of Goldwater's issues as well as on his own. He would be for war as well as for peace; he would try to get the "white-backlash" vote away from Goldwater by promising more "law and order" in the city streets; he would say "fiscal responsibility" five times for every time Goldwater said it.

These anticipations, on the eve of the Convention, seemed far from unreasonable. There appeared to be little doubt that the rise of Goldwater had been one of the factors—and perhaps the most important one—determining the timing and magnitude of the military responses the President had ordered in the Gulf of Tonkin three weeks earlier. And he had been coupling defenses of his civil-rights position with gratuitous condemnations of the recent eruptions of violence in the Northern cities. But nothing the President said or did here lent any substantial support to the view that Goldwater's candidacy would pull the President several degrees to the right. If the platform language on civil rights has a conciliatory sound, the action of the Credentials Committee in respecting the "moral," as distinct from the legal, claims of the Freedom Democrats was unexpectedly bold. The President may not have welcomed it, but he endorsed it, and in so doing he authorized the introduction of an entirely new element into American party politics. In reserving the right to reject delegates selected by voters whose franchise is an attribute of their race, this Convention struck as heavy a blow at racism as has been struck by any recent legislation or court decision. The Freedom Democrats won a series of victories that not even the most hopeful of their



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number expected to win five days ago. It is a remarkable and perhaps a historically unprecedented thing for a great national party, firmly in command of governmental power, to be making an effort to absorb and give voice to a protest movement that spends much of its energy trying to undermine the Party's authority in exactly those places where the authority is most strongly entrenched. Nor was the President deflected from his emphasis on accommodation in foreign policy or from his previously expressed views on the social and economic imperatives of the decades he proposes to dominate. Senator Goldwater had a point when he characterized Johnson's acceptance speech as "isolationist." Read as a document in Cold War history, it has a kind of non-interventionist ring. It proposes no new initiatives except toward disarmament. It boasts of no diplomatic accomplishments except the avoidance of nuclear war. The passages on domestic policy are unashamed defenses of the welfare state and pledges to extend it, with no mention of "fiscal responsibility." Johnson will try for as much of the Eisenhower vote as he thinks may be within his reach, but if he continues along his present course, the lure will be not agreement with Senator Goldwater but ceaselessly stressed disagreement.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Grass Valley* (*Calif.*) *Union*]

The United Daughters met the 31st of July at the home of Ruth Bartsch on Moonshine Road, where we had a nice gathering. We had a nice lunch with no desserts for a change. There were nine present including a new member—the one that was supposed to have been with us last month, but there was a slip-up and no one went after her.

Our new treasurer was unable to be with us as her two grandsons were helping her husband paint the house and she thought she should be there in case she was needed. We missed her but hope she can make it next month. Hattie Bone was unable to be with us as she has been doing the work of two in her yard and the yard of her niece's and it was too much for her. She is no spring chicken, but she does wonderfully well just the same.

•

Prince Charles is extremely fond of animals. When he heard that a guest at Balmoral had gone salmon-fishing on the River Dee and had brought back a live fish in a glass jar, he went to his room and begged to see it. When his curiosity was satisfied, he scolded the guest for "cruelty."

"You must never hit a horse," he told the surprised stable boy.—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

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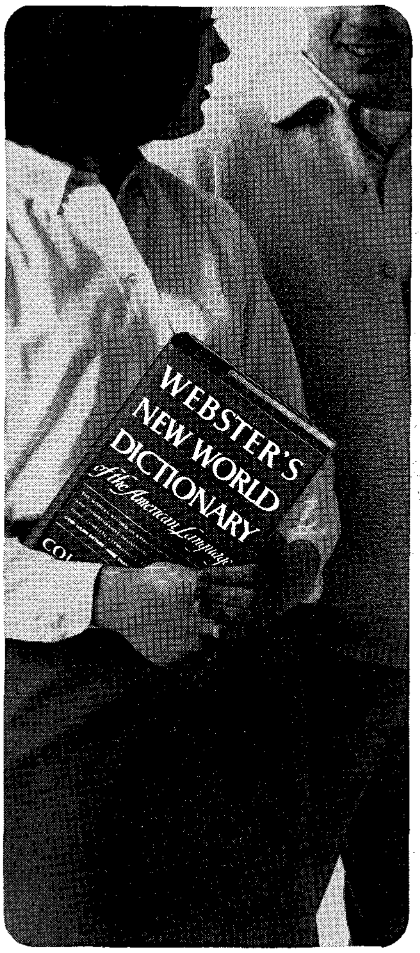

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Boys and Girls Together, by William Goldman (Atheneum). This novel has many heavily sketched characters, but the reader's attention is called most frequently to the sorrows of a tall, thin, red-haired homosexual named Aaron Firestone. Aaron starts his sexual adventures in the role of sadistic bully, which he alternates with that of sadistic tease, but in the second and perhaps final phase of his career, at the close of the book, he has become the snivelling victim of a man who is really and truly as cruel as Aaron imagined himself to be at the beginning. Mr. Goldman is a master of the style commonly attributed to travelling salesmen. The scene is New York, for the most part.

The Gilded Age, by Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner (Trident). A reprinting of Twain's first novel, which he wrote in collaboration with a Hartford neighbor. The plot is hokum, the characterization is perfunctory, and the satire is as broad as the great Mississippi, but the book is bursting with comic invention, and old Colonel Sellers is immortal diamond. The introduction, by Justin D. Kaplan, is a model of excellence.

GENERAL

Rehearsal for Reconstruction: The Port Royal Experiment, by Willie Lee Rose (Bobbs-Merrill). A marvellous book about an instructive episode in American history. The scene is the Sea Islands, off the South Carolina coast, which were captured by Union forces at the start of the Civil War. The Army inherited large plantations that had been growing long-staple cotton, along with the slaves who did the work. (The owners fled.) Thereafter, a cross-section of the North—the armed forces, the civil government, businessmen, educators, missionaries, and philanthropists, sometimes coöperating, sometimes in conflict—tried out a variety of schemes to free and teach these slaves, to endow them with their rebellious masters' land, and to enroll them in the United States Army and, ultimately, in the Republican Party. Mrs. Rose (who won the Society of American Historians' Allan Nevins History Prize for this book) has made her tragicomic narrative—a tale of false starts, some love, and small gains—as immediate as fiction by digging out the records (letters, reports, diaries) left by the participants in these efforts. Her vivid work shows them—whites and Negroes—as the struggling individuals they were.

Now, Barabbas, by William Jovanovich (Harper & Row). A collection of essays. The author, who is head of Harcourt, Brace & World, is a man who takes the serious aspects of his profession—that is, the non-money-making ones—seriously. He here discusses the editing of books and the delicate situations that can arise between writer and editor; some reasons for the increasing prevalence of graphic sex in the works of postwar writers; the pressures applied to textbook writers and publishers in this country; and the proper role of the publisher in education. Mr. Jovanovich is a pithy and polished writer, and there is nothing sententious about him.

The Desert King: Ibn Saud and His Arabia, by David Howarth (McGraw-Hill). A success story with a most attractive hero and a pathetically unhappy ending. The gifts and talents—courage, intelligence, generosity, charm, industry, integrity, decision, and leadership—that formed the character of Ibn Saud (1880-1953) were exactly what he needed to convert his tiny, disputed birthright into the unified state of Saudi Arabia, but, being offset by an unshakable Bedouin innocence of the modern world, they failed him when he found himself, just after the Second World War, an overnight oil billionaire. This is, it must be said, an affectionate portrait, but it is hard to see how Mr. Howarth could have given us any other kind, and it is an absorbing study throughout. Illustrated with photographs but, unfortunately, no maps.

Ludwig van Beethoven, His Life and His Work in Pictures, edited by Robert Bory (Atlantis). Without reference to the old saw about how many pictures are worth how many words, it can be said that this book, assembled by a distinguished iconog-

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Most of the contents of this book appeared originally in *The New Yorker,* in somewhat different form.

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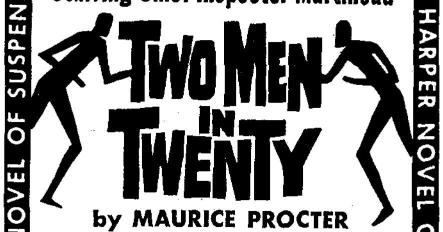

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A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

rapher from many obscure sources, is a veritable treasury of material about Beethoven, and that, in its own way, it conveys a remarkably vivid impression of the great man and his environment. It includes pictures of his relatives and friends, as well as reproductions of his crabbed musical handwriting and of title pages of first editions of his works. It also includes contemporary engravings and drawings of the places where he lived and of the salons and concert halls where he played; reproductions of countless documents and letters relating to his life; and innumerable portraits that show how his contemporaries looked at him. The pictures are chosen with scholarship and taste and are arranged chronologically with informative captions. Eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents.

THE WORLD OF THE RED-TAILED HAWK, by G. Ronald Austing (Lippincott). The fourth volume—and an excellent one—in the Living World series, which began so auspiciously a year or two ago with Leonard Rue's "The World of the White-Tailed Deer." Mr. Austing, a park ranger at Miami-Whitewater Forest, in Hamilton County, Ohio, is a leading observer and photographer of predatory birds, and one of his special interests is the redtail (*Buteo jamaicensis*)—the big, handsome, and once common bird of prey that frontier tradition calls the chicken hawk. Like most traditions of its kind, this one is largely a product of trigger-happy ignorance. "I have periodically checked upwards of 100 redtail nests and have yet to find a chicken feather in one," Mr. Austing notes. "Poultry was available near many nests but was not taken." The staple diet of the redtail is meadow moles and field mice. "Obtaining food is an ever-present problem," Mr. Austing remarks, and adds, "But primarily a redtail must avoid hunters with shotguns if it is to survive." Other threats to the redtail's survival are housing developments, land clearance, nest robbers, and birdbanders who check their results with a gun. Mr. Austing writes a clear, agreeable hand, and the photographs with which he illustrates the life of the redtail are incomparably fine.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

TWO MEN IN TWENTY, by Maurice Procter (Harper & Row). The rise and fall of a shrewdly unambitious gang of safe-robbers in London and

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Means and Ends

Sydney Smith, the English clergyman and wit of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, observed: "I have been very poor the greater part of my life, and have borne it as well, I believe, as most people, but I can safely say that I have been happier every guinea I have gained." This was a somewhat unorthodox statement in the Victorian age, when the fiction was fashionable that poverty and happiness went hand in hand.

Today we know better. We recognize poverty as an evil and money as the means of much good – of enjoying the arts, education, travel, medical care, philanthropy as well as the material necessities and comforts of life.

It is in the hope of being better able to enjoy some of those boons that many Americans have turned to investing, putting their surplus funds to work where those funds may earn a supplementary income or increase in value or both. Investing has its hazards, just as life has, but it may also have its recompense as well.

To return to Sydney Smith, "Hope is the belief that joy will come; desire is the wish it may come." And investing may be the means of helping it come.

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in Granchester, the imaginary Yorkshire habitat of Mr. Procter's reliable Detective Chief Inspector Martineau. The police work that eventually traps the gang is, as always with Inspector Martineau, a satisfying product of good luck, good sense, and shoe leather, but it is the gang itself that this time mainly holds our attention, and Mr. Procter hangs over its members—five interesting men and two attractive girls—with a brooding concentration that is most effective.

THE EMPEROR'S PEARL, by Robert van Gulik (Scribners). An intricate, somewhat Holmesian detective story that generously offers us rape, robbery, assault, and murder—by poison, by knife, by bludgeon, and by strangulation. Its most distinguishing features, however, are its setting, which is China, and its time, which is the seventh century. The detective on duty is the unusually prescient magistrate Judge Dee, and his Watson is Sergeant Hoong. Illustrated with drawings by the author.

TRAP FOR CINDERELLA, by Sebastien Japrisot, translated from the French by Helen Weaver (Simon & Schuster). A thoroughly spooky mystification. It has to do with two girls—one rich and the other a poor relation—and a fire for profit in which both are burned beyond recognition and which only one survives, in a state of total amnesia and extreme jeopardy. The scene is Paris and Nice.

•

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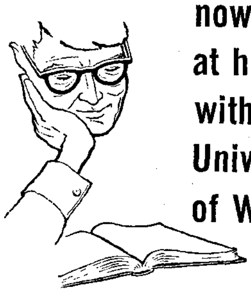
fertilization.
—*Your Weekly Guide to Cape Cod.*

Well!

•

The play itself was one you can not find fault with. It includes a lot of Oscar Wilde's "Our Town," especially with the heaven and earth situation and the small town feeling of the late 19th century. —*Saratoga Springs* (N.Y.) *Saratogian.*

We're finding no fault so far. Sounds great.



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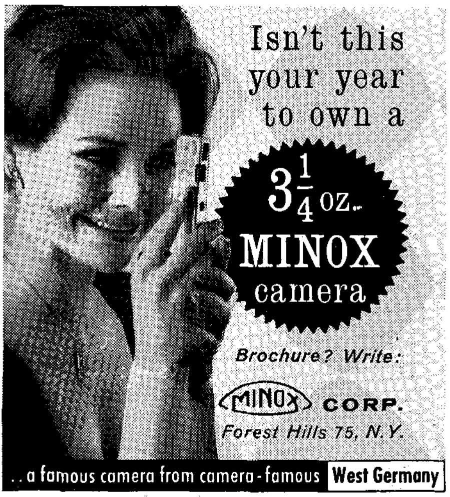
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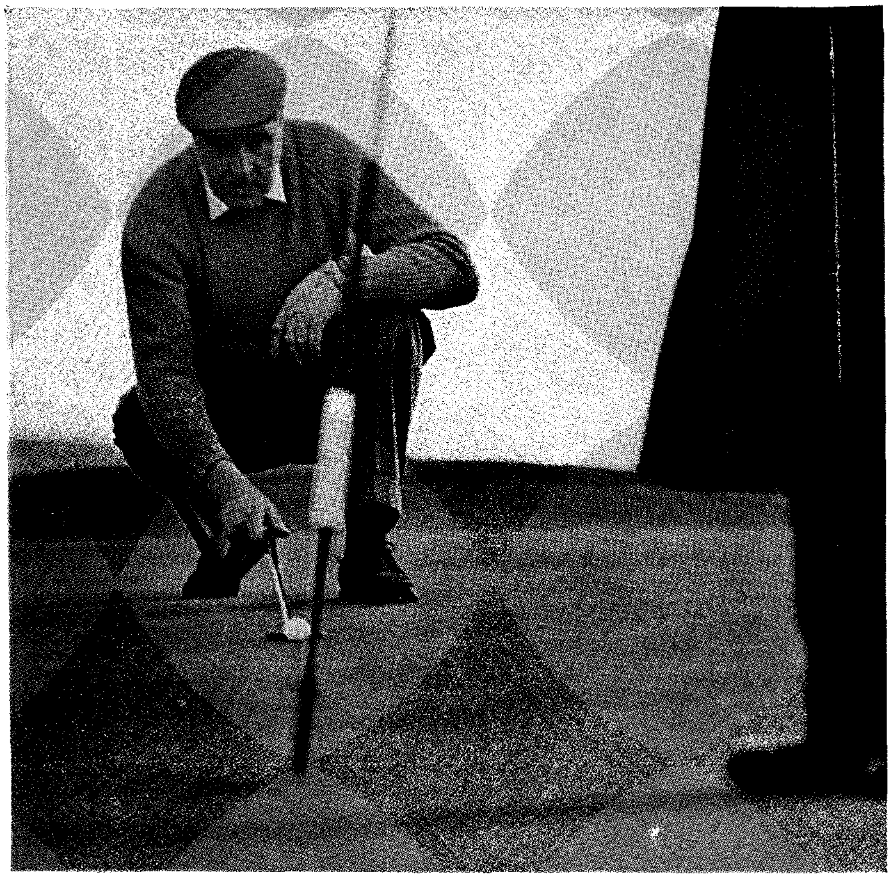

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